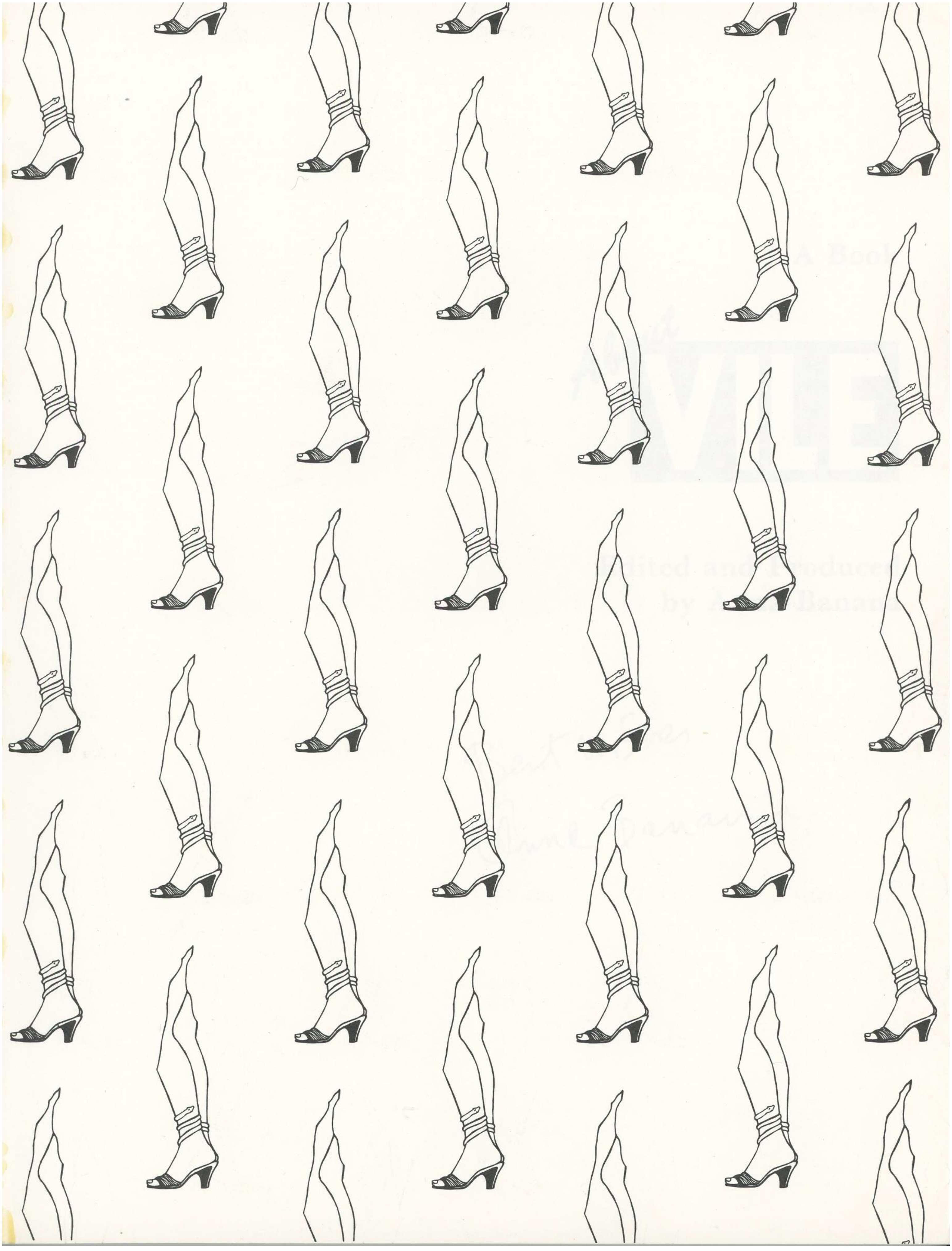
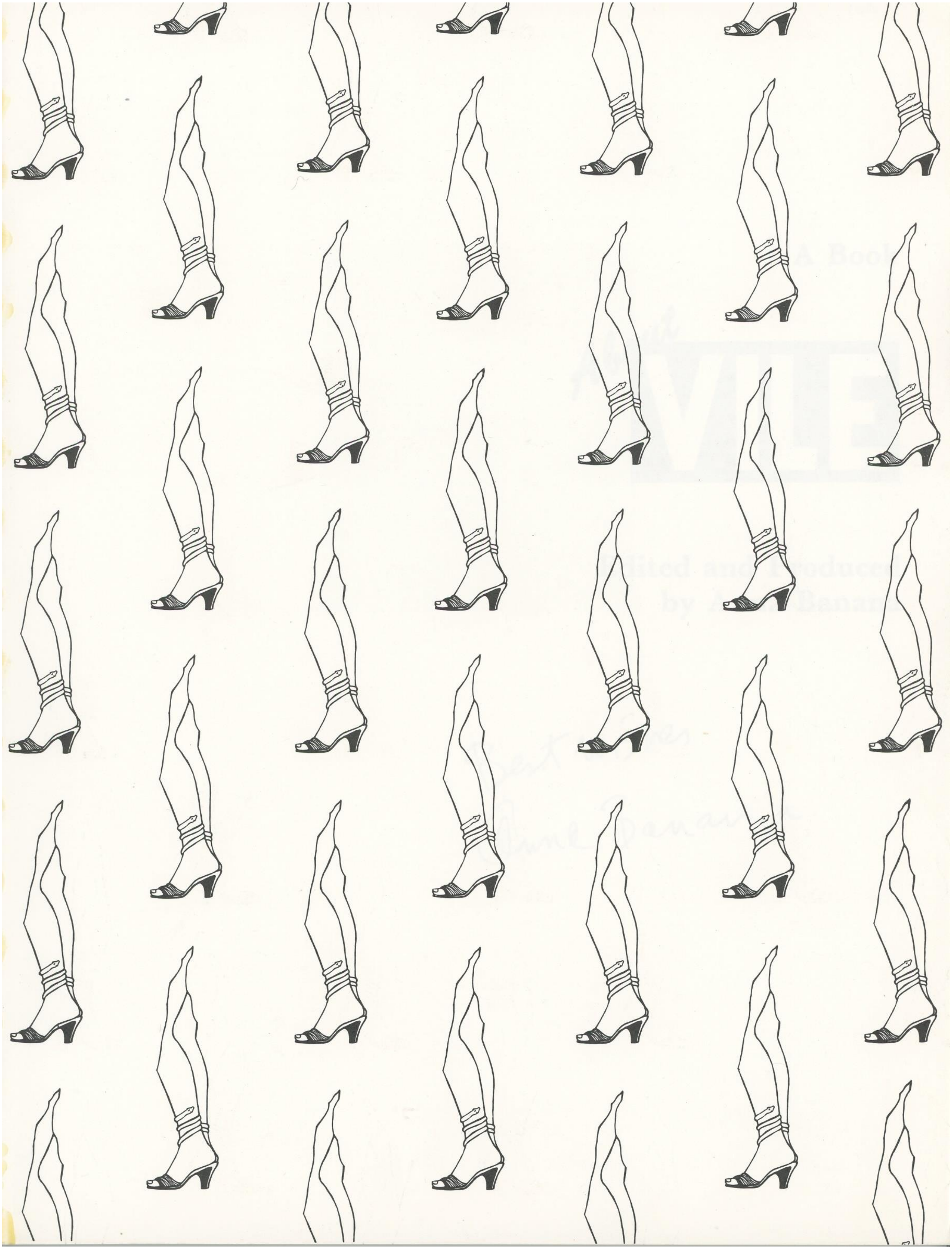
About VILE

mail art, news & photos from the eternal network







100

A Book

About VILE

Edited and Produced
by Anna Banana

Best wishes
Anna Banana

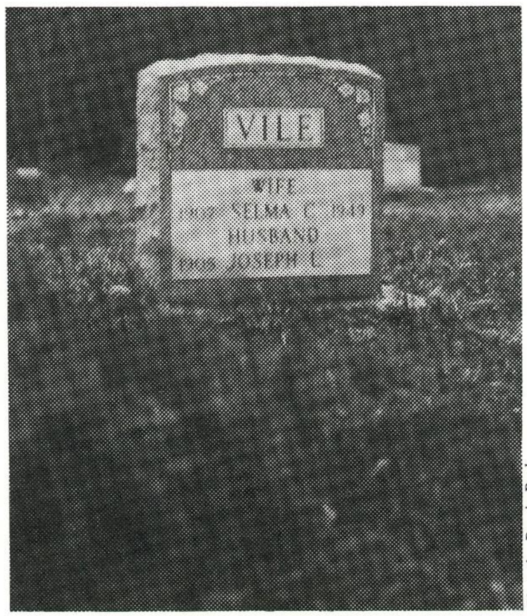


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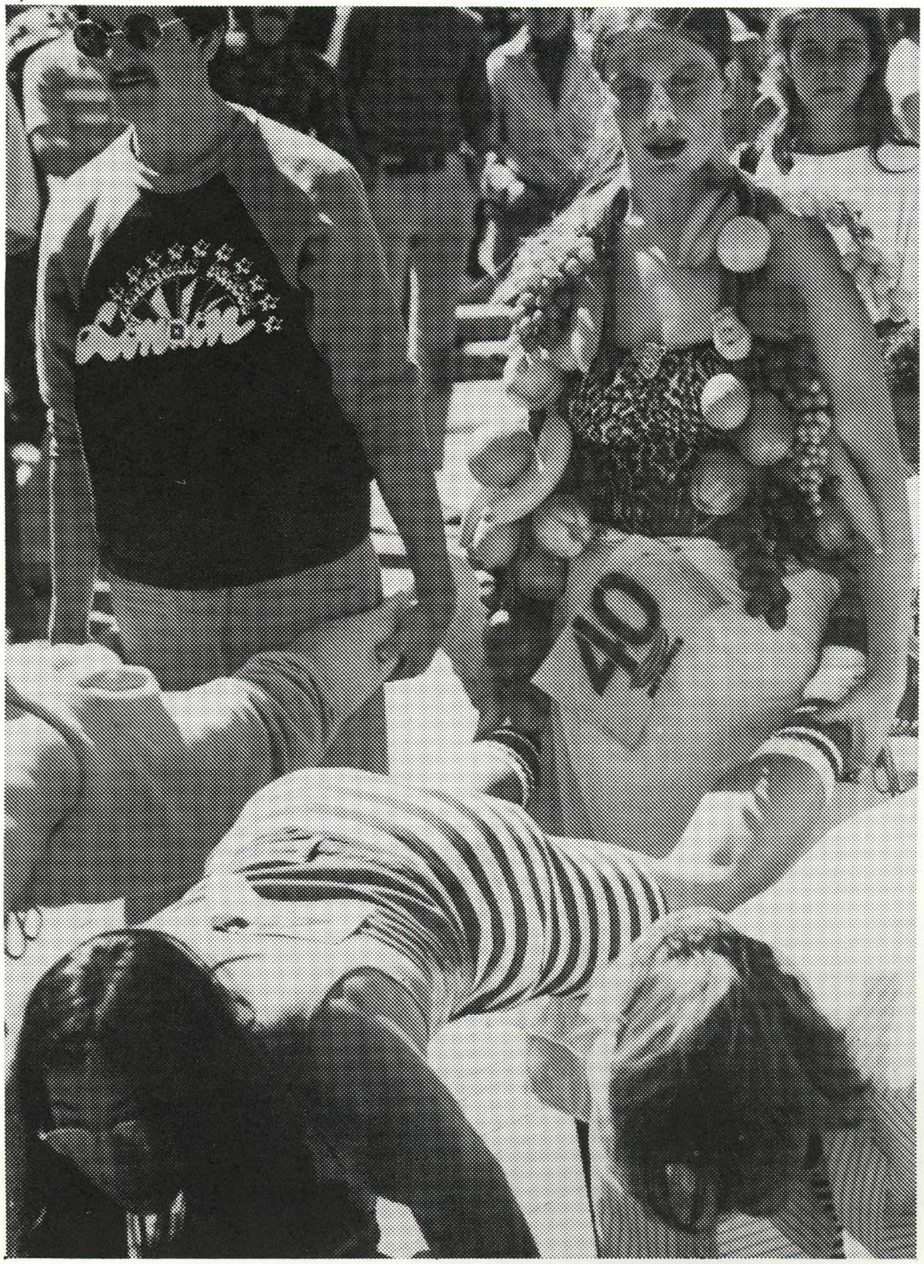
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INTRODUCTION

This book, *About VILE,* has been in the works since the summer of '79, when the first edit was done. Production was planned for 1980, but performance work, travel, and my second Banana Olympics unsurped the year. Next came my move from San Fransico to Vancouver in January '81. Between April of '81 and '82, I did the majority of the production, but there were no funds at the time for publishing, so again, the project was put on hold. Before my fall '82 tour, I completed most of the writing and sent copies to Bill Gaglione for additions/corrections. An application to publish *About VILE* was approved by the Canada Council, and a cheque to cover publishing costs was waiting when I returned to Vancouver Dec. 18/82. Time to finish the job.

Having the project spread out over such a time span has made it difficult to maintain consistency. At each new start, I have a new perspective, want to include something else, question things that are already typeset , laid-out and ready to print. Where to begin again? Revise this? Throw that out? A rhythm develops once I get into a project, and that has to be re-established. It takes time to get things rolling again, but roll it will, and this time it's going to roll right off the press.

Contestants line up for the wheelbarrow race, 1975 Banana Olympics, Embarcadero Plaza, SF. Photo by Tim Porter.



One of the aims of this final "edition" of VILE, is to summarize a period of my works, when I lived and worked in San Fransico, with Bill Gaglione. Another is to review VILE's history and present works by some of my favorite artists. Another is to reproduce some photos from my banana events, excluded in the past because they didn't meet my "vile" criteria. And finally, to give a long overdue report on the "mail-art tour" of Europe Bill and I did in the fall of 1978.

In focusing on mail-art, VILE came to document the events and performances we and others in the mail-art network were doing. Mail-art concerns itself largely with the local activities of the artists involved, by either providing reports on their performances and events, or asking for participations in mail-art shows,[1] projects such as Fred Truck's Performance Bank, or books and periodicals such as Gaglione's ongoing *Stamp Art,* Pawel Petaz's *Common Press,* or my own *Encyclopedia Bananica.*

The works exchanged address personal, local, national and global concerns, such as nuclear power, disarmament, pollution and other ecological issues. Artists in Eastern Bloc, or 3rd world countries such as East Germany, Uruguay and Argentina reflect more concern for ecology, social injustice, poverty, etc. than those from western "free" societies who seem to indulge in a lot more "me-ism". Social comment from western artists often takes the form of punk put-downs, parody or dadaesque breaking of image/language codes rather than appeals for positive action.

The mediums employed in mail-art range from black and white or colorized drawings, collage recyclings of commercial images and slogans, visual and/or verbal rubber stamps, B & W or color xerox or instant print copies of these works, and combinations thereof. The forms used include hand or typewritten letters with rubber stamps and/or collage elements affixed, one-of-a-kind, ammended or printed postcards, color xeroxed and perforated artist's postage stamps, collages, photos, reports and manifestos. As well, many artists do modest books or periodicals employing xerox or quick print technology.

An ongoing conflict I have had with VILE came out of my wanting the magazine to reflect the negative, anti-social aspects of humanity, while at the same time, wanting someplace to document my public events which are decidely upbeat, humorous and wholesome. While my *Sometimes Yearly Banana Rag* covered some of those activities, it's only a 2 to 6 page newsletter and as such, I feel, subject to quick demise. VILE in its more substantial form is more likely to remain as a permanent record.



The "Hand", team of contestants in the 1975 Banana Olympics, Embarcadero Plaza, San Francisco. Photo by Tim Porter.

Besides this unresolvable conflict, the more substantial reason for ending VILE is my split with Gaglione after our mutual involvement in the project. Producing a periodical is an ongoing and demanding process. Besides the actual production, which is the fun part, there is the raising of funds with which to publish, and the bookkeeping of expenses and subscriptions, none of which are very creative or rewarding processes. Without some sort of team to share these responsibilities, it becomes more of a work load than I wish to carry. Also, there are other areas of creative work I wish to explore and as a solo editor, publisher and distributor of a periodical, I would have little time or financial resources to pursue them. So, without further explanations, let's get on with a little VILE history.

Anna Banana

VILE HISTORY

VILE was inspired by FILE Magazine's growing distain for mail-art. It began at Speedprint, a small instant print shop in San Fransico where it became apparent to me that anyone could be a publisher. In 1973, letters by Robert Cumming and Hudson of Ant Farm voiced FILE's viewpoint; that mail-art is a plague on art and ought to be wiped out immediately. As an ardent "mail-arter," I disagreed, and so began work on the first issue of VILE which appeared in February '74 as a new forum for mail-art.

I would be omitting an obvious point in the discussion of mail-art if I didn't acknowledge the very uneven aesthetics of works exchanged via this network. The first group of artists who began mailing in the late 60's, early 70's withdrew from the network by 1975. They didn't like the aesthetics of the works they began receiving once their names, addresses and image requests were published in FILE. They labelled the work of newcomers "junk mail" and "quick-kopy krap." I stayed involved because, in spite of this reality, I believe that the process of communication and exchange is important, regardless of the aesthetics and skills of the sender. Secondly, I was getting a lot more "gems" than I was xerox multiples.

For VILE, I visualized a magazine that would look like LIFE, but on close examination, would reveal its true nature; subtle put-downs of the mass culture with nasty, dada, "up-yours" type messages. However, it didn't take any close examination of the first couple of issues to see that they looked nothing like LIFE beyond their covers. The material I received in response to my first invitation did not lend itself to presentation in the imagined format. It was all full-page artwork; collages, drawings and writings. Rather than delaying the first issue to ask for other, I published the material received, presenting it in a wrap-around cover over the vello bound pages. The red and black cover featured a photo of Monty Cazazza made up to look as though he had just torn his heart out.[1]

1. For information about mail-art shows and projects, send $3 for a sample copy of *Umbrella,* a quarterly newsletter that covers art and artists publications, including mail-art at: P.O. Box 40100, Pasadena, CA, USA 91104



Above: Sculptor Ben Shaw in his "Non-motorized vehicle," 1975 Banana Olympics, SF.

Opposite top: New Games Foundation Referees, R to L, Pat Farrington, Burton Naditch, Anna Banana. Other names unknown.

Opposite bottom: A segment of the "Lap Game" finale of the 1975 Banana Olympics, SF. All three photos by Tim Porter.

At the time of VILE 1, some of the artists originally involved in mailing art were still active, so the issue has works by David Mayor/Fluxus, Alan Bealy, Dana Atchley/Spaceco, Davi Det Hompson, Felipe Ehrenberg/Beau Geste Press, Genesis P. Orridge/Throbbing Gristle and Marcel Idea/Image Bank, along with many others who are still active in mail-art, but are unknown outside that network.

In spite of the condemnations of mail-art by Cumming and Hudson in FILE's Vol. 2 #3, Sept. '73 issue, FILE[2] continue to list artists' addresses and image requests through its fall '75 issue. This popularized the activity, and literally hundreds of newcomers began mailing. The "old guard", swamped with zerox and quick-copy collages, quit mailing to the "network," and the ever expanding numbers of newcomers took it over.

That's where VILE took over from FILE, except for the fact that VILE never had the circulation that FILE did. FILE was a newsprint editon with glossy cover, running 3,000 to 5,000 copies and gaining newstand distribution through quantity and regularity. On the other hand, there were only 200 copies printed of VILE's first and second edition, distributed almost exclusively through the network. After that, VILE was printed in editions of 1,000, but again distribution was through the network and mail-order promotions to universities and art libraries. As a result, VILE had little impact outside its own community, while FILE moved in more mainstream channels.

I published the second issue of VILE in Sept. '74, in time to meet a CCLM (Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines) grant deadline, and received a grant towards the publication of the third issue. The cover photo by Jimmy de Sana, on the second issue, is of a naked man with an erection, hanging by the neck in a doorway. Inside the front and back covers I repeated from VILE 1, a pattern of women's fetish shoes, and this became a constant element in all issues. While the first issue was vello-bound with a wrap-around cover, this second issue, the slimmest of them all, was simply stapled.

VILE 2 still contained a number of artists I refer to in Michael Crane's book *Correspondence Art*[3] as the "first wave" of mail art; artists such as Ken Friedman, William Farley, Lowell Darling, Ray Johnson and Gary Lee Nova. Lee Nova told me in an interview in 1981 that he continues to exchange "quality goods" with a number of artists by mail, but is no longer interested in or involved with the mail-art network.

It was with the third issue that I started getting closer to my original idea of what VILE would be. While it still had 37 pages of mail-art reproduced in the form it arrived, the first 28 pages were laid-out in a reduced (8 ½ x 11") but LIFE like format. I utilized ad art from early LIFE magazines and presented poetry in the place of ad copy, along with fiction, letters and photos. A thousand copies were printed from metal plates, an improvement over the instant print (paper plates) of the first two. It was saddle-stitched with a glossy two color cover depicting "Guru Swami Salami revealing the source of his wisdom;" psychiatrist Richard Miller parting the bum-flap of his wife Kathleen de Wilbur's long johns and showing the crack of her ass.

While mail-art and VILE were always international, with this 3rd issue, (numbered Vol. 3 No. 1, Dec. '75) I made a more concerted effort to feature artists living outside North America. So the issue reproduces work by Robin Crozier,Pauline Smith, Michael Scott, Genesis P. Orridge of England, Klaus Groh and Werner Kalkmann of Germany, De Ossorno of Spain, Raul Marroquin of Holland, Clement Padin, Uruguay, Terry Reid, Australia, Arturo Schwarz, Italy, Daniel Spoerri, France, etc.

Also reproduced in this issue were photos and notes on some of the local events and performances Bill Gaglione and I were producing. These included the 1974 Bay Area Dadaist's annual group photo, Banana and Dogmatic street performances, the Gaglione/Rossman production of Tristan Tzara's *Gas Heart* and DADA meets Surrealism with Gaglione, Mancusi, Arturo Schwartz and Daniel Spoerri at the San


REFEREE





Above: Michael Rainbow, Columbus Day Parade, Oct. '74, S.F., Photo by Rick Grosse.

Below: Jacob ? and Ron Illardo, Columbus Day Parade, Oct. '76, S.F., photo by Michael Schwartz.

Opposite: 1979 Columbus Day Parade entry with Victoria Kirby leading the precision drill team, L to R: Debra Donato, Nancy, Geoffrey Cook, Judy Hoffberg, Harley Lond, Cathy Setian, Mary Stofflet, Barbara Cushman, Tohei Horiike, Kazuko Oshima, Rose, Janet Noel, Tim Mancusi, Bill Gaglione, Anna Banana and Banana Man Thomas Hutton. Photo by Michael Schwartz.

Fransico Art Institute. It was beginning to reflect the work I was most excited about.

With No. 4, the Double International Issue (numbered 2/3), the first edition edited and produced by Gaglione, VILE reached some new highs; namely 100 pages, perfect binding and a directory with addresses of the artists whose works it reproduced. The cover is a blow-up of a photo-booth shot of Bill and I, with the second DADA shave on his chest, while the back cover has photos of both shaves (positive and negative), which I executed about a year apart.

The other major difference between this and earlier issues was Gaglione's exclusive, mail-art focus. Eliminating the fiction and poetry gave the issue a more spacious, graphic appearance and feeling. I contributed a few letters from my files, from Arturo Schwarz, Bino Sanminiatelli, Zabala, Robert Fones and Kate Graig, but my major contribution was the introduction which was written after Bill had put the issue together.

With the fifth issue (Summer '77, Vol. 3 #2), I finally satisfied my notions of a successful parody of LIFE magazine. In the table of contents I listed works under the following categories: Art News, Art Performances, Art Events, Art Feature Stories, Art Works, Poetry, Fiction and Short Writings, Letters and Photographs. These works represented over one hundred artists and thirty writers. Sixty-eight pages were laid out magazine style with type, ad art and photos. The mail-art works such as postcards, collages, drawings completed the final thirty pages.

The issue was more of a showplace for the docummentation of events and performances than art work. I kept up with the poetry and fiction more for the "texture" it gave to the issue than any heavy commitment to those mediums, although I do enjoy the mix of literary and visual expression. And, there was the CCLM to keep in mind, since they came up with grant funds for VILE on three occasions. They were most interested in the literary content. I don't think we would have received the funding we did from them if all the issues had Bill's mail-art focus.

Number 6, *Fe-Mail-Art,* one of the most popular issues, edited by Gaglione, was the first to break with the LIFE-like logo. We had seen FILE do battle with LIFE over its logo, and come out having to change theirs. We knew we'd be in the same boat if LIFE caught on to us and decided it was time to experiment with other formats. So, *Fe-Mail-Art* was smaller (7 x 10'' rather than the standard 8½ x 11''), and Bill chose an illustration rather than a photo for the black and pink front cover.

Fe-Mail-Art is a collection of mail-art works exclusively by women. The contents are broken down into three catagories: Postal Art, Postcards and Correspondence. The Postal Art section is a mixed bag of items ranging from photographs, rubber stamp works, typewriter art, mail-art invites and newsletters on or by women about their activities and/or facilities. Works such as *Women in the Printing Arts, Franklin Furnace, Baack'scher Kunstraum, Women Artists' Newsletter* and *Heresies: A Feminist Publication on Art and Politics.*

As I said in my introduction to *Fe-Mail-Art,* I feel women have embraced mail-art because it is a medium through which it is easy to assert oneself and get a response in kind, regardless of age, sex, etc. It also gives me a sense of community on an international level, fostering the idea that peaceful co-existance, caring and concern for people of other nationalities is possible. The issue reproduced works by over one hundred women from the USA, Canada, Australia, Japan, Brasil, England, France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Argentina including Leavenworth Jackson, Kate Craig, Joyce Cutler Shaw, Carol Law, Ruth Rehfeldt, Yoko Ono, Martha Wilson, Herta, Lucy Childs, Beth Anderson, Alison Knowles, Judith Hoffberg, Eleanor Dickenson and May Wilson, to name a few.

Grant funds of $923 from the CCLM paid for an edition of 700. The only printer that would handle such a short run was the non-commercial West Coast Print Center in Berkeley. Because it was a short run, it had low priority and several months passed between our delivering the artwork and their delivering the finished copies.

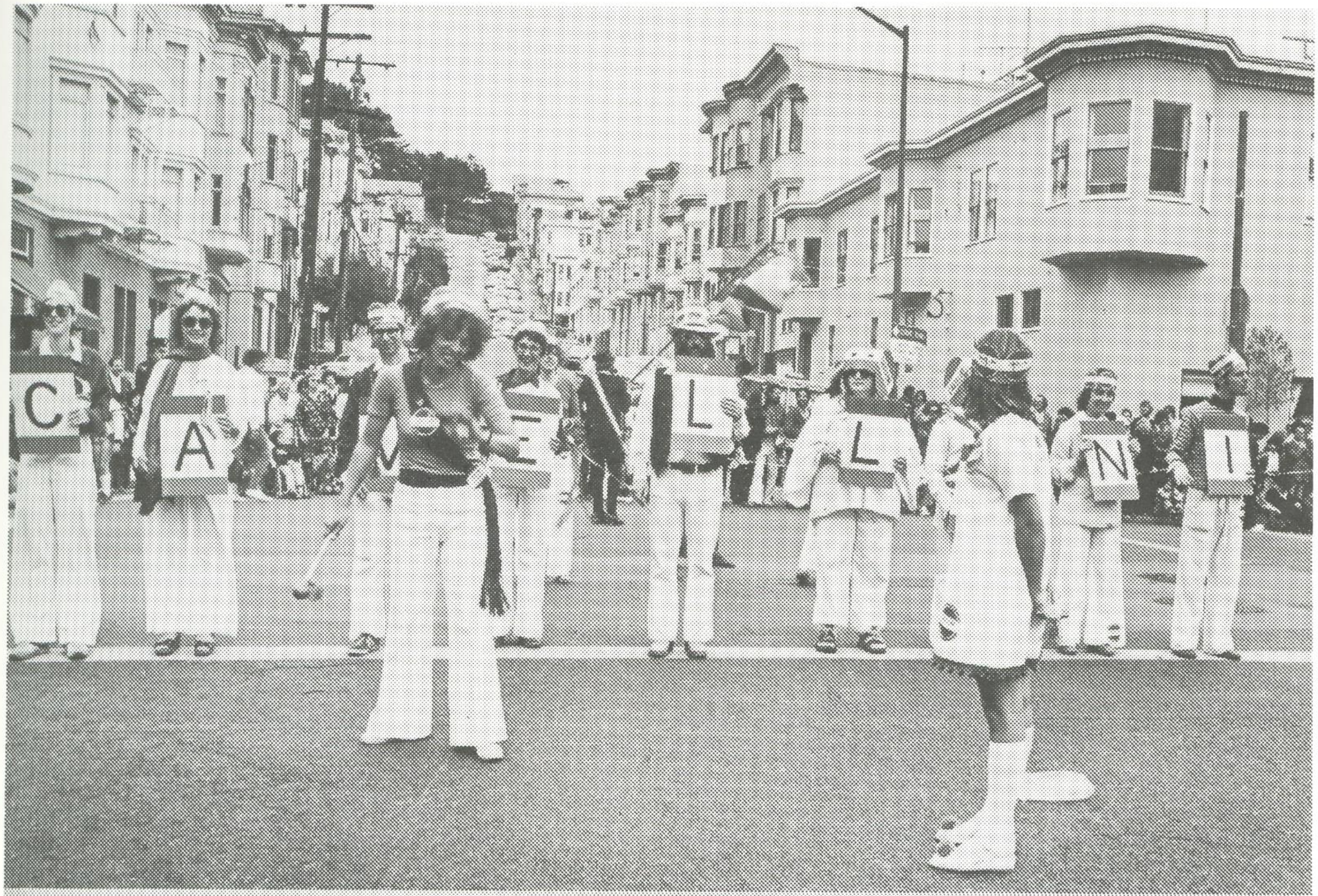
A week before our Sept. 7, 1978 departure for our three and a half month tour of Europe, the issue was ready. Bill and I had just returned from a couple of weeks in Toronto where we participated in *A Literal Exchange* at A Space. We set to work addressing envelopes, putting together a promotional flyer to accompany the outgoing issue and filling orders. The night before our departure for Europe was spent stuffing envelopes and the last thing we did before heading to the airport was to visit the post office, lick and stick stamps on the 150 + envelopes and mail them.

The last issue out to date, STAMP ART/VILE 7 departed even more radically than the last from all previous issues. Gaglione, more and more enamoured of rubber-stamped art, decided to put together an assembling-type issue of VILE. For over a year he advertised and sent out mailings inviting participation in the issue. The specifications were for 300 copies of rubber-stamp works on a 6 x 9'' page. The packages poured in, and by the time the issue was ready for assembly, there were works by 185 artists.

Besides the listing of participating artists, Bill put together an extensive bibliography on rubber stamp art, year by year from 1970 through 1979. It consisted of five pages of shows, events and publications, set in 6 point type.

The sheer bulk of the material was overwhelming and further, it was taken out




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APRIL FOOLERIES

Below: Anna Banana (L) and Bess Bair, April 1/78 Going Bananas Graduation Ceremony, Embarcadero Plaza, SF. Photo Marian Gray

Right: Tina Hittenberger in AB's '76 Columbus Day Parade entry. Photo by Michael Schwartz.

Opposite: Graduates in the April 1/78 Graduation Ceremony, Embarcadero Plaza, SF. Photo by Nancy Frank.





Gone Bananas Graduation. Professor of Bananology Anna Banana teams up with Renta Yenta performers Brett Kuhne and Brian Webber to present a butler serving breakfast in bed to a gorilla and other silly scenes for your Gone Bananas photo contest entry. Get your very own Master's Degree of Bananology, a color polaroid picture, a free banana and a whole plethora of nut entertainers, noon-5 pm. Pier 2, Fort Mason, Laguna at Marina, SF. The awards ceremony is at 4:45 pm at the stage of the KNBR Fun Fantasy Fair. for more information on the free event call 648-5174.

of our apartment for two of the processes necessary to its transformation to book form. First, it went to School on the Hill where there was sufficient space to lay out the pages for collation. A couple of dozen artists came by during the course of the day and, working in shifts, completed the job. The boxes of pages were repacked and returned to our apartment. Next it went to a printing shop where Bill worked for the drilling (large scale hole punching) necessary for the Acco fasteners that bind the pages together.

There followed numerous work parties to cut and punch the covers, stamp labels, affix the rubber stamp on each cover, assemble the cover, contents and Acco clasps, then package for mailing. These activities went on for months, and were not finalized until our eviction party from our Church Street apartment in September 1980. Two weeks later we left for our Canadian Tour of *Towards the Future.* Since not all contributors sent in the full 300 sheets, the completed edition numbered 285. One hundred and eight-five of these were sent to contributors, leaving about 100 for distribution. These sold quickly and the issue is now out of print.

Bill has continued his romance with rubber stamps, and currently produces a limited edition periodical, *STAMP ART* on the same basis as VILE 7, but in an 8½ x 11" format. Contributors are asked to send 150 copies of hand-stamped work (no xerox copies accepted). When he has 75 pages, they are spiral bound and distributed to the contributors with the remaining copies for sale from Abracadada.[4] There have been three issues to date.

This book, *About VILE,* is the last edition of VILE. My next major publishing venture will be an edition of the *Encyclopedia Bananica,* but I'd guess you'll see another edition of the *Banana Rag* before that comes out. I'm hoping that by discontinuing VILE, I'll clear some time and space to begin production on the *Bananica.*

Mail-art is another activity I've been attempting to phase out, mainly because of time and cost factors, but also because I'm not moved anymore to answer everthing that comes in. Even though I still uphold the process and networking, I have to admit that xeroxed copies of works that display little skill, caring or aesthetics in their assembly do not inspire me to respond. I keep these works as I think they're interesting from a sociological point a view, and as a potential market for my publications. With postal costs in Canada soaring this year to 37¢ to the USA and 64¢ to Europe, Japan, Australia, etc., I have a very practical reason to cut back on my mailing.

In spite of these factors, I haven't exactly stopped mailing. My records for last year show I sent out 689 pieces of mail PLUS 86 items in response to Randy Harleson's children's book SWAK,[5] (Sealed with a Kiss). While easily a half to two thirds of what was art business to do with setting up my fall '82 tour, shows, projects, etc., there are a lot of contacts I simply won't give up. People I've written to for years, such as Richard C (whom I met for the first time, after 10 years of correspondence, in Winston-Salem last fall), Al Blaster, Rockla, Judy Hoffberg, Michael Scott, John Held, Irene Dogmatic, Rod Summers, Fred Truck, Ginny Lloyd, even Gaglione; all people I met through the mails and who have become long-term friends.

Unless their work is really outstanding, it's the newcomers that don't get answers. I'd love to keep the network expanding, but have had to face practical realities. I can't finance it out of my earnings and have money for any of the other projects I wish to realize. If any university or art gallery would like to do their part to keep mail-art rolling, I'd be delighted to do a show, *Anna Banana Answers the Mail.* I'd set up a draw-



ing board, desk and typewriter in the gallery and work for a month answering back and incoming mail. The gallery would exhibit both the works received and my responses to them, and we could put out a catalogue documenting the process. Any takers? If you've got the money, I've got the time AND the mail.

Meanwhile,

Go Bananas!



1. While my reference was Dada, the issue was so "punk" in its aesthetic and editorial stance that both the front cover of No. 1 and the back cover of No. 3 were remade into posters by British punk bands.

2. FILE magazine, Vol. #1, 2/3 and 4, 1972; Vol. 2 #1/2, 3 and 4, 1973, Vol. 2 #5, 1974, Vol. 3 #1, 1975. In Vol. 3 #2, Spring '76, there are no mail-art listings and further, there is a notice stating FILE will do no more, giving the address for *Art Diary* for those who wish an artist listing service. Write to Art Metropole, 217 Richmond St. W., 2nd floor, Toronto, Ont., M5V 1W2 for copies of FILE.

3. *Correspondence Art,* by Michael Crane, edited by Mary Stofflet and published by Contemporary Art Press/La Mamelle, P.O. Box 3123, Rincon Annex, San Francisco, CA 94119, spring 1983.

4. *STAMP ART,* Bill Gaglione, 2311 Lake Street, San Fransico, CA, USA 94121. Catalogues of rubber-stamps available from Abracadada at the same address.

5. *SWAK,* (Sealed with a Kiss) by Randy Harelson, copyright 1981, published by Workman Publishing Co., Inc., 1 West 39 Street, NY, USA 10018.



Contestants in the "Dancethon" race, with judges Sam Carter, Glenn Lewis and Eric Metcalfe in background. 1980 Banana Olympics, Bear Creek Park, Surrey, B.C. Photo by Arthur Chin.

Vile 8½ Final Report

The most ambitious add-on, send-on project I have ever initiated turns out to be perhaps more ambitious than the mail-art system can handle. This project consists of ten copies of LIFE magazine's Dec. '79/ The 70's issue which carries a photo of me, identified only as "one of Esalen's 150,000 inductees". I converted these to issues of VILE by changing the cover logo, the editorial, the table of contents and a few other pages including one of instructions on how the project was to proceed. These were given in English, French and Italian, and included a request that each participant was to mail the issue to the person closest to them geographically (from those listed in the table of contents), then mail a postcard to me advising me the date, and to whom they had sent it. This gave me a record of each magazine's progress.

The idea was for the participants to alter the existing magazine with collage, photos, artwork, texts or statements, to formulate a mail-artists' summary of the 70's. The progress report postcards worked well, so that I now have a pretty clear idea where each of the issues is. Unfortunately, however, none of the issues has moved very quickly, and some hardly at all. None have been returned to me. Each issue was to travel within a limited geographic area to cut down on postage costs and time of travel.

Since this project was started in January of 1980, and there has been no reports of progress in over a year, I must conclude that it is over, and that I will never see the results unless I actually visit the persons who are known to have the issues last. What follows is a list of all the artists who participated, and who, to the best of my knowledge, still have the issues. If anyone in that area can convince the person holding it to return it to me, I'd be HAPPY to pay the postage.

No. 1/10, USA/California; 1. Buster Cleveland, 2. Polly Ester Nations, 3. Melvin Munchie, 4. Abdada Le Clair, 5. Mario Lara/Art Rat, 6. Lon Spiegelman, 7. Don Peterson, 8. Jerry Dreva. The table of contents listed 43 artists.

No. 2/10, USA/West, Central & South; 1. Al Blaster, 2. John Adams, 3. Ed Golikoff, 4. Lana Lust, 5. Xera Productions, 6. Ken Saville. The table of contents listed 26 artists.

No. 3/10, USA/North & East; 1. Ed Higgins, 2. Todd Jorgensen, 3. John Evans, 4. Ray Johnson, 5. Brian Buczak, 6. Dick Higgins. There were 52 artists in the table of contents.

No. 4/10, Canada; 1. Ladislaw Guderna, 2. Cinq Aesthetics, 3. Rick Trace-it, 4. Glenn Lewis, 5. Eric Metcalfe, 6. Hank

Bull, 7. Paul McKinnon, 8. Chuck Steak, 9. Clive Robertson. There were 19 names in the table of contents.

No. 5/10, Italy; 1. G.A. Cavellini, 2. Vittore Baroni, 3. CDO/Peli & Versari, 4. Guglielmo Lusignoli, 5. Aniello Castaldo, 6. Gianni Becciani, 7. Ferruccio Dragoni, 8. Carlo Bertacca. There were 21 artists listed in the table of contents.

No. 6/10, Western Europe/England, Spain, Belgium & France; 1. Michael Scott, 2. Robin Crozier, 3. Andrew Parkin, 4. J.R. Ostrowski, 5. Paul Nickolson, 6. Simon Anderson, 7. Pauline Smith, 8. Bernard Kelly, 9. Robin Crozier, 10. Tony Bradley, 11. Ron Crowcroft. 33 artists in the table of contents.

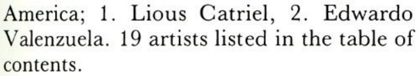
No. 7/10, Central Europe/Denmark, W. Germany, Holland, Norway, Switzerland & Sweden; 1. Rod Summers, 2. Reudi Schill, 3. John Armleader, 4. Monique Bailly. There are 30 artists in the table of contents.

No. 8/10 Eastern Europe/E. Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia; 1. Piotr Rypson, 2. Zdislaw Sosnowski, 3. Pawel Petasz, 4. Andrzej Wielgosz, 5. Henryk Bzdok, 6. Thomas Schulz, 7. Jurgen Schweinebraden. 23 artists in the table of contents.

No. 9/10, Australia, Japan, New Zealand and New Caledonia; 1. Robert Whyte, 2. Wendy Cernak, 3. Pat Larter, 4. Dick Larter, 5. Betty Kelly, 6. Terry Reid, 7. Robert Jacks. 19 artists in the table of contents.

No. 10/10, South and Central America; 1. Lious Catriel, 2. Edwardo Valenzuela. 19 artists listed in the table of contents.

Conclusion: Conceptually, it was a great idea, but in execution, it failed. For what reasons, I can only guess... that the instructions were not understood, that the cost of mailing was too much, that the isssue itself got to be too good to pass on... that the receiving artists couldn't be bothered. Whatever, I found the results (or lack of them) a disappointment, and wouldn't attempt a similar project in the future.



*In this eerie neighborhood it pays to peer first before answer.



HI DEAR ANNA -

SUDDENLY THIS CARD IS TURNING INTO A LETTER

A little while ago when the door bell rang I went and lurked by the peephole.* That's when I saw the girl from UPS heading down the steps and toward the Moonies house—a bad habit that UPS carriers have, leaving our things over there (the Moonies search ALL my mail!). I called her back and signed for the package: as it turns out it's from my pal Anna Bananas....

O.k., Anna, I'll start work on my additions to book tomorrow and then thought I'd send on to Adamss in Boulder. VILE 8½ by Fellini

It's a good way to start 1980, for sure, and as it happens came at precisely a good time for me as I just put finishing touches on my own little magazine. Sometime this week I'll take that to printers downtown, the blue-eyed printer licking his chops like reddy-the-fox.

A funny issue. Tell Bill his wierdness drawing is in and looks splendid. And of course I gave you all and VILE a plug as well. I really do wish I'd had that photo of you from the truss catalgoue to go in there as well; well, some day, if I keep pestering you, perhaps you'll send it me eh? The Keeper....

Postcard I started writing this on is one Pat did in series of Rhoda Mappo. Rhoda came by yesterday with some of the dredradiophones (her dummies),and we went and hung them by the neck from tree in the Laurelhurst Park, and, tarot-like, by their feets, too. Pat took photos of them for another set of cards. She's scrounged a very elaborate darkroom thanks to her immense talent for siezing every opportunity in the junk stores etc; (or as I tell people where do you think this wardrobe of mine comes from?). It sure beats paying some moron to botch up your roll of film at the photo mart, being able to botch them up ourselves this way.

Anyhow, took the pics, then came back to the house for champagne (at two in the afternoon) so you can imagine why I called in at the hsoptaial this morning to take the day off!

Actually, I'm feeling extraordinarily chipper, even with this champagne and beer and weed hangover. It was a very good decade for us. After so long being a mystery cricket lost in the depths of the suburbs, stumbling onto the correspondence network in the 70's seemed miraculous. I too agree with you editorial in the add-to-VILE: the mail may turn out to be the major art thing of the decade for sure. And best part of it is that it continues to be so tremendously entertaining and absorbing. Perhaps fact that people keep pronouncing it dead at the end of each year has something to do with the continued pleasure?

This faxt soaked home to me even more strongly when we were back in Texas a few months ago. I gave a lecture at the Jung Foundation on my two specialties: Beloved Valery and Chas Williams...and went on the tv as usual also...but even with an audience of this size (several millions), correspondence remains for me where it's at most completely. Perhaps it's my long association with typical tv audience (2/3rd's of them asleep and reaming 1/3rd somewhere below this and the only recogntion aside from money that anybody is watching always comes only when somebody phones up to call you a son of a bitch.) Anyhow, ordinary glory which is usually measured by number of people who know a name comes to mean less and less after a few years working for the goat. A handful of devotees won over one by one which is what mail is for me—this ongoing dialogue seems infinitely preferrable to the undistinguished crowd. See, this time I've prepared installment of Rex Orgone, A.D. for all our friends.

Now, I better stop and go nail down the furntirue, finish nailing it all down: had a phone call from Dave Zack in canada yesterday and he threatens to visit us for a few days—look out! Anyhow, will get right on the add-to-VILE then ship it on to John Adams. Did I remember to tell you that when the UPS person rang the bell and I answered I was greeted by huge spitting whiteness of our first snowfall this season? Nice to see it out. Thanks for the color xerox stamps: lovely things: be sending those as we go. Love,

The Blaster.



Anna Banana, Mr. Peanut/Vincent Trasov and Hank Bull at the Art Race in front of the Vancouver Art Gallery, May '74. Photographer unknown. Opposite pg: The Banana Burn, July 4/77. Ocean Beach, San Francisco. Photo by Bill Gaglione.




Art
Belongs to
DAdA





Above: Group Portrait of closing event, Banana exhibit at Mostly Flowers Gallery December '73, SF. Photo by Carlo Cicatelli.

Opposite: San Francisco Bay Guardian Staff photo, Fall '74 by Rick Grosse.

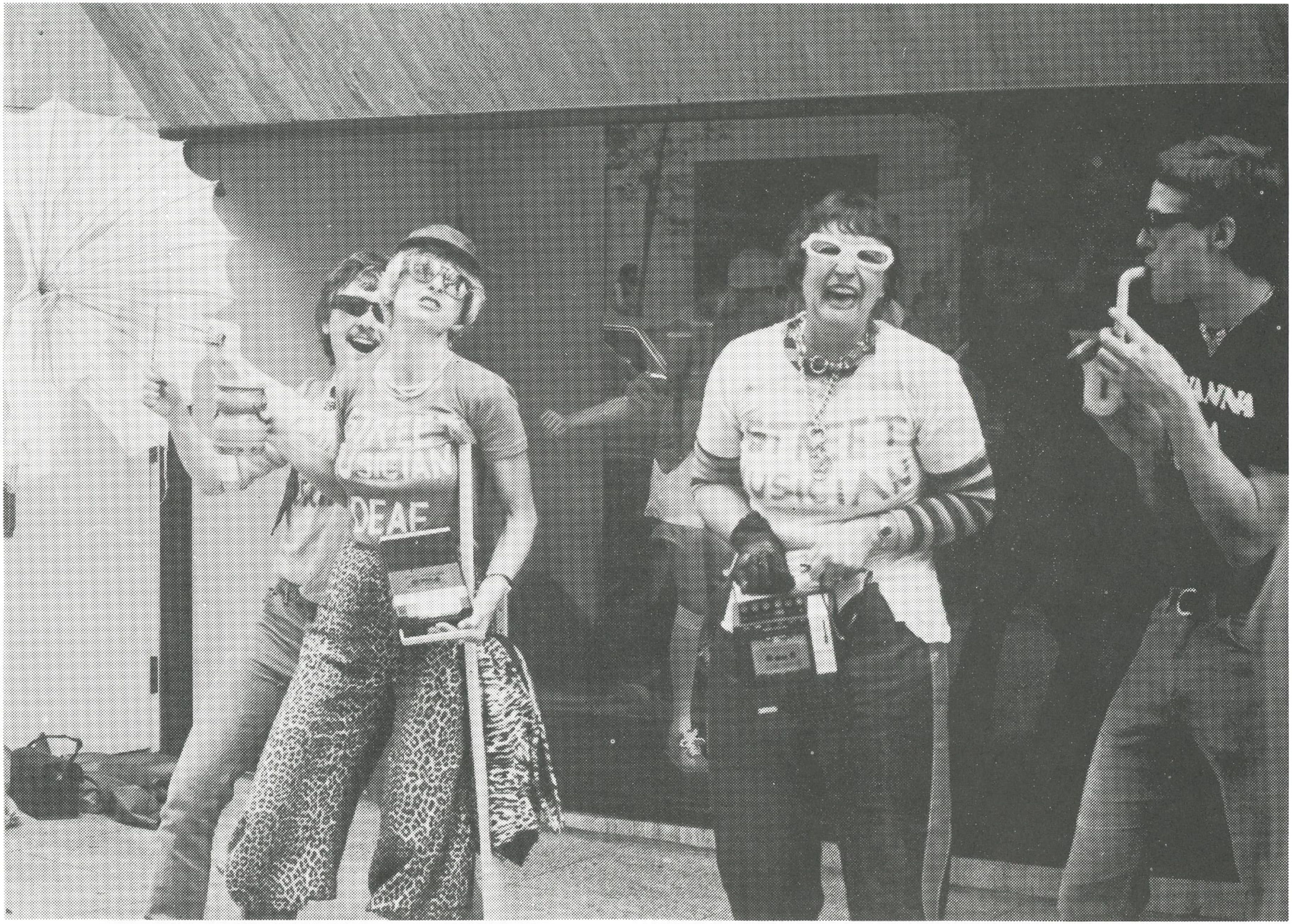
Below: Group portrait, Gone Banana Grad Ceremony, April 1/78, Embarcadero Plaza, SF. Photo by Marian Gray.





Columbus Day Parade entry group portrait, Oct. '74. Photo by Rick Grosse.

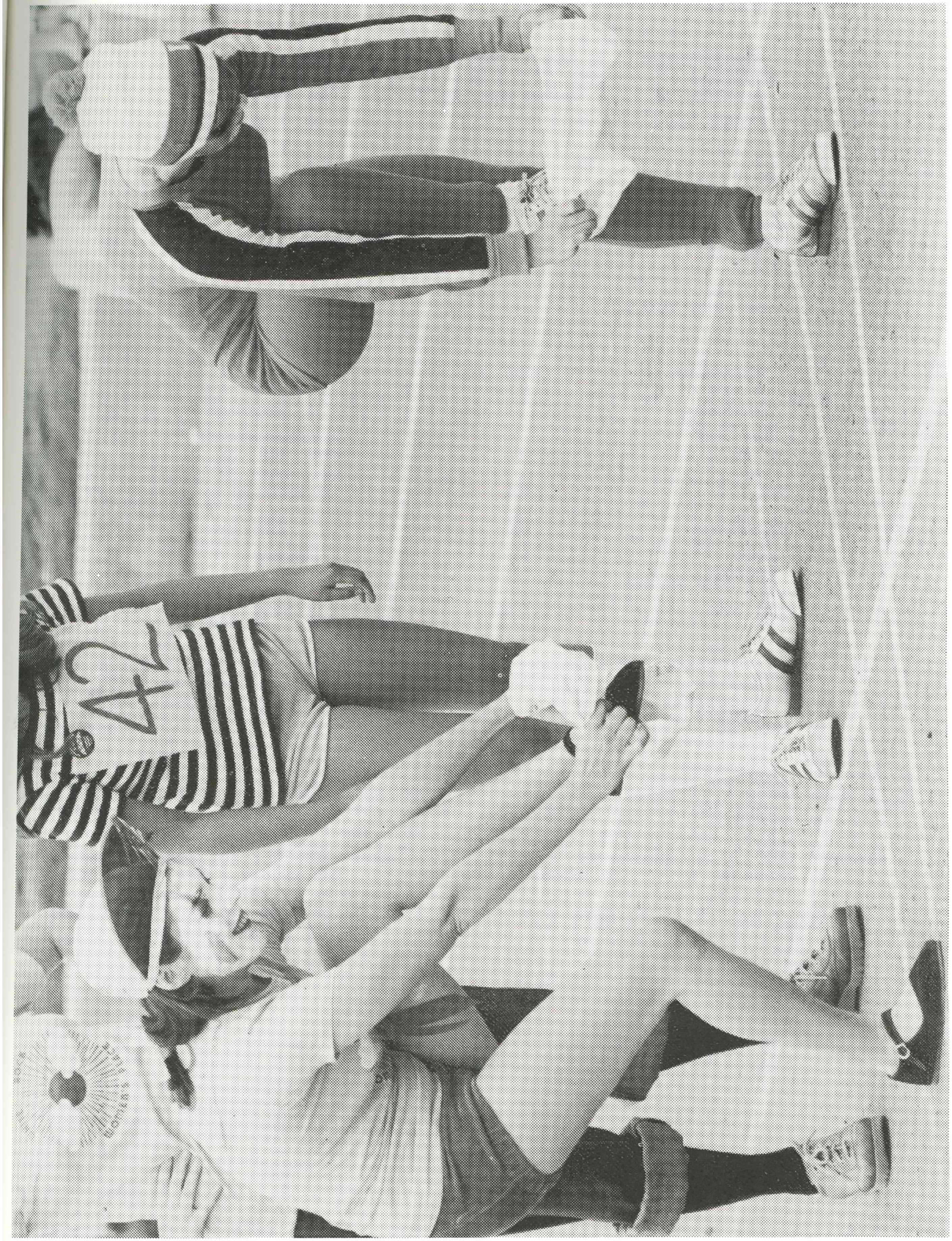
Mike Belt, Anna Banana, Irene Dogmatic and ? in ''Street Musician'', a street performance organized by Irene Dogmatic. Photo by Dick Higgins.





Above: Contestants line-up for the Bureaucrats Marathon in the 1980 Banana Olympics, Bear Creek Park, Surrey, B.C. Photo by Taki Bluesinger.

Below: Contestants at starting line of the Appealing Relay, 1980 Banana Olympics. Photo by Arthur Chin.


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·ART·METROPOLE·

ART METROPOLE BUILDING 241 YONGE STREET TORONTO CANADA M5B 1N8 (416) 368-7787

Sept. 20/77

Banana Productions
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, Ca.

Dear Anna and Bill:

Just a brief note to inform you that the five copies of the new VILE are being held by Canadian Customs officials. Let me quote from todays letter "Dear Sir - You are advised that the following material from Bamana Pro (their spelling) and consisting of 5 copies of Vile Vol 3 No. 2, Summer 1977 has been examined and classified as immoral or indecent under prohibitory provisions of Tariff Item 99201-1. The material will be retained on file at Headquarters for the appeal period of ninety days, in accordance with Section 50 of the Customs Act, following which it will be forwarded to the Postmaster General for ultimate disposal (get that!) in accordance with Section 46 of the Post Office Act." da da da da da da..you can guess the rest. So - what's our next move? I'll probably be coming to San Francisco and San Jose for the A.A.P. conference that La Mammelle is sponsoring. Will be around for a week as excursion rates require I remain for at least a week. I could try and "smuggle" a few back, or we could try the mail and try again, as not everything gets examined by customs and a large percentage of material just gets dropped off at our door by the postman, regardless of where it comes from. We can appeal this matter which I shall do, but I can tell you right now, based on past experiences with customs that they're not going to believe it's art. Drop a line letting me know what you think a suitalbe course of action would be, and let me know if you've had this problem with this issue or any other for that matter. Also, if you have any info on this conference, or plan to participate. I have no plans with regards to where I'll be staying either, so if you could help out in this matter it would be appreciated. Jorge and Ron due back from Paris tomorrow, so I'll pass the news on. I'm sure Jorge will drop a line. That's all for now. Hope to hear from you soon.

Until then, best wishes,
David Buchan.

AUBURN UNIVERSITY

AUBURN ALABAMA

36830

SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

Department of English

Telephone 826-4620
Area Code 205

6 November 1977

Anna Banana
BANANA PRODUCTIONS
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, California 94114

Dear Anna Banana:

The seizure of VILE 5 by Canadian customs is an international laughing matter. So, yes, by all means phot-copy the biographical material on me and use it to fight this case out (in court, if necessary).

How to proceed. Have Art Metropole get a good, sympathetic Canadian lawyer who can appeal to the Nation's desire not to seem young, naive, parochial, and ridiculous. You should have him use all the evidence of nonobscenity and nonimmorality that you and he can find. For example, the purchase of VILE 5 by the Smithsonian and the National Gallery of Art. The nonseizure of the magazine by U.S. and European and Australian etc. governmental authorities. Depositions from expert witnesses--e.g., literary critics of national and international reputation (Northrop Frye in Toronto immediately comes to mind).

I am glad that you like AMONG THE PYRAMIDS AND OTHER POEMS. I will send you gratis autographed copies of other collections of my poetry as they come off the press in the future. Both Austin Warren and Norman Cousins have sent me congratulatory letters.

Which brings me to my own request(s): (1) could you get a copy of AMONG THE PYRAMIDS AND OTHER POEMS placed for review purposes in either your own journal or some other good California publication? If so, I'll send you as many review copies as you can distribute. (2) Could you help me get on the reading circuit in California. If so, I'd make you my performance agent for whatever percentage you would deem fair.

It was nice hearing from you. I hope I have been of some help. Let's keep in touch. With kindest personal regards.

Sincerely yours,

John Nist

John Nist

Home Address: 624 Seminole Street
Auburn, Alabama 36830
Home Telephone: (205) 821-9681

A LAND-GRANT UNIVERSITY

DICK HIGGINS

P. O. Box 842, Canal St. Station • New York, New York 10013

TO

Anna Banana
BANANA PRODUCTIONS
1183 Church Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

DATE 2 November, 1977

SUBJECT Confiscated VILEs in Canada

MESSAGE

Dear Anna:

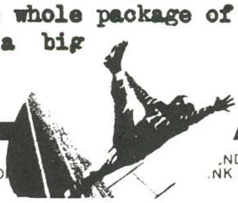
I think these are your options: 1) Go to the Commercial Attaché at the Canadian Consulate in SF (there must be one), credentials in hand, and get his or her advice. 2) Try sending another 5 copies to ART METROPOLE -- maybe enclosing copies of the order forms from the Smithsonian and elsewhere. 3) Do as you evidently planned to and reply to the Customs agent who notified you that the items were "immoral or indecent," enclosing similar photocopies. Ask them to at least return your magazines, since YOU don't consider them in any way prurient, etc. 4) If you STILL have trouble, write up a news release for the GLOBE AND MAIL and make a news story out of it, slanted in such a way that it implies that the postal inspectors are either provincial asses or rabid nationalists attacking poor little art mag publishers (while letting US big business in the back door)-- mention any Canadian artists you've included in VILE over the years (eg., Michael Morris & Mr. Peanut?). DON'T SPEND MONEY-- just get publicity [illegible] straight-- when you visit the Consulate). That's my advice. Very bests

Dick

REPLY **DATE** Nov. 13/77

Dear Dick,

Unfortunately I can't reply directly to Canadian Customs officials, as they sent their message to Art Metropole, not me, and I don't have addresses, etc. Art Metropole hasn't answered my letter to them nor a phone call, so I have decided the easiest and most fun thing to do would be to go for theGlobe and Mail...rather than a news release, I have written a letter asking their assistance in getting something to happen in the appeal before the time to do so is up! Gave 'em a few of my old Canadian references and closed by saying that if they thought the issue was newsworthy, they could run it. Of course I'm sending them the whole package of goodies like Smithsonian, etc. I hope they take the ball and give it a big



Thanks & love -

SIGNED *Anna Banana*

I'd get a big kick if they did.

1. KEEP YELLOW CO[PY] ...NDER: ...NK COPIES INTACT — Form No. N43 © The Drawing Board, Inc., Box 505, Dallas, Texas — INSTRUCTIONS TO RECEIVER: 1. WRITE REPLY. 2. DETACH STUB, KEEP PINK COPY, RETURN WHITE COPY TO SENDER.

INCIDENTALLY....

RICHARD GWYN

... Ottawa columnist for the Toronto Star.

Penthouse, with sales of 500,000, is one of Canada's largest-selling magazines. A third of movies played back on home video-recorders, the Toronto police have estimated, are "adult" hard- and soft-core ones.

The Vancouver Sun **SAT., JAN. 22, 1983**

Revenue Canada
Customs and Excise

Revenu Canada
Douanes et Accise

Your file *Votre référence*

Our file *Notre référence* 3730-2/49V-5988

Bananna Productions,
C/O Western Front,
303 East 8th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.,
V5T 1S1

Commodity Specialist Division
Tariff Programs & Appraisal
1001 West Pender Street
Vancouver, B.C.
V6E 2M8

August 15, 1980.

Gentlemen/~~Dear Sir:~~

The shipment consigned to you by Bananna Productions has been reviewed under Tariff Item 99201-1, Schedule C of the Canadian Customs Tariff.

The following Magazines ~~is~~/are considered subject to the prohibitory provisions of the Tariff Item and will be retained on file in Vancouver for the appeal period of 90 days in accordance with Section 50 of the Customs Act. Thereafter, disposal will be made by the Postmaster General, under Section 46 of the Post Office Act according to regulations:

Vile Christmas Special 1975
Vile International Volume 3 Number 2 Summer 1977

The balance of the shipment, enumerated below, has been returned to the Customs office, Vancouver Postal, and you will be further advised regarding release/~~re-tained at this office for release to you when you report for clearance of goods.~~

FE. MAIL ART
Vile International Double Issue
Anna Banna Literature

Any appeal against this decision should be in letter form addressed to the Deputy Minister, Revenue Canada, Customs and Excise, for the attention of the Regional Collector, 1001 West Pender Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6E 2M8, quoting our file number and date of this letter.

Yours truly,

F.A.Thomson
Commodity Specialist
Tariff Programs & Appraisal
Pacific Region

K21 #340925

CES/dm

Letter No. 3P

Revenue Canada
Customs and Excise

Revenu Canada
Douanes et Accise

REGISTERED MAIL

Ms. Anna Banana,
Banana Productions,
c/o Western Front,
303 East 8th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.
V5T 1S1

Your file Votre référence

Our file Notre référence 3730-2/36562

October 8, 1980.

Dear Ms. Banana:

This refers to your letter of August 28, 1980, in which you appeal the ruling dated August 15, 1980, prohibiting the importation of two magazines titled "Vile Christmas Special 1975) and "Vile International" Vol.3,#2, Summer 1977, sent to you through the mails from Banana Productions, 1183 Church Street, San Francisco, California.

The Deputy Minister has already considered a request for a re-determination of the tariff classification of the magazines in question and has decided that they have been correctly classified as immoral or indecent under tariff item 99201-1. Their importation is consequently prohibited and your request for a re-determination of the tariff classification of the magazines is refused.

Pursuant to subsection 47(1) and section 50 of the Customs Act, an appeal from the decision to refuse your request for a re-determination of tariff classification may be made to a judge as defined in subsection 50(2) of the Customs Act, within sixty days of the date of this decision, which is today's date.

Mail matter the importation of which is prohibited in the country of destination cannot be returned to the sender but must be forwarded to the Postmaster General for ultimate disposal in accordance with section 46 of the Post Office Act.

Yours truly,

J.F. Merner,
Head, Prohibited Importations,
Tariff Programs.

Ottawa
K1A 0L5

Ottawa
K1A 0L5

Libraries & Museums That Subscribed to VILE:

Smithsonian Institute, Washington, DC
Museum of Modern Art, NY, NY
Jean Brown Archive, Tyringham, MA
Franklin Furnace, NY, NY
Artists Union, Nishhinomiya City, Japan
G. Pompidou Museum, Paris
Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver, B.C.
Museu de Art Contemporanea, Sao Palo, Brasil
Galeria Remont, Warszawa
Arco Center for Visual Arts, LA, CA
Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto
Union Gallery, U of San Jose, SJ, CA
U of Illinois, Normal, Ill.
U of Arizona, Tempe, AZ
U of California, LA, CA
U of California, Santa Barbara, CA
NY Public Library, NY, NY
LA Inst. Contemporary Arts, LA, CA
Librairie La Hune, Paris
Apropos, Luzern
ECART, Geneva
U of Iowa, Iowa City, IA
U of Ohio, Columbus OH
State U of NY, Binghamton, NY

National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC
Oakland Museum, Oakland, CA
La Mamelle Archive, SF, CA
Museum of Temporary Art, Washington, DC
Archive Sohm, Markgroeninger, Germany
CDO, Parma, Italy
Inst. of Contemporary Art, Philadelphia
Museo de Bellas Arts, Caracas
Archive Orgon, Madrid
S.F. Museum of Modern Art, SF, CA
Carmen Lamana Gallery, Toronto
U of NY, NY
U of Georgia, Athens, GA
U of Wisconsin, Eau Claire, WN
Otis Art Institute, LA, CA
U of Waterloo, Waterloo
CCLM, NYC, NY
Sculpture Center, Sydney Australia
CA Institute of Arts, Valencia, CA
MIT, Cambridge, MA
Academy of Fine Arts, Rotterdam
Atlanta College of Art, Atlanta, GA
National Gallery of Art, Canberra, Aust.

XETROC

XETROC SCIENTIFIC INC., P. O. BOX 11324
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, ZIP CODE 38111

'Dear' Anna Banana

Idon't think you realize the bad felling i have for you and have had for two years. The more I think about it the madder I get. That christ-banana sticker halo collage you used as your christmas card one year wasn't credited to me. You covered my signature and the title (which I had given credit to Richard C. for his inspiration). You needed a good kick in the pants . How many of those art pieces and ideas are really yours or more likely someone elses'

Then I asked you for my Vile -cow collage which you didn't use and you sent a copy . I still want the original

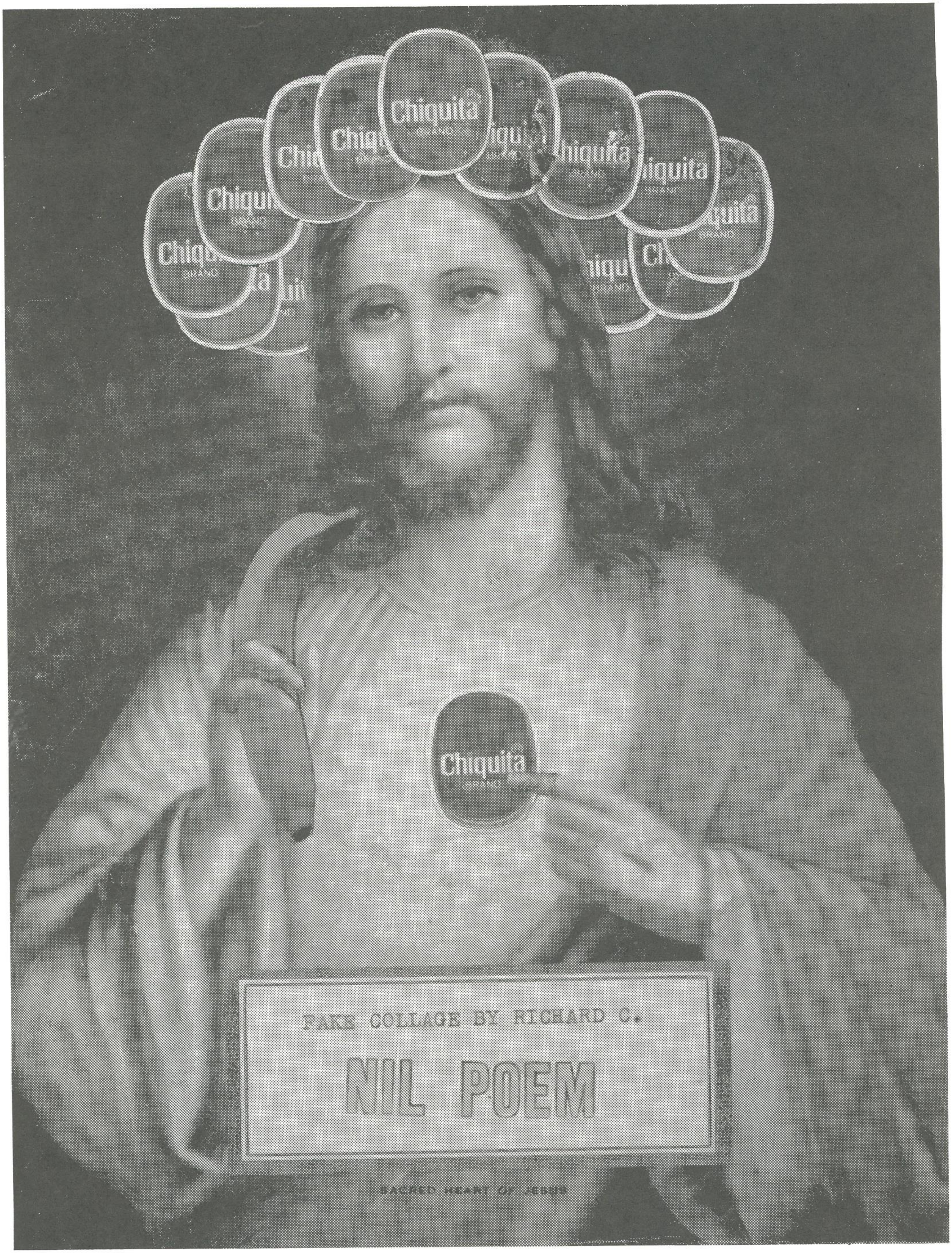
I dont' like you and your unprofessional attitude or is it more that you are too Professionl. ripoff is more like it.

I remember when I aked you for a contribution to the name change show I had that you specifically wanted your things returned.

Neil Felts

I want the "christmas card" original too. returned.

3106 Mt. Pleasant St.NW #3
Washington, DC 20010


Chiquita
BRAND
Chiquita
BRAND
FAKE COLLAGE BY RICHARD C.
NIL POEM
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

1183 Church St,
San Francisco, CA 94114
Octob er 17/79

Niel Felts
3106 Mt. Pleasant St. NW #3
Washington, DC 20010

'Dear' Niel Felts,

I have given your letter a lot of thought, and written a few replies so far. For a while I thought I should hold off on writing for a couple of years, as you did - to see what develops...but the task kept nagging away at me, so here I am in spite of myself.

I kept getting hung-up between the "basic rightness of your position" - regarding my reproducing a few* copies of your collage without giving you credit for it... and my irritation and rejection of your overall- blanket putdown of myself and my activities - based on such a miniscule portion of them.

Since you have decided I'm a RIP-OFF (artist understood?) then what makes you think I'll send back the works in question? All I've got to lose, according to your conclusions, is the art itself... my name/reputation is already a worthless cause. I like the art. It's on my wall in a frame. I don't tell people I did it - "Fake collage by Richard C." and "Nil Poem" are still on the label. I enjoy it. Same goes for the VILE cows.

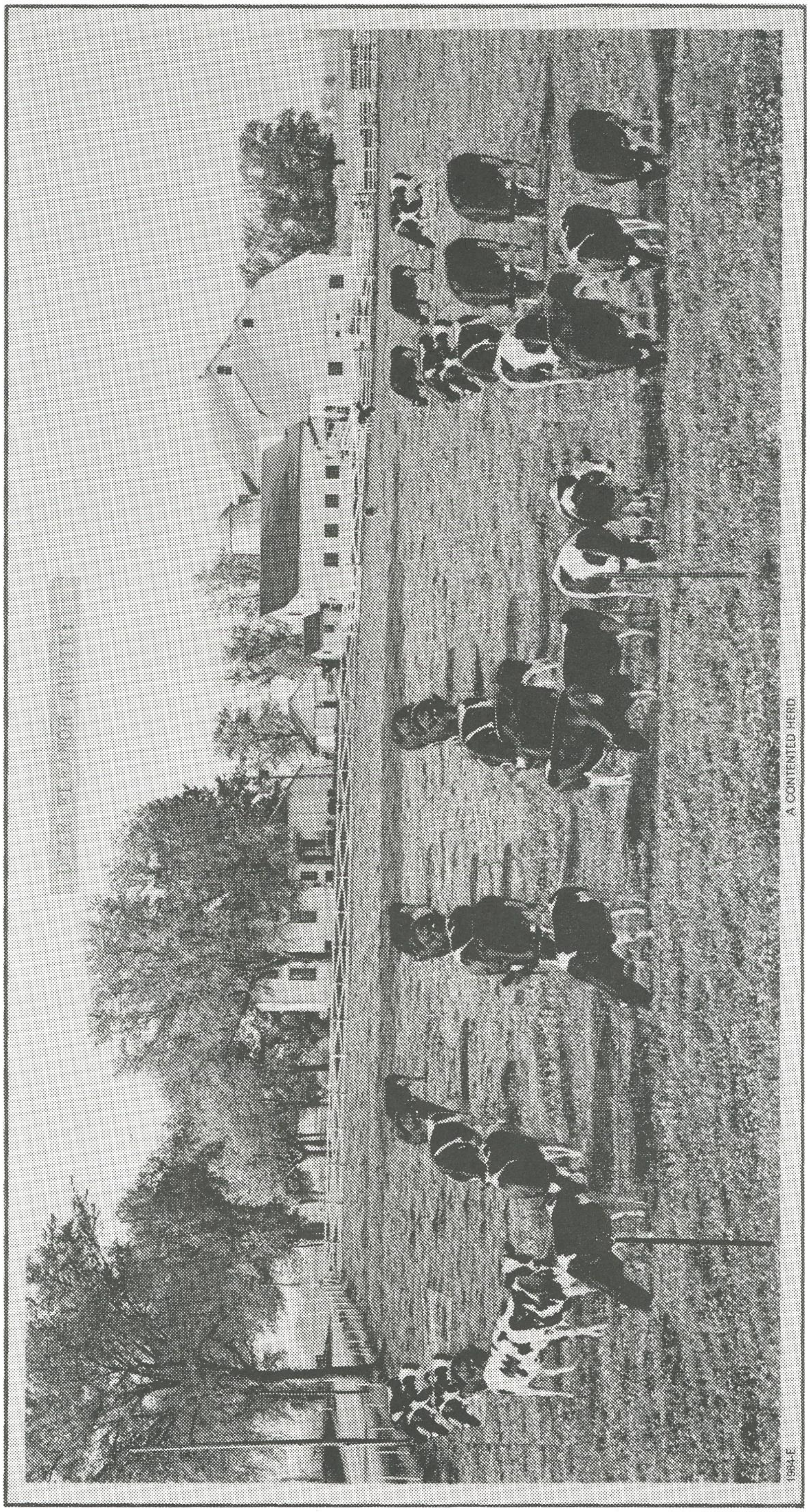
I'm sorry you're so uptight with me - and I don't think there is anything I can say right now that would redeem me in your eyes. Believe it or not, I get precious few letters like yours - so it'll be a good one to publish. Mostly I get thank-yous, etc. from people whose works I have taken the time, expense and trouble to publish - and credit to them.

So, if you really want your originals back, you might try writing to me with a little more consideration about who I am and what I do - or you can go to hell. Why should I bother doing something I don't want to do for somebody who already hates me and thinks I'm a shit? . . . even if it may be THE RIGHT THING to do?

I don't recall your sending them to me on the basis that I had to send them back - we made no agreement to that.

Meanwhile,

* A few copies = 10 or 12 color xerox prints, and here's my appology for not putting a credit line on them. Sincerely, AB



A CONTENTED HERD

LETTERS

Dear Anna,

I send you some information about "Forum" club in Krakow, and about my activity. After I had finished my university education (history of art), I started my adult life as an art critic, and art theorist.

Sometimes I'm artist too. Since 1972, I published many essays and articles about modern art in Polish and foreign art magazines . . . *XB* from Milano, *Zweitschrift* from Hanover, for example. I've given many lectures about art in Poland and in Kassel/GDR, Documenta 6.

I worked with different artists and groups in Europe and USA. Since 1978, I'm cooperating with *Art Contextual Group*. I am very interested in new tendencies in art. I'm interested, as social practise . . . I oppose the exclusion of art from reality as a separate, independent object of artistic contemplation. I ask myself: What is art for? What needs does it answer? And I suppose it is a fundamental question now. More about my art-philosophy, you can find in my *Open Letter*.

Since 1976, I cooperate with Forum Club, too. The Forum Club is a union of young artists, representing socialistic tendencies. These people are writers, poets, actors, musicians, philosophers, painters and other artists, theorists of art. Since 1976, I've organized a series of meetings titled *Conversations about Art* - I organized several lectures about modern art and meetings with artists from Poland and from the world. I prepared too, several exhibitions of Polish and foreign artists in the Forum Club. For example, Joseph Kosuth/USA, Brian Dyson/Canada, Christine Kubisch/Italy, Jan Swiolzinski/Poland and 1st and 2nd all Polish young artistic Comparison.

My one-man show: *Notions of Graphic Art,* with Janusz Kacsoronski at the MPIK Gallery, Krakow, 1978. Others: the INFO exhibition/Mail-art, Krakow, 1979 and *Vernissage in Szadkowshi Factory,* Krakow, 1975 . . . when I was artist. Books & Periodicals: *Notions of Graphic Art* and *Open Letter,* 1978.

If it is possible, could you send me *Left Curve* magazine No. 7 . . . I want and need it, because they published my Open Letter in this number. Let me finish now. I hope not to wait for such a long time to get an answer from you as you have had to wait. Be in contact, please.

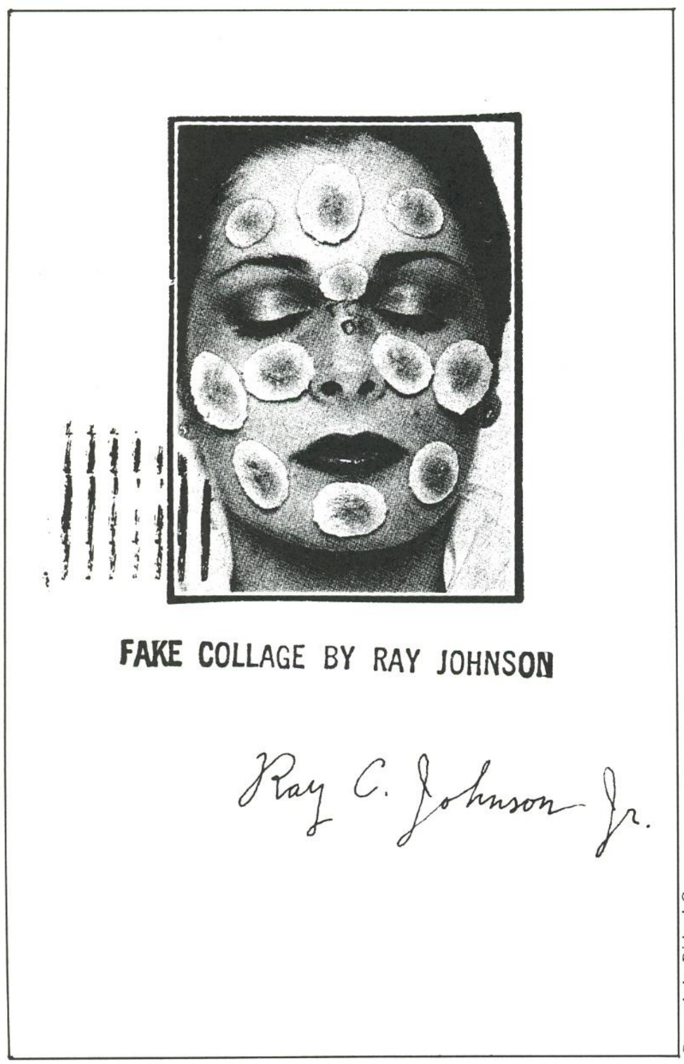
Best wishes for you, with love,
Stanislaw Urbanski, Ul. Syrokomli 3/2,
30 - 102 Krakow, Poland.

28/3/79
Dear Anna

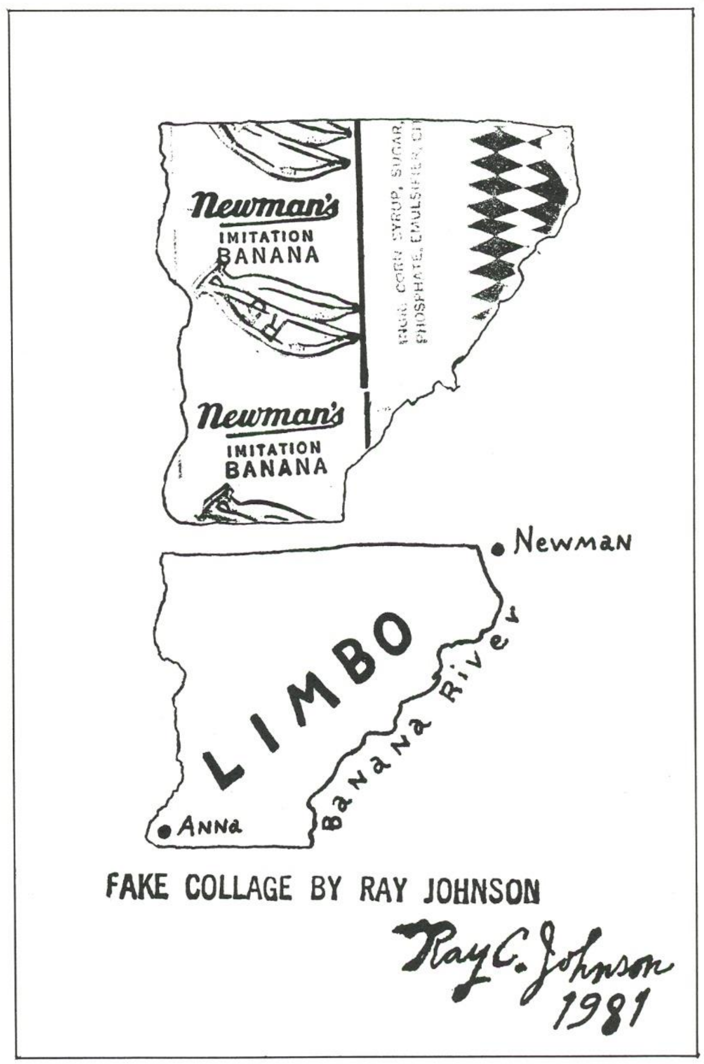
Frankly speaking, I have no philosophy, it's only a gay (ie. my work) or entertainment at last. If you really need it, here is a note about my previous life: Born in 1937 (birthday wishes and gifts I expect at June 15th). The Art Academy finished in 1964 (graphics division). The kind of art I previously made; applied art (books, posters, drawings for journals, cooperation with TV).

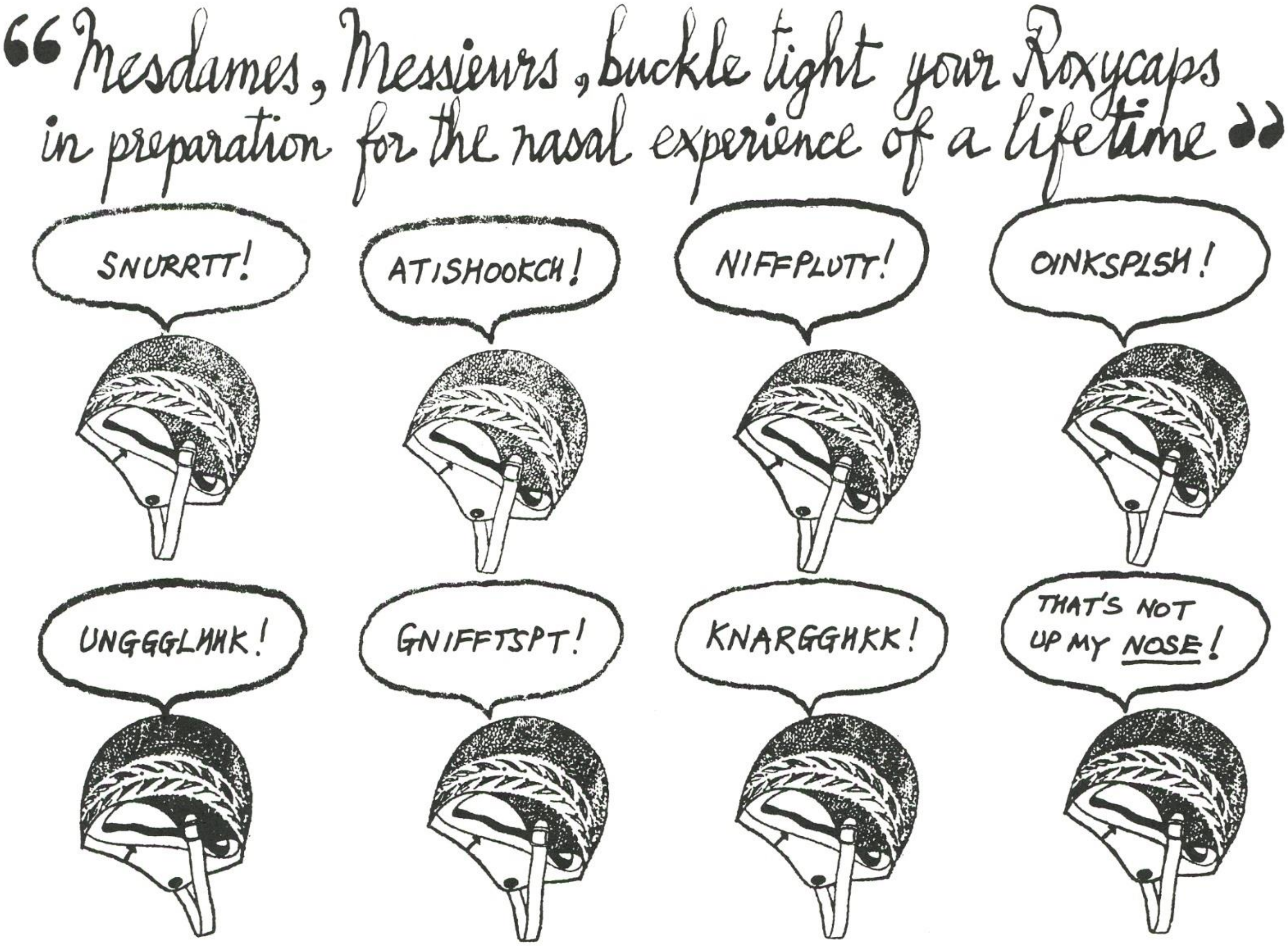
Actually - mail art, T-Shirts (silk screened), traditional graphics. I take part in traditional exhibitions and in some of new kind as well. That's all. The mail art is for me the way to contact closer with people, which is for me the priceless purpose. P.S. My censorship isn't so hard, as I immediately forget everything I want to.

Henryk Bzdok, Katowice, Poland



Postcards by Richard C.





an 11th hour ● pagescape from MICHAEL SCOTT

Dear Anna, Jan. 14/79.

I told you that Paul Carter said that Mike Taylor had worked out that I must be Britain's most ineffective encyclopedia salesman who had turned to mailing collages in a frantic attempt to get rid, page by page, of the piles of unsold books that filled my house. This is more interesting, and possibly as true (I like imagined alternatives) as:

Scott, Michael. Born Leeds, 1934. First exhibited paintings Yorkshire Artists Exhibition 1956. Got as far as having work in stock at Waddingting Galleries, London. Got confused about both painting and gallery relationships. got freed by reading John Cage's *"Silence."* Work became more graphic. In the late '60's felt a rapport between his "paperscape" work and what performance artists were doing in landscape. (Yorkshire was the most vital area in Britain for performance at this time, and Bradford Festivals '59-61 provided a focus for this work.) Did graphics for, and occasionally performed with local groups. One spin off from the festivals was *Collection,* a short-lived publication which he edited jointly with Al Beach, Roland Miller and Ian White. Copies of this spread abroad and produced some feedback from the mail art network. One day a copy of File arrived, and with it, a Banana Rag. Responses to these and other mailings led to more mail coming, and so on. Now virtually all his work goes out around the mailways. Has exhibited in mailshows in North America, Australia, Japan, Poland and most Western European countries. Work has appeared in various mailzines including VILE."

But, I've probably exhibited and published less than most of the people who you met on your tour. I'm unsure about mail exhibitions. Mail art has its public aspect and its private side: my work seems to incline more naturally towards private, one-to-one communications than towards public appearances. I tend to respond rather than initiate. When I feel a rapport with someone else's imagery, creative possibilities are triggered: and that's when things develop best as far as I'm concerned. So I agree with the philosophy described by Graceila Marx Vigo in her *Homenaje Intimo no. 1* (the "anonymous poetic fact intimately shared").

Simply, then, it's about personal connections and rapports; these private sources of energy are exciting. Links may occur through identity/analogy/focus (William Wilson on Ray Johnson); and chance (what happens to be lying around the workroom at the time) enters in too. The London oriented article about British performance which you showed me suggested the idea of a time-based process. Whilst I'm very conscious of time (especially the lack of it) (hence the 11th hour), Yorkshire performance was particularly sensitive to space too; so, to the specific, unique, total context in which the action occured. A mailing offers a paperscape context - both precisely in itself, and from there on into one's imagination about it (and the person who sent it). So it's a matter of developing something out of that whole (small world?) . . . and I like it best if the whole is not wholly serious.

In this context illustrations/examples of past work feel, therefore, irrelevant. What interests me following your visit is the possibilities it generated - the images that were left that I can image on from . . . out of many; apron baths, obviously, and strange phrenology heads, and so on. And then, after the paper bag (thanks for the Magritte info. which I've sent on to Ian), compulsive dust-free domesticity, and the cryptic little roomscape that you sketched. And all sorts more. Which sooner or later may be mashed up into something that you may, in turn, move on from . . .

Love from
Michael (Scott), 11th Hour Artworks,
Leeds, England

LETTERS

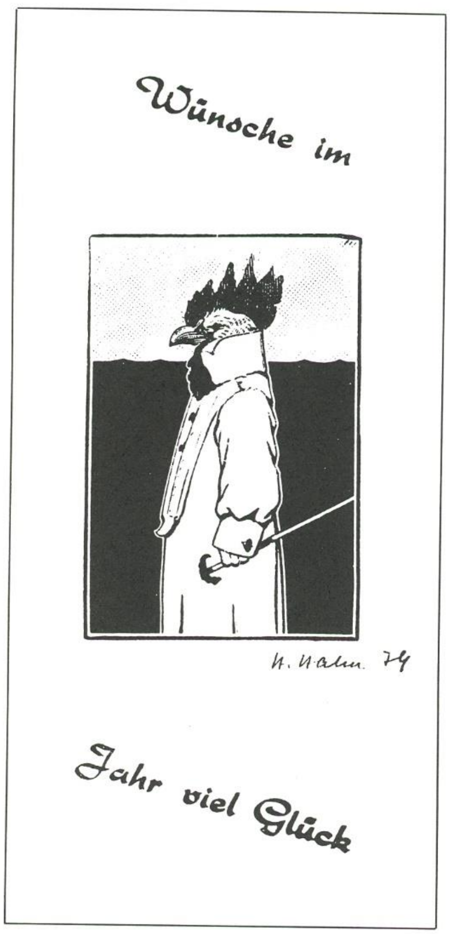


Dear Anna,

Your mail-art-card from England found the way to Cologne. Also a letter from Italy. Angelika Schmidt wrote me of your stay in Stuttgart. Also Henryk Bzdok wrote to tell me of your visiting there. I must say, your performance in Cologne in the Baach'scher Kunst room was a very interesting play. It make my thinking for a long time later, it was a very deep experience.

I can tell you, my secret love is the time between 1900 - 1925 in art . . . K. Schwitters, M. Duchamp, M. Ray, Picabia, H. Hoch, and many other artists. Then sometimes I make works with this inspiration. It is very hard not to look back. And now, to try to answer your card. It is difficult to write all my thoughts from art and art-life.

1) My name in German is Hahn, which translates into English as "cock", and now, here is my sign:



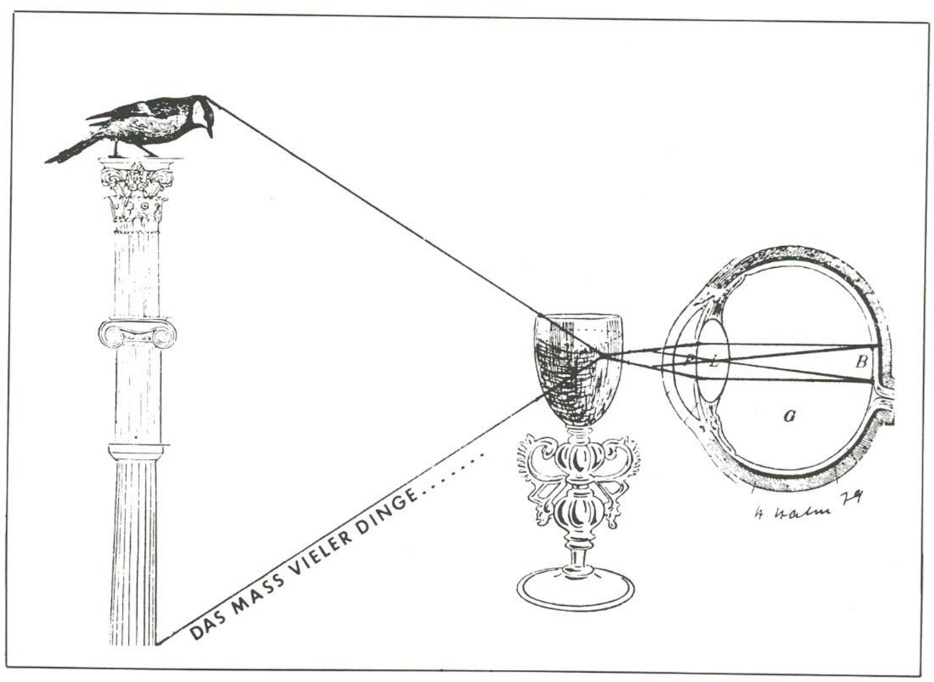
2) My philosophy - it is too difficult to put it into English words.

3) Projects - The beginning of my mail-art activity was 1974. My wife had study time in London. My thinking and love fly to London. And I write every day making mail-art-card, special for Barbara in London. Then Barbara did them from London Colonia (Koln). Four of these cards were in the exhibition *"Post Card Show"* at the Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, NY University, 1975. From this time on, I have contributed to many mail-art exhibitions all over the world.

4) Edition "Zufall", Koln was begun in 1974, and the idea was to show work of young artists from Cologne or other cities in one No. 1, 2, 3, u.s.w. 4...5... called "mappe" to produce. It is a non-profit work. From 1974 to 1978 I have put out 19 issues. In one issue is two or three original graphics, drawings or etchings, in an edition of 40, signed and numbered.

From time to time I print mail-art-post cards in editions of 50, which I send to mail-art friends all over the world. I am collecting mail-art cards from all the mail-artists and think in a year or two I will organize an exhibition. Enclosed are 5 post-cards from the last production.

Best wishes,
Horst Hahn, Koln, Germany



Dear Anna,

Thinking of your request on the how/when/where and why of my activities for your issue of VILE on your European trip, and I've come up with the enclosed envelope of "selected secretions", which come from my note books, and which probably give as good an idea as any of my current concerns . . . I've cut them up so you can make your own selections.

As for my publishing, I'm in the process of printing a catalogue of Kontext Publications 1969 - 79, which has an introduction you could quote from. Artzien is progressing fairly well, still coming out every month, but still printed in mimeo. I've applied for a grant to print it offset, but don't have very much hope of getting it . . . it's very hard to get money for art publishing in this country . . . I envy your NEA and CCLM. I know they don't support many experimental publications but at least they do fund a lot of useful projects.

I try to get my mail art done between breakfast and lunchtime (in time for the afternoon post collection). For me, a performance is a reading: either I read, or the audience reads what I do. (At de Appel recently, I read aloud my grant application to the Arts Ministry, first through a toy trumpet, secondly with my tonue in my cheek.)

I'm interested in the nature of "writing" and "reading" (and in attempting to extend/transform their parameters). After investigating the alphabet (*These Letters are my Flesh & My Blood*, and *Five Coloured Alphabets in Black & White*, etc.) I've been dealing with "the book" (object-books, environments, events, etc.)

I believe in a symbolist aesthetic, trying to prevent myself from being too literal, and to leave the interpretation to the reader/spectator. *Deuxieme Poeme Symboliste* is a video tape I made last week which shows a rain of pages from books falling onto my naked body . . . I still have to make the soundtrack; layers of whispers, different languages.

I just bought myself a reel-to-reel stereo tape recorder, and am busy working on various sound pieces . . . preparing for a performance in Amsterdam in a couple of weeks which will use lighting changes, 5 cassette recorders, standard tape and live action. Plans are also building up for later this year, in July and August Pnina and I'll be in Florence, as Pnina's been given a studio to use there, and I'll be doing a show or something at Zona. In October we're going to Poland to show at Remont . . . Henryk was in Amsterdam recently, a very nice guy.

Sooooooo a quick look through the files to see if there's anything else I can send you for the issue . . . is there a deadline? Let me know what you're up to . . . actual activities, plans or fantasies.

For now, love,
Michael Gibbs, Amsterdam

SELECTED SECRETIONS
by Michael Gibbs

To write is to obey.
To obey the dictates of what calls the word - and the writing - into being.
To follow the strands of connotation back to the head.

A book with as many pages/leaves as the head had hairs.

To obey the word, not the language (hairdressing).

"I wish I could write as well as I read"

Name of the Game
throwing bricks whenever I don't know what to say
a child collects the bricks and arranges them into sentences

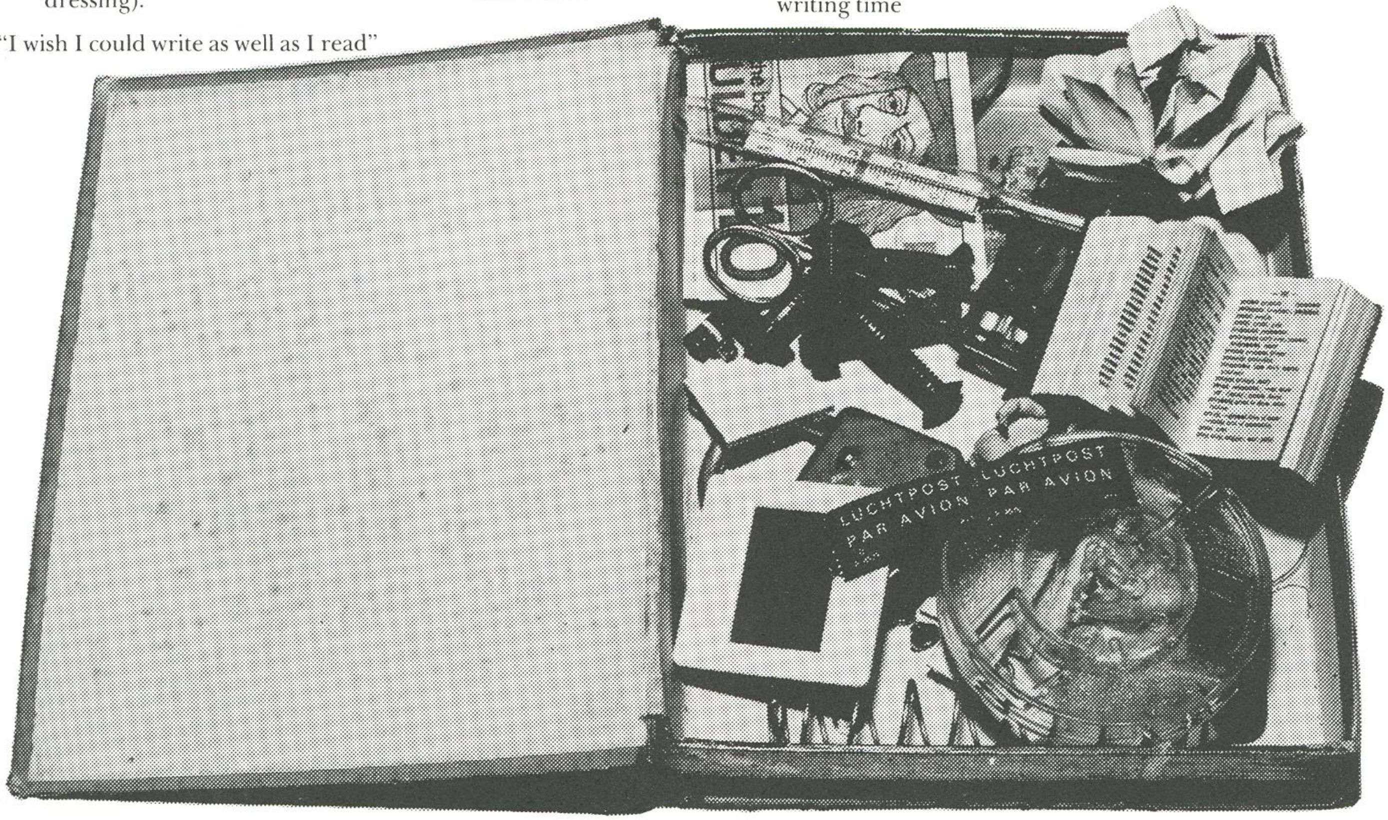
poem about the desert written in fountain pen on No. 3 sandpaper

You get sticky fingers
when you put them into so many pies

timed texts — reading time / writing time

who's going to make the next move?
who's going
who's going to move?
who's going to move next?
who's going to make the next move?
who's going
who's going to move?
who's going to move next?
who's going to make the next move?

to try one's hand at something (new)
doing the hand-jive
on the one hand, on the other hand



LETTERS

Dear Anna,

Unlax yourself, already. I am indeed a hardboiled, cynical, hypercritical son-of-a-bitch. I also received your letter & *Vile* yesterday, Friday the 13th appropriately enough, & am perceptive enough to know the difference between plastic bullshit & the real McCoy. Magazines I respect & get something out of are as diverse as *The Phoenix,* an old-fashioned radical/anarchist anthology series; *Snowy Egret,* a mimeo on "the cultural aspects of natural history"; *Manas,* a philosophical newpaper; & *Quester,* a freewheeling atheist quarterly. They share energy, independence, environmental awareness, antipathy toward the almighty Way things Are, a thought-out, coherent editorial philosophy, & publish not to get grants or get famous, but to get people off their butts & thinking. *Vile,* vile as it is, has those qualities. It isn't *The Coldspring Urinal,* whose editors & contributors turn to surrealism out of inability to construct a coherent sentence, worshipping any twit with a name; isn't *White Arms,* a carelessly tossed together collection of dilettantes, freaks, & fruit-loops; isn't *Strange Faeces,* containing no news for anyone ever having changed a diaper or done latrine duty - though Opal Nations, I'll grant, is at least dedicated & sincere; and isn't *Unmuzzled Ox,* worshipping the so-called 'beautiful people' out of sheer inability to formulate any aesthetic of the editor's own. I can't say I like *Vile,* but that's irrelevant. It hits the same targets we do, just from a different angle. In guerrilla warfare, uniforms don't matter much, & I'm certainly not one to call for them. You reach whom you can as we do whom we can, & the end result is bound to be the destruction of dictatorships, wherever, whenever, & however. Not just the obvious ones, like the fascist, communist, & capitalist totalitarian systems, but also the subtle ones: fashion, custom, tradition, & anything else followed not by choice but sheer blind habit. I guarantee your III.2 will get a good review here - not uncritical, yet salutory, because it is the same damned battle we're fighting, & your juxtapositions undermine as surely as our straight lit blasts.

A cold Labatt's to ya. By way of a peace offering, I'm herewith submitting some of the vilest stuff I've ever done; possibly the vilest, excepting only a parody of a black studies text called *Niggerology,* asserting black superiority in rhythm & pecker length, done from the same contradictory impulses that led me to wear an Amos 'n' Andy button the day Martin Luther King got shot, and to carry an 'H-Bomb Hanoi' sign at a peace rally. And that today impell publicaton of *Samisdat,* Anglophone, anarchistic, & anti-nationalist, from the midst of Quebec.

You'll get our upcoming issue, reviewing *Vile,* as a matter of course. We'll swap current & back numbers for backs of yours, and/or an extra copy of III.2 to pass around.

Regards
Samisdat - M. Clifton - P.J. Kemp
Box 10, Brigham
Quebec, Canada J0E 1J0

P.S. That dada does have a big following don't mean fuck-all — shit draws flies & 'Mary Hartman' cretins, for all o' that.

Dear Nana,

I remember an article you did for *Maclean's* a long time ago as Anne Long. I always remembered it cause it was different - & because of the way you described taking a bath. Anyway, I also saw one of your banana races on the T.V. news. You do get around. Keep a stiff upper.

June



Artist Postage Stamps by Lon Speigleman, Los Angeles, Jan. '81.



Stamp-art by Cees Franke

ACTUAL LETTER TO BILL GAGLIONE & GAG BILLLIONE 14 SEPT 17779 by Jim Tolliday, New Agency, London

Nininini

Bill - If Art was corpses would you collect those? If Art was a bunch of ninnies sucking toads over seven pauses would you collect those? If Art was yelling and screaming and trying to think of something to say would you collect those? For several millions of dollars would you? Or for a free shirt, thrift-style??

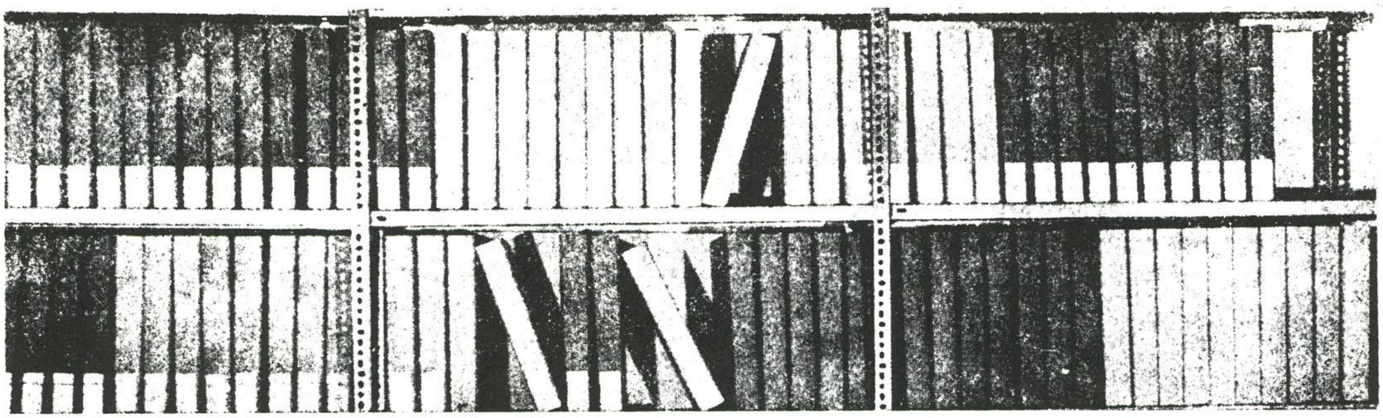
What a question! Thanks for your note about the rubberized VILE plan. If you ask me you've got it wrong: not *"Non-Verbal Aesthetic Communication"* but *Verbal Non-Aesthetic Pseudo-Communication.* That is what rubber stamp art does to sucking-toads: it's about as important as newspapers. Not important. Rubber stamp art is not the modern art of today for tomorrow. Personally I don't find fame an incentive. Your hoarding of all this glorious muck will make you President in 48 hours.

No words can convey the loathing I feel towards this *"Inter-Dada 80"* idea. It gives me the creeps. I'm going to kill myself. I'm going to put seven toads in a pause and make them gods. ...can't even talk sense in the face of your blatant anti-dada meaty-murchy-muuuuuuuur. I love your ideas, they make me want to live and enjoy life, they fill me with the deepest enthusiasm and sympathy and understanding and warmth and love and compassion for toad-shit.

I've never even met a toad.

Your ideas, your attitudes, your glory, is 76.4% missing. There is no sense asking "Why are you still making art" when you are a devoted hoarder of it. Your file is a morgue. You're out of touch with your own decadence. What you are doing is an admirable toad-belch in search of a toad.

Actually,
Jim Tol.



C.D.O. - COMUNICAZIONI VISIVE - MAIL ART - Via dei Farnese, 9 - Parma (Italy)

MAIL ART SPACE: Esibizioni Internazionali; Performances; Dibattiti.

ARCHIVI INTERNAZIONALI: lavori di oltre 200 artisti di 31 Paesi.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF C.D.O. AND ITS INVOLVEMENT WITH MAIL ART
by Romano Peli & Michaela Versari

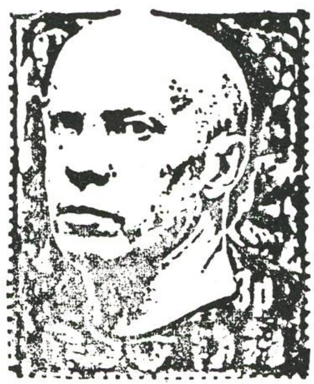
The meeting of Romano Peli with Michaela Versari, occurred on July 1972, was certainly a determining factor of deciding to constitute a Center of Documentation. Romano Peli was coming from a pictorial seven years' experience; Michaela Versari was coming from philosophic and theatrical interests. Both they wanted to do research, to furnish documentary evidence for it and to propagate its results.

The Center was founded on December 1st, 1972 at Trento and named *C.D.O.* Almost immediately Bruno Sanguanini and Vanna Salati were added to two founders, Romano Peli and Michaela Versari, and contributed to the Center almost for a year.

The *C.D.O. - Center Documentation Organization – Aesthetic Reasearch* - was born so for a particular requirement of its founders: to organize the communication and documentation of aesthetic research in Italy and then to diffuse it again. The news, the notices, the reviews, the catalogues of the artists who attended to artistic research in that moment were collected, examined, analysed and then filed by name. Many were the acceptance and information which arrived to *C.D.O.* as soon as they were asked for. The first to occupy the space in archives was the material of Antonio Paradiso, then that of Claudio Costa with his anthropologic research and Luca Patella with his *"Gazzette Ufficiali"*. And many others.

The organization and the ideation were entrusted to Romano Peli; the making out to Michaela Versari. The task to inquire directly about Italy was entrusted to Bruno Sanguanini and Vanna Salati. The first edition of *C.D.O.* was the art copy-book *"The Supernatural"* in 250

Omaggio a Ray Johnson



Homage to Ray Johnson

numbered copies. It was the number one of a series of art copy-books. The date: February 15th, 1974.

On December 1974 *C.D.O.* moved from Trento to Parma. On that occasion *C.D.O. – Visual Communications* was born: it intended to continue its research and information about new means to make art in the world. Giovanni Conforti (Photography) and Eman Frai (Translation) came to be part of *C.D.O.* The *C.D.O.* received the early news about the existence of *Mail Art* in the world.

The first direct postal contact with some artists who made *Mail Art* (Vigo, Zabala) occurred during the following year, 1975. The *C.D.O.* received an invitation to take part in *"Ultima Exposicion de Arte Por Correspondencia '75"*. The show was organized into *"Galeria Arte Nuevo"* in





Buenos Aires but the work of Peli & Versari *"Art Test"* didn't appear although it had been mailed from Post Office of Parma in 200 signed and numbered copies. It never arrived!!!

The work *"Art Test"* was formed by a series of erotic questions about art to which the people had to answer with yes or no and it had to be mailed back to *C.D.O.*

In the same year there was also the first *Mail Art* initiative from *C.D.O.* with sending of a picture postcard (Duomo of Parma) in 150 copies marked with a stamp in two colours: *Impara L'Arte E Mettila Da Parte/Impara A Mettere Da Parte L'Arte* (in Italian a play upon words!!!).

During 1976 *C.D.O.* worked to extend its contacts and communications with a larger number of artists in the world, taking part in exhibitions in Italy and abroad like: *Poema Tampon* (Buenos Aires - Zabala); *Arte En La Calle* (Madrid - Santiago Mercado); *Papel E Lapiz* (Sao Paulo - Jonier Marin); *Biennale Internazionale D'Arte Venezia 1976* (Pavilion of Switzerland); Edition of a card (360 copies) entitled: *"Reality/Real Reality"* (C.D.O. - Parma); *International Exhibition of Mail Art* (Recife - Paulo Bruscky); *Art Information Project* (Edewecht - Klaus Groh); *Dim Art* (Praga - Miroslav Klivar).

January 1st 1977 the *First International Postal Encounter Art Workers Of The Visual Communications* began. The requirement arose from the curiosity to know the personal ideas of every artist about art and life in general. Since then the work of *C.D.O.* changed substantially. With the arrived reports for which we has asked every artist we could find out largely the social and artistic vision which is basis of the work of every artist, his history, his hopes. The subject of the discussion was *"Outside The Official Circuits And For A Different Vision Of The Dimension Of Reality"*. In the same year also the *Mail Art Space* was born, a permanent mini-space

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for bringing the *Mail Art*, which every day arrives to *C.D.O.*, every month to the knowledge of the *C.D.O.* friends and Italians (and the national press).

So works of ZABALA / CROZIER / KALKMANN / PELI / VAN GELUWE / P. ORRIDGE / SEDLACEK / HAHN / MEW / CRISTOBAL came out of the archives with the artists' consent. Then we organized in another public space *"C.D.O. - Parma Mail Art"*. Besides into *Mail Art Space* we organized *"Identikit"*, an international exhibition by personal invitation in search of the face of the most thieving and corrupt politician in one's Country.

But *C.D.O.*, penetrated by now into the *Mail Art* network, needed more data and a vaster and vaster vision of the present international phenomena.

We thought of a large confrontation of works among all the Mail artists in the World and an international debate.

The realization was *"Mantua Mail 78"* and *"13 Postal Communications For An International Exhibition"* (from 21. 9 to 21. 10. 1978) in Mantua, organized into the seven large rooms of the House of Mantegna. Over 4,000 works of 154 mailartists of 28 Countries tried to dialogue. Still into 1978 *C.D.O.* took part in *10° International Video Encounter* (Cayc - Tokio); *2° Festival Internazionale della Performance - Musica e Poesia* (Pari & Dispari – Cavriago - Reggio Emilia) with an air performance; *Black and White - International Show - La Casa Del Siglo XV* (Mata - Segovia); *Blue Show* (Crozier - Reykjavik)' *Liber* (Sarenco - Abano - Padova); *Hong Kong Mail Art 1978* (Schaefer - Hong Kong); *Concreto E Visuale* (Spatola - Nicolai - Melbourne); *European Family Show* (Dolphin - Sunderland) and contributed to No. 2 - 3 - 4 of *Commonpress*.

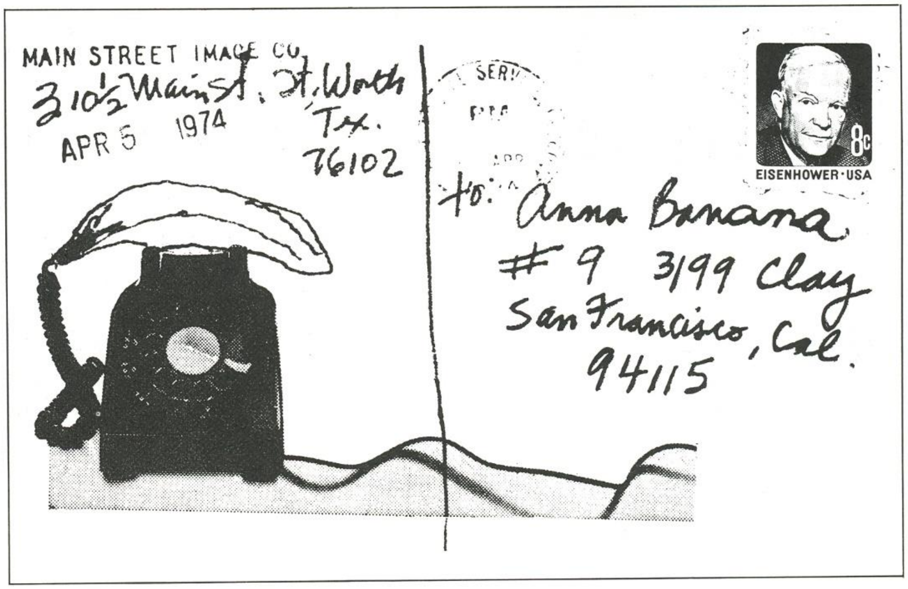
Then on November 13th, 1978 into *Mail Art Space* another great appointment: *Futurist Sound*, the performance - tour of Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione (U.S.A.) who performed wonderfully in the presence of a large number of spectators.

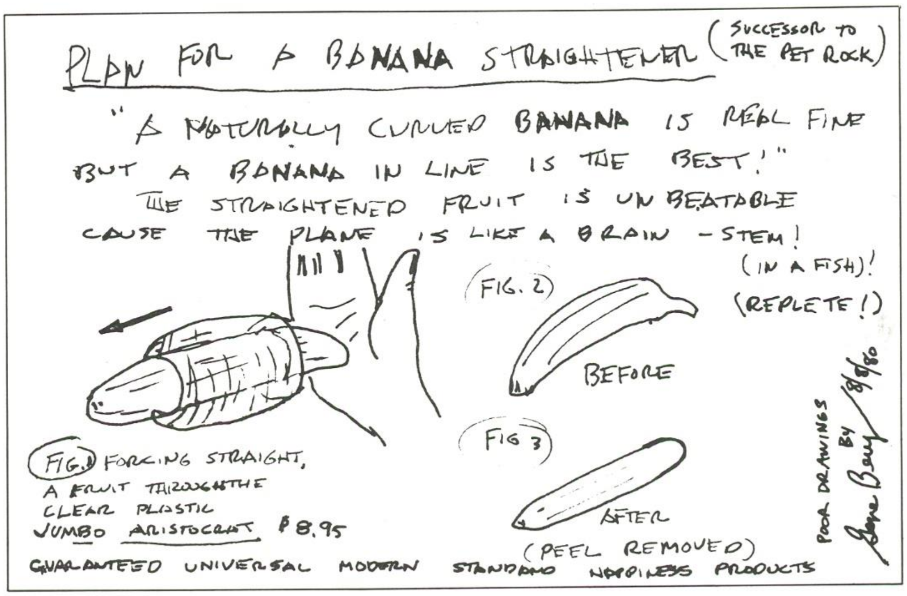
C.D.O. tries hard always to support all this artistic activity with a more and more perfect organization. Since December 1st, 1978 it begins to register and catalogue all the mail art works which belong to the Center.

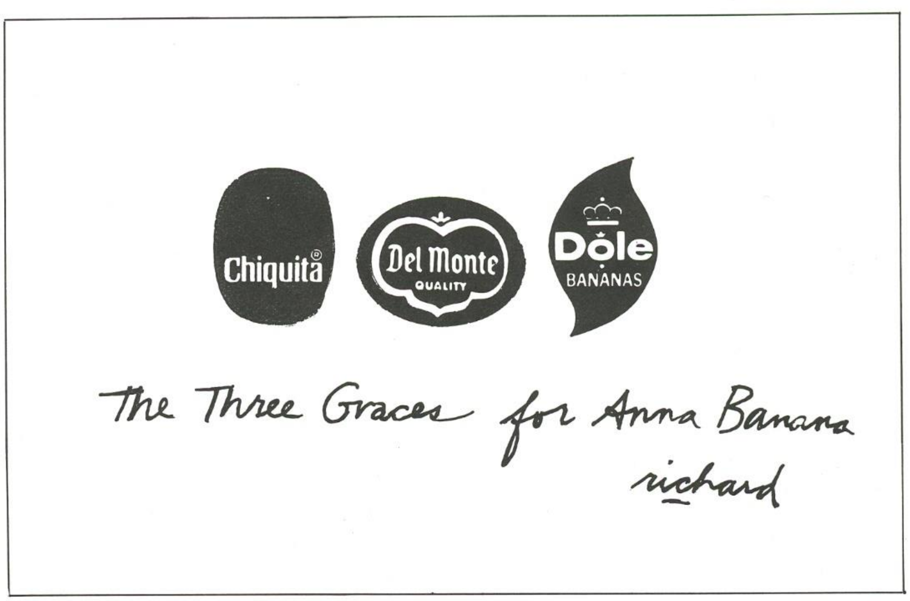
There is another very important presence of *C.D.O.* into a public space: by request some works of 131 mailartists are showed in Florence (at Palazzo Strozzi): *"Mail Art - Documenti 1"* (December 9/15, 1978).

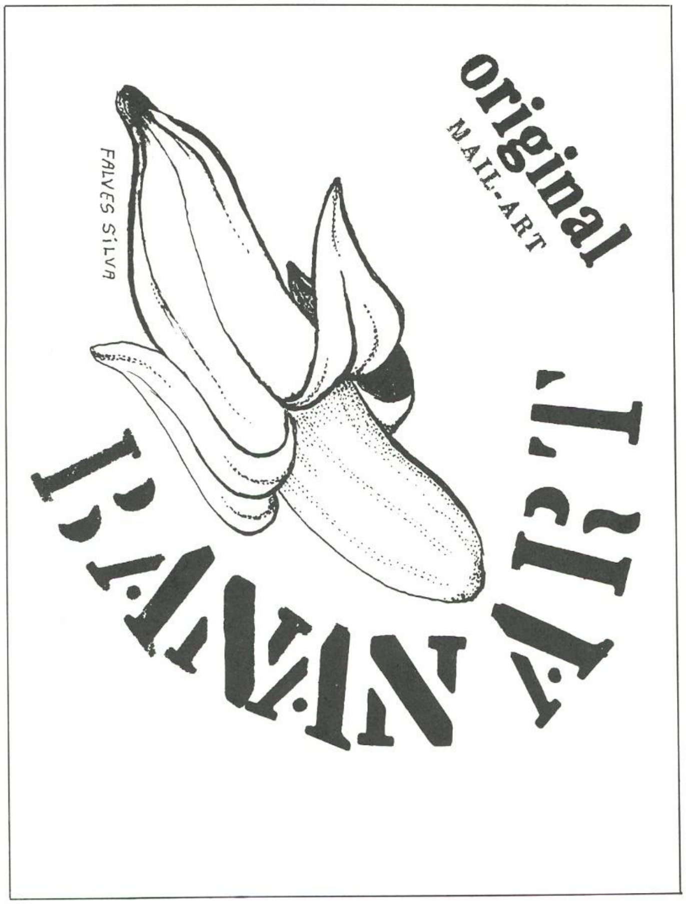
Now C.D.O. is already thinking of another basic achievement for 1979 and for a long live of *Mail Art*: the also physical contact among the mailartists of all the world.

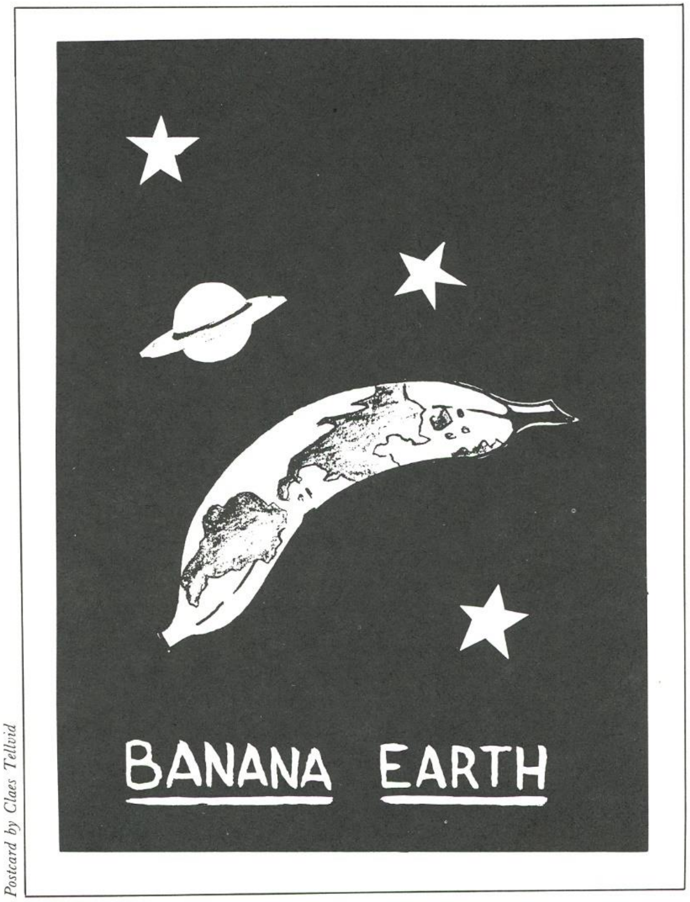
Parma (Italia) January 8th, 1979



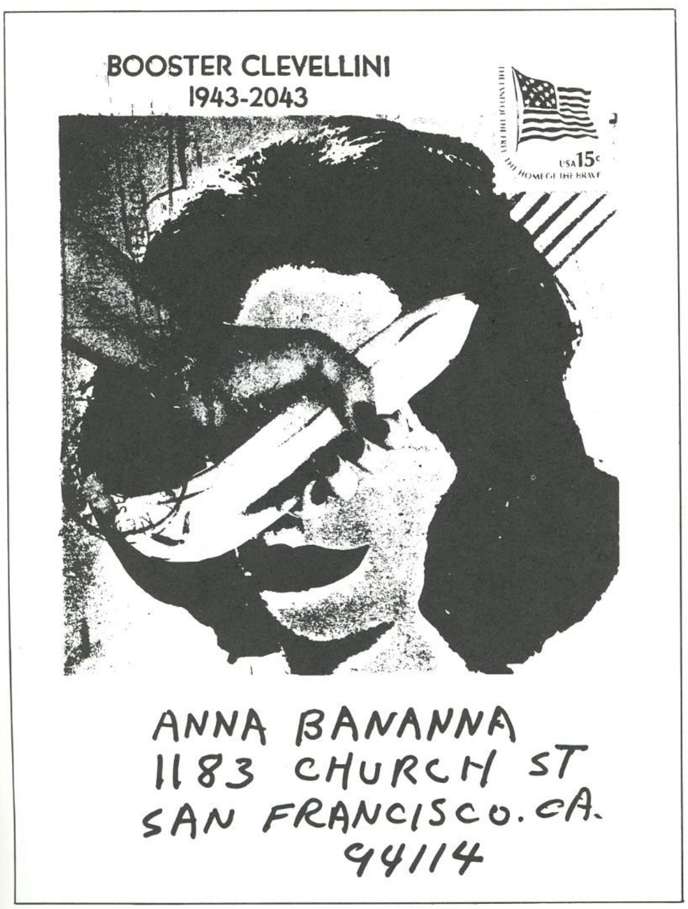








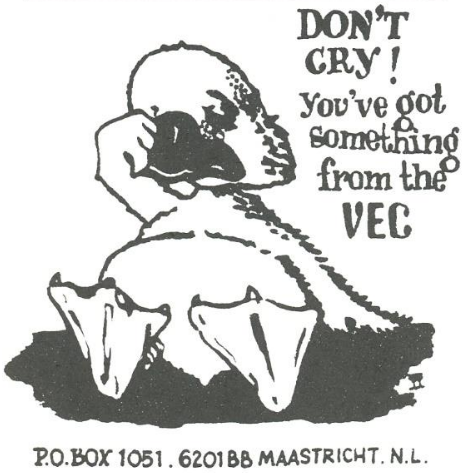
Postcard by Claes Tellvid





Postcard by Angelika Schmidt

LETTERS



CONFUSION REIGNS ANYWAY!

I did a lot of cerebral shuffling and research to get this philosophy together for Anna. Most of it went into the waste-paper-bin because very little of what is written is timeless. It is always difficult to discuss what you do or why you do it. The answer can vary to the extremes, dependant upon the mood of the moment and the attitude of the asker. An animal (like us) has only one purpose in it's life, to live until death. Somewhere along the evolutionary war-path man succeeded in projecting his vision onto non-imaginary planes. Cave dweller cousin did not ask on seeing the fresh painting of a buffalo, "Why did you do that." No! he said, "Fuck man, I'm gonna go out and kill me a buffalo." Or utterances to that effect. A prehistoric cynic asking that question would have had his brains spilled, stone club, self-sculpted. Weren't too many artists in those days, weren't too many people either. Nowadays we got lotsa artists 'cos we got lots of people, not too many buffalo left though. I am Earthman, I communicate with A.S.P. That's the way I see it.

Important things at the moment in *VEC (Visual Entertainment Company)* activities is, are, will be the continuing communcation with the society of mail-artists, and audio. I recently performed live audio in Poland. I have artists audio tapes from England, Germany, Brazil, Poland and the USA, a program of these artists sounds is available to anyone who wants it in exchange for whatsoever audio they wish to make and send me. The first programme, titled *Here,* is being published as an edition by Artons in Toronto, and distributed through the established chain of artwork bookstores. What is audio art? Listen, and I'll tell you the whole story . . .

Like all mail-artists I've participated in hundreds (well at least tens) of exhibitions, publications. Apart from that, I have published a hell of a lot of my own stuff; photos, poems, projects, concepts. I nurse *Fandangos* through the technical stages and add a few thumb prints. I have performed *VEC* in De Appel, Amsterdam '77, Bonnefanten Museum, Maastricht '75, and Galeria Remont, Warszawa '78.

I love mail-art because there is no ulterior motive, and a lot of humour. Most other forms of art prefer to dwell on the heavier aspects of transient experience.

VEC History? Begun as an exercise in "looking/seeing" interpreting was for one year each; Private Detective Agency, Gallery, Secret Bureaucracy, and this year '78, the *VEC* has produced an audio visual documentation of the natural environment in three European countries. Next year is programmed to produce an audio "drama" as main project, and a dozen other things to fill in times when the drama lies awaiting. I'm very busy, but still find a lot of time to get very high.

Best,

Rod Summers, Maastricht, Netherlands

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF VEC AUDIO EXCHANGE

Within the field of my activity in visual, experimental and concrete poetry, I first began investigations into the medium audio in 1969. I am now writing works solely intended for audio production. My recorded works have been presented in Warsaw, Chicago, Toronto, London, Luzern, Milan, Los Angeles and Liverpool. I have performed live audio in Warsaw and audio was an integral part of the *VEC Secret* performance in *De Appel.*

My work creates the image in sound waves rather than light waves. The manipulation of sound waves into a creation of dimension and perspective, the sound sources employed are natural (the voice, birdsong etc.) mechanically and electronically produced sound. By processing the recording tape with mechanical (editing and splicing) and electronic effects (tape-delay, equalisation, filtering etc.) a variety of effects can be achieved.

In December 1978 I began the project *VEC Audio Exchange* to inform myself about the audio workings of other artists. I began by making a master-tape montage from copies of audio pieces already in my possession, from 5 other artists and myself. I offered a cassette copy of this master tape in exchange for audio pieces. Information about this first programme, titled *Here,* was sent to 120 international artists in January 1979. In the first four weeks I received 15 cassettes. Selections of the pieces on these cassettes were copied onto tape which was then edited to the one hour format of programme two *Listen.*

Information concerning the availability of this audio-cassette publication was posted to 160 artists on the 4th, April. This programme was again offered in exchange for audio works.

In June the third programme *Clear* was published featuring selections of the works of 28 artists on a one and one half hour cassette. Information on *Clear* was sent to 200 artists on 26th June.

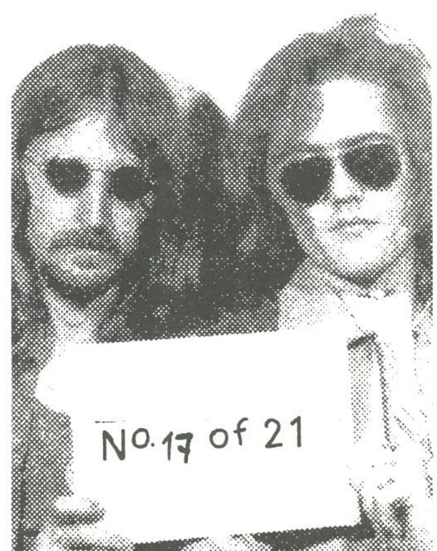
At the end of July the archive contained 72 cassettes from 56 artists. Of the programmes sent out 44 copies of *Here,* 32 copies of *Listen* and 16 copies of *Clear* have been received in the USA, Poland, Great Britian, Italy, Brazil, The Netherlands, West Germany, Switzerland, France, Denmark and Mexico.

The next two programmes will be published in September and December of this year, the information sent to a greater number of artists each time to increase the possibility of gathering a conclusive archive and to publish a wide variety of subject, approach to subject and techniques used in the production of audio art.

In 1980 I will produce a publication about these activities which will take the form of a printed book and a one hour sound-cassette programme. The book will feature basic techniques and information about recording and recorders, articles on audio art from five artists active in audio art and a catalogue of tapes in the exchange archive. The sound cassette will contain a selection of the most representative works in the archive.

As a direct offshoot from the archive I have produced 5 audio books, that is, 5 one hour sound cassette programmes of artists presenting their own material.

1. *Sound of an Unsound Mind* — Rod Summers.
2. *Readings* — John M. Bennett.
3. *Sound in Mind* — Bria Burgess.
4. *Plays and Poems* — Jesse Glass Jr.
5. *Some Small Deaths* — Tommy Mew.



Dear Anna of BANANAS!

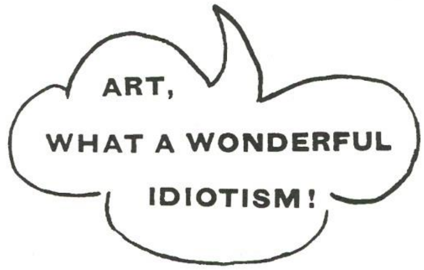
I have met with the first mail art documents fairly late (72), because I have been working in this time in Hungary on the field of visual and concrete poetry totally isolated and alone, and so not any information could have reached me.

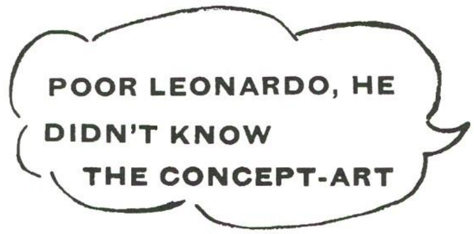
Not too long after that, I have been invited to take part on a rubber stamp show in Holland (this invitation was an error by myself), but to tell the truth, I don't remember what matter of mine have I sent.

But this inducing was enough to give a new medium into my hand, moreover it has changed my creative activitiy fundamentally - I have given visual poetry up.

Since then the mailing, the card, the rubber stamp, the stamp has become a significant part of my activity, because of the following things:
- this is still one of the most democratic and least manipulated way of message of the creator
- to think mail art is a possibility to the more intensive communication between peoples of similar opinion
- it's most suitable for my intellectual and emotional character.

My mail art philosophy results from the things above:
1.) A way of communication, which can't be made a fetish, is more suitable for a certain cleanliness of idea, of thought.
2.) The rubber stamp, the stamp, the card cannot afford the prolixing, which is a peculiarity of art (fine arts included).
3.) To communicate thoughts so, that the creator-individualism should not intrude into prominence, but the substance: the clear message.





4.) To enlarge this possibility of the perception-communication which means a new quality in the creative activity.
This is all.

I hope text can be useful for your book about mail art. It seems, we will have a flat soon, which will be of our own. I think and I hope, I can consolidate my life. Now, I send you some of my new works (I try to work hardly despite my social problems). Maybe some of them could be interesting to publish them in the next *Vile*.

love to you
Gabor Toth

NO VALUE
NO ART
NO MESSAGE

CUT OFF THE TEXT BELOW,
AND STUCK IT ON ONE OF
THE WORLD'S WELL — KNOWN
WORKS OF ART.

I COULD HAVE ALSO DONE THIS

GÁBOR TÓTH

My dear Anna, 8/1/79.

What a joyful moment to get your postcard. I hope both of you are happy and O.K. and back at home. My answers to your questions: I'm born 22/6/36 and after passing examinations, I began work as an actress with all my enthusiasm. For me, it was "the world". At 22, I married a psychologist. I continued acting, but the following years became very hard. I had about 20 main parts in T.V. and films and working for 3 months in the time shortly before the balekoslovakian spring meeting people who prepared the revolution, I decided not to give all my forces for private problems or for being the best marionetta of any conductor, and to begin something that is only "my own responsibility." So, I began to paint and I became divorced, and a very happy time began . . . that was in 1968.

I met Harry in 1972 as I had been invited to Documenta 5 in Kassel. I showed my documentation of the old man living in the forest who had hung a whole encyclopedia of information on objects in his trees. Meeting Harry changed my work. Love and magic became the main themes of my work . . . the most fragile themes.

Main shows: 1972, *Documenta 5,* Kassel. 1976 a personal show at the *Musee d'Arte Moderne* in Paris. Since 1973, an annual show in the *Gallery Germain* in Paris. All together more than 50 shows . . . but what does that mean???

In Lucerne, in autumn 1978 at the art school, I gave lessons about magic, parapsychology, esoteric, reincarnation, making experiments with the students . . . so my first show (personal one) in Jan. 31 in New York will have the title *"We are all magicians"*.

I believe in the things that are not calculable, that can not be proved by the measurable possibilities. And I believe in the richness of this fragile and poetic world.

I hope you can read my handwriting and understand my english. I send you my warmest greetings. Love to you and to your beautiful Italian-looking friend.

Yours,
Ingeborg Luscher, Tegna, Switzerland

Dear Anna,

I answer here your post card from England. I hope you've found, on your return, the two packages I airmailed to you in November. I do very RANDOM mail-art works, in my spare time, since 1977. I discovered the network through Cavellini's works and archives and through such zines as *VILE, Soft Art Press, Ephemera, Doc(k)s*, etc.

Sometimes I start small projects like my last *Music Art,* see enclosed. If you want to participate just send something on the very general theme of MUSIC (any size or medium, no deadline) I'll keep you informed.)

I'm not a professional artist; I study and work in summer. I print small, cheap (xerox or offset) publications and cards. I participated in various mail-art shows and I've got no particular philosophy about mail-art. I like to do it as long as I see some energy in it. I hope these few lines will be enough . . . there's not very much to know about myself. Now, my best wishes, keep me informed of your work.

Saluti,
Vittore Baroni, Forte dei Marmi, Italy



THESES ON GROUCHO MARXISM

by Bob Black
The Last International

1

Groucho Marxism, the theory of comedic revolution is much more than a blueprint for crass struggle: like a red light in a window, it illuminates humanity's inevitable destiny, the *declasse* society. G-Marxism is the theory of *permanent revelry*. (Down boy! There, that's a good dogma.)

2

The example of the Marx Brothers themselves shows the unity of Marxist theory and practice (for instance, when Groucho insults somebody while Harpo picks his pocket). Moreover, Marxism is dialectical (isn't Chico the classic dialect comedian?). Comedians who fail to synthesize theory and practice (to say nothing of those who fail to sin at all) are un-Marxist. Subsequent comedians failing to grasp that separation is "the discrete charm of the bourgeoisie," have lapsed into mere pratfalls on the one hand, and mere prattle on the other.

3

Because G-Marxism is practical, its achievements can never be reduced to mere humor, entertainment, or even "art." (The aesthetes, after all, are less interested in the appreciation of art than in art that appreciates.) After a genuine Marxist sees a Marx Brothers movie, he tells himself: "If you think that was funny, take a look at your life!"

4

Contemporary G-Marxists must resolutely denounce the imitative, vulgar "Marxism" of the Three Stooges, Monty Python, and Bugs Bunny. Instead of vulgar Marxism, we must return to authentic *Marxist vulgarity*. Rectumfication is likewise in order for those deluded comrades who think "the correct line" is what the cop makes them walk when he pulls them over.

5

Class-conscious Marxists (that is, Marxists who are conscious that they have no class) must spurn the anemic, trendy, narcissistic "comedy" of comedic revisionists like Woody Allen and Jules Feiffer. Already the comedic revolution has superseded mere neurosis – it's lucid but not ludicrous, discriminating but not discriminatory, militant but not military, and adventurous but not adventurist. Marxists realize that today you have to look into a funhouse mirror to see the way you really are.

6

Although not entirely lacking in glimmers of Marxist insight, socialist (sur)realism must be distinguished from G-Marxism. It is true that Salvador Dali once gave Harpo a harp made out of barbed wire; however, there is no evidence that Harpo ever played it.

7

Above all, it is essential to renounce and revile all comedic sectarianism such as that of the equine Trots. As is well-known, Groucho repeatedly proposed sex but opposed sects. For Groucho, then, there was a difference between being a Trot and being hot to trot. Further, the Trot slogan "Wages for Horsework" smacks of reform, not revelry. Trot efforts to claim *A Day at the Races* and *Horsefeathers* for their tendency must be indignantly rejected; in truth, *National Velvet* is more their speed.

8

The burning issue confronting G-Marxists today is *the party question*, which – naive, reductionist "Marxists" to the contrary – is more than just "Why wasn't I invited?" That never stopped Groucho! Marxists need their own disciplined vanguard party, since they're rarely welcome at anybody else's.

9

Guided by the Marxist leader-dogmas of *misbehaviourism*, and *hysterical materialism*, inevitably the masses will embrace, not only G-Marxism, but also each other.

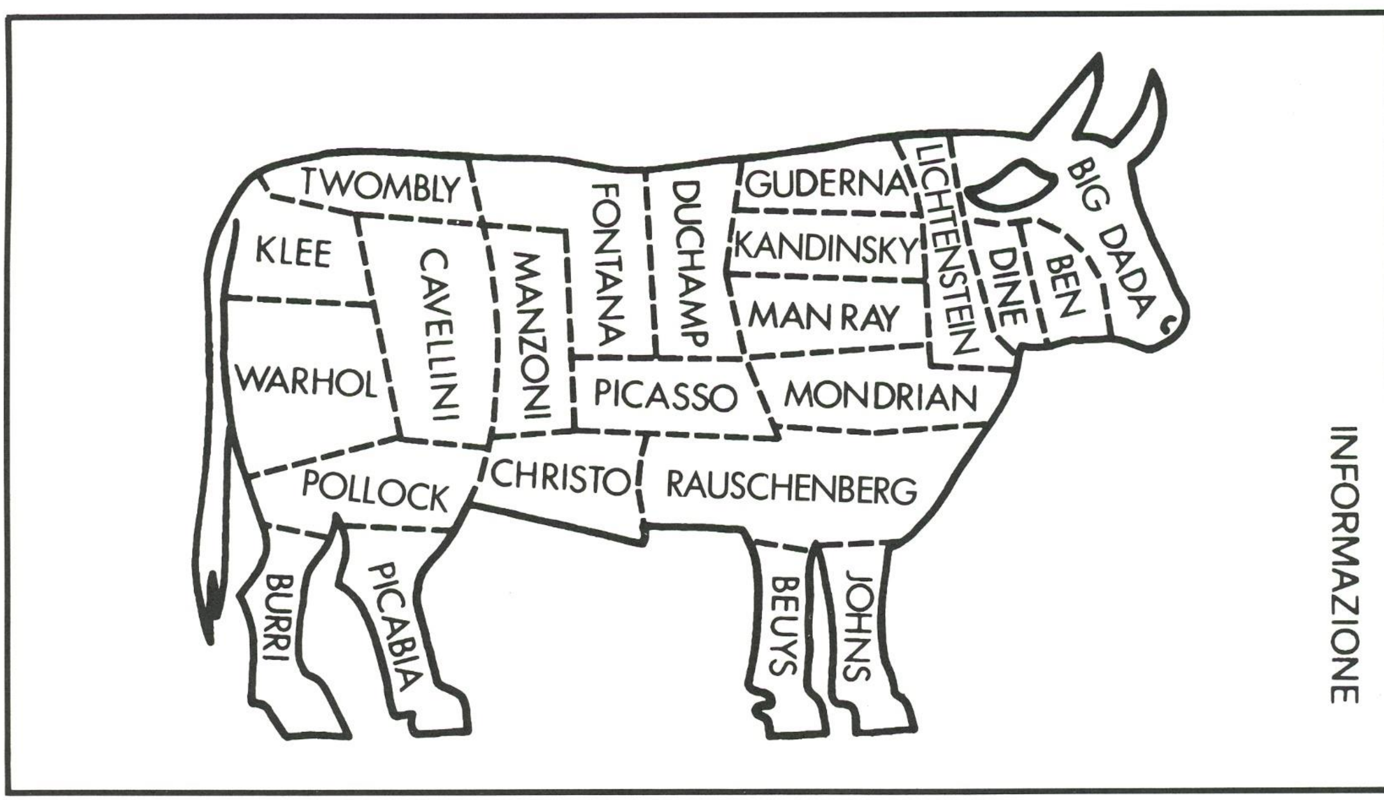
10

Groucho Marxism, then, is the *tour de farce* of comedy. As Harpo is reliably reported to have said:

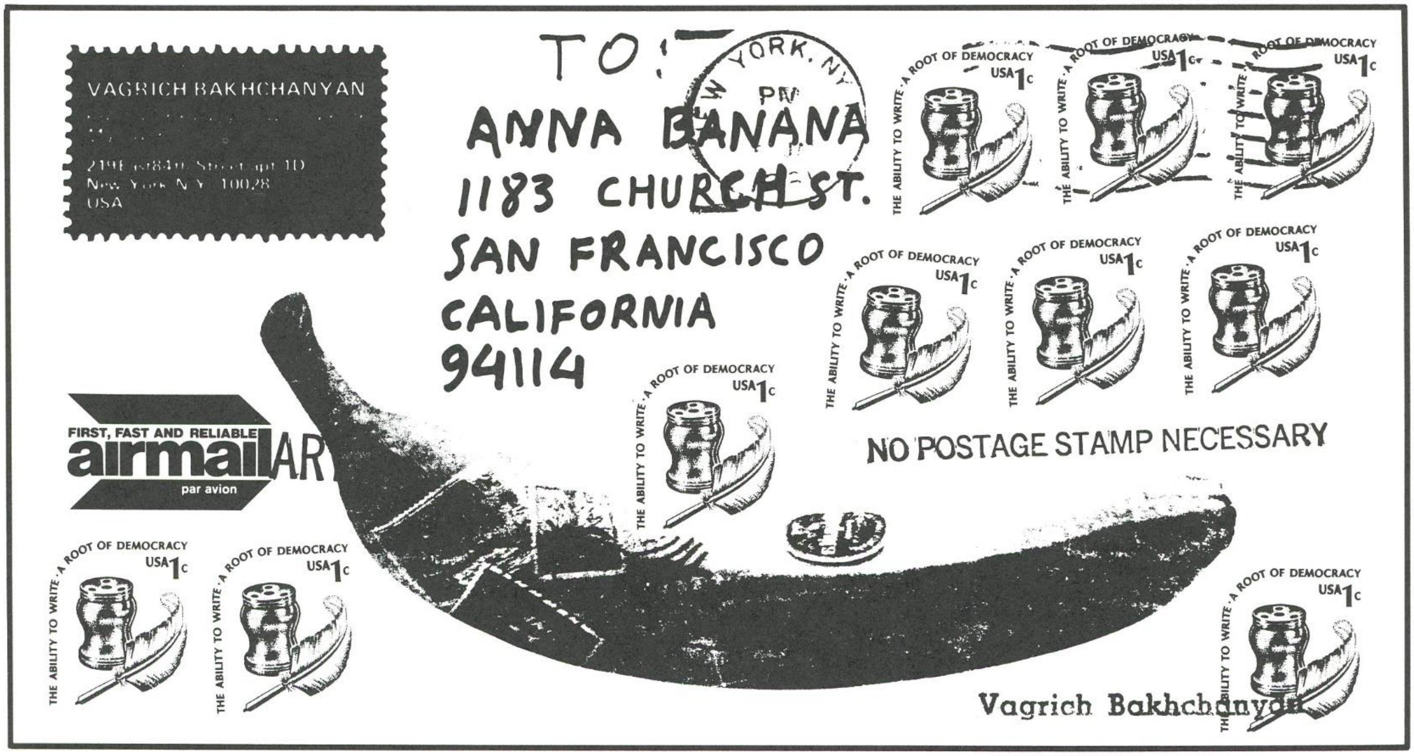
" "

In other words, comedy is riotous or it is nothing! So much to do, so many to do it to! On your Marx, get set – go!

BORED AGAIN? Why not rattle your cage? I propose a dialog of the disaffected, a conspiracy of the equals, a politics of pleasure. Ours is the *anomic power* of negative thinking and corrosive laughter. The unruly amongst the institutionalized have only themselves – and possibly each other. Let's confer. The choice is sedition or sedation. Any number can play. Write to 55 Sutter St. # 487, San Francisco, California 94104.



Ed Varney





Postcards by Irene Dogmatic



GRUPPO ALTERNATIVO

Gruppo Alternativo, a performance group, is made up of four high school teachers from Naples, Aulo and Gerardo Pedicini, Enzo and Peppe Rosamilia. They began working together three years ago and soon took their activities into the streets. They feel that performance art needs a real landscape of street or plaza, not the sheltered confines of an art gallery.

G.A. Cavelline, a noted artist and collector from Brescia founded a movement, self-historification. To this end he has published and distributed free, a number of books, postcards, postage stamps and posters of his work. One of his 10 commandments on how to make yourself famous is to kill Cavellini or have him kill you. In response to this, Gruppo Alternativo did the following performance in the Piazza Duomo, Brescia.

First the group laid out a series of printed poster-portraits of GAC in a rectangle in the center of the piazza between the two fountains. The poster is a reproduction of a portrait of GAC by Andy Warhol. The posters were then burned. As Aulo Pedicini explained. "As part of his self-historification, GAC has fixed the beginning and end of his life (1914-2014). By destroying his image, we place ourselves in his place."

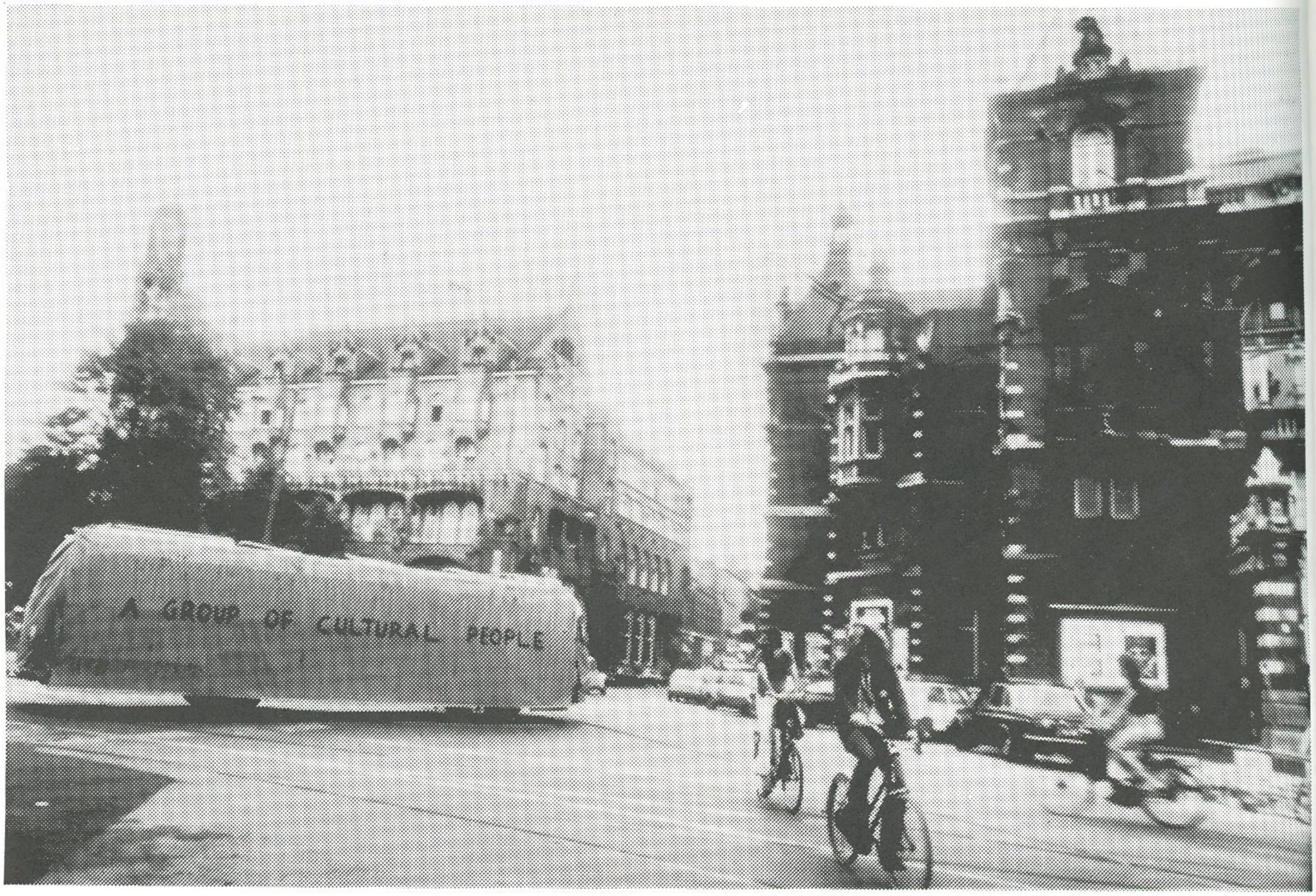
The second phase of the work took place in the evening in a gallery, where the ashes of the posters of GAC were displayed like relics for their definitive consecration. Cavellini, who supplied the posters observed. "It's an hommage which they are doing to me."



Photo by Ken Damy



Photo by Ken Damy

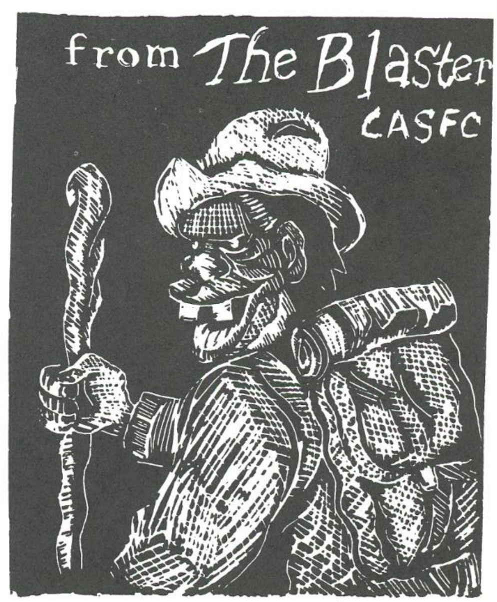


A GROUP OF CULTURAL PEOPLE

''A Group of Cultural People'' was an event organized by Buky Ginsberg in Amsterdam in 1977 or '78. It was advertised as a ''surprise cultural tour,'' and 40 + persons signed up for it. After they boarded the bus, canvas drop sheets with the title of the piece, were rolled down over the windows. The bus then proceeded to drive around Amsterdam for several hours until the passengers finally demanded to get off.

Mr. Ginsberg participated in the 1978 Performance Art Festival in Brussels, presenting a live street action ''munt plein'' on October 18.





IF AND WHEN

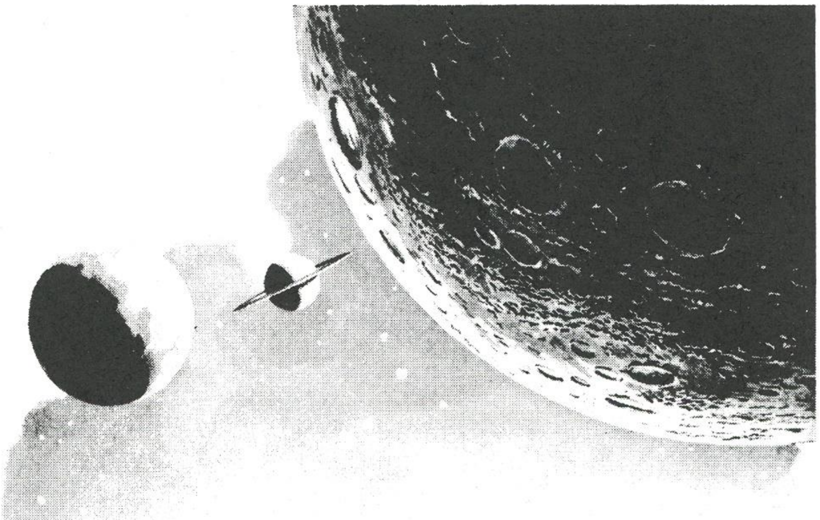
by George W. Smyth

Which got him first, decision or indecision? Some question. Some don't. He did, and he didn't. His problem. Some problem. He could have solved it if he could have decided . . . what it was he was in trouble, called that by some, over. But not out. Not yet. Hardly. Well, maybe. If and when.

He's back. For some answer. For some question. For some do, and, as is known, don't. Ever. Never, even if and when, or because of that. He is talking, and again, he is not. Who can tell? Who should? Some answer. He's been away, and is now back. Away, for some treatment. And what would be your view of the world now, sir? Idiots, poopers and poppers and peepers, inhabit the world, he delights in answering. I can, he continues, no longer stand to live near anyone, with anyone, and I am pleased with my choice. Where will you go? He takes this question under advisement, is silent for a long time, for him. You should answer rather quickly, he is informed. Else it's confinement, and not if and when, but the real thing again, now. Ah yes, he says, my problem, my trouble, but don't you see, I have come to at least one decision, hardly a conclusion, I grant you. Quickly now sir, an answer, a definite one, a decision would be in order, is, in fact, ordered. Well, he says, that may not be an adequate or demanded order, but I'll tell you, yes I will, I'm going to live alone, I repeat, alone. Repetition is out, sir, or else it's back, no if and when, to - Hold it, he says, I'm not through, I was only preparing my future, in its and my way. Which is to be in and at one of the great crossroads of the world, living alone and looking it, me, perhaps the place, too, busy though it be, an ideal blending of form and idea, in my mind, from my outlook, if, when, and that place, that would be - Yes, yes? Hurry now sir. That would be, patience if you will, that merged place is, wait a second, I have a map, here it is, the spot is found, I've been there, in my mind, to go or not to go, but, really, be, I am. Gone.

He's back. For some reason. His own. He could not stand his chosen place another day. He met the strangest, to his mind, people. Who kept asking him the strangest, to his mind, question. Should you be seen or not seen? A week of this and he went mildly berserk twice. Risking more was out, for him, at the time. He's back, and he decides to run for elective office. Some choice. His own. For some reason. He is elected to a position of some honor, considerable prestige, in fact. He won his office, it was said, because on his posters, the only form of campaigning he could afford, he looked like a man who could make up his mind, which, he would have said, is what, was what, he had been doing all his life, moment to moment. Then, in a moment of decision or indesision, no matter he would have said, he came to the conclusion, he would have called it, that the immediate prospect of actually holding office was displeasing and forbidding, not to his liking at all, at the time, any time. The thought, thoughts, of actually seeing, facing his electorate, being forced to assume office, drove him insane in a hurry and he spent two years in a lunatic asylum howling for reforms, sponsored by the state but not forthcoming from it. When he was released as a source of irritation he went to live in an apartment in the middle of a large city. The apartment had a large window with a splendid view of a pretty and popular park. He removed the dark drapes from the window, spent his days reading newspapers and poetry and his nights standing at the window watching the people below sitting and moving under soft lights. He always left on all his lights until midnight, when the people began leaving the park. He never knew whether or not anyone ever saw him standing at the window. He did not care to know. He did not care to undress and stand naked to find out. He did not care to let anything at all disturb him anymore, in any way. He did not care to be a mysterious figure, if that is what he could have been.

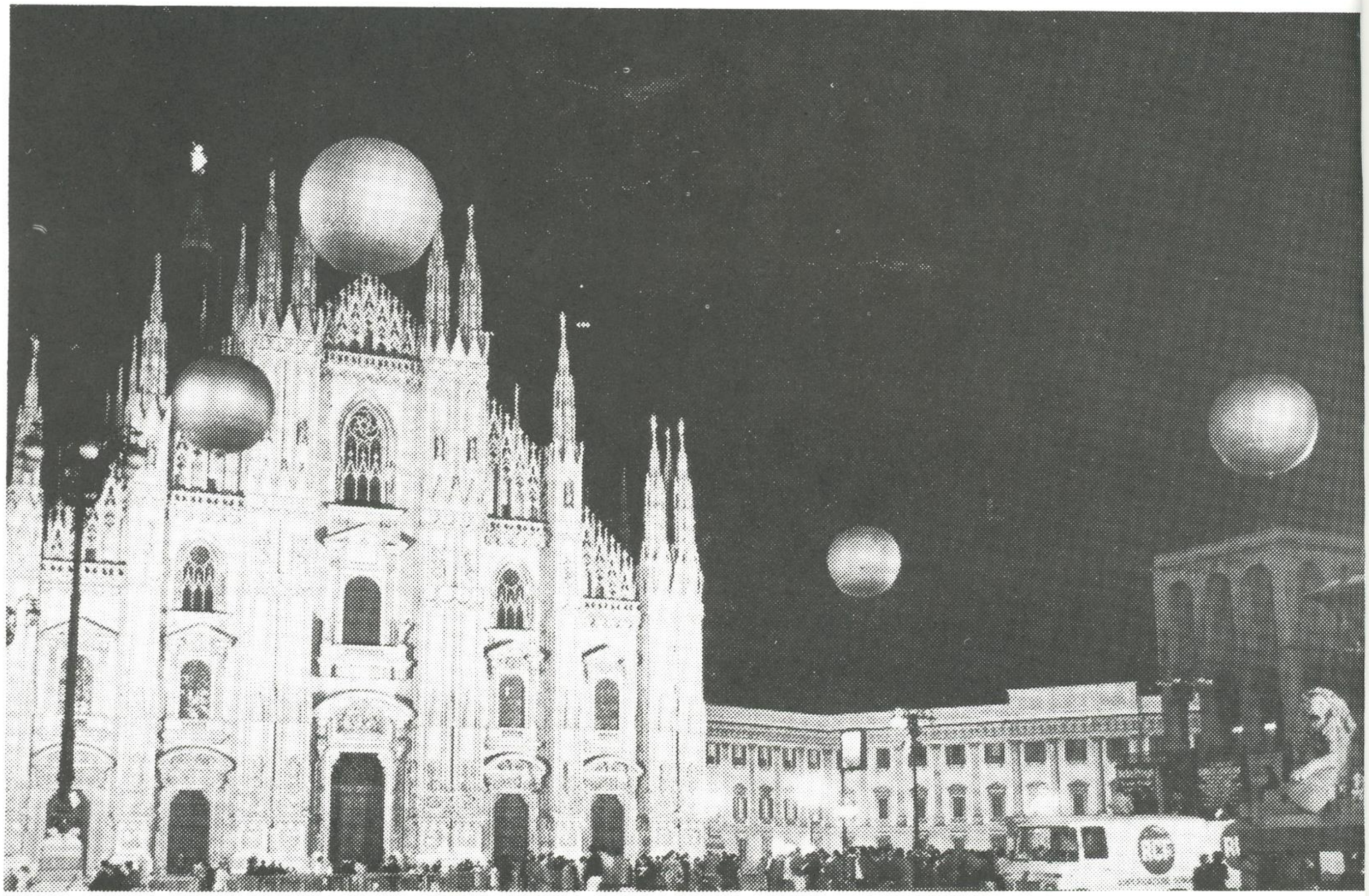
He could have been, but would not have been. Anything at all. Seen or not seen. With or without vision. In his own image or some other. Nothing got him first. Something got him last. His decision: if he had his way with answer, when he did without question.



Is There an Invisible Influence Upon Our Lives?







MUSIC FROM THE SKY

by Alzek Misheff and Camille Sbrisa

On May 2, 1979, in the main piazza of Milan, in front of the world's biggest Gothic cathedral, Alzek Misheff executed his concert/installation, *"Music from the sky"*. Thousands of people participated.

To delimit the operative space and to focus attention towards the sky, 4 silver-colored balloons were used. They were placed in the 4 corners of the piazza and then anchored with invisible cables at a height of approximately 30 meters. Each balloon measured 6 meters in diameter and the helium used approximately 400 cu.m. Four hi-fidelity loudspeakers were camouflaged near the balloons.

The operation began around 6 p.m. with the blowing up of the balloons. Once they were raised, at 8:30, all the lights in the piazza were turned off. From above you could hear the sound of *Orion* while on a small screen at the far end of the piazza, you could see the picture of the "sounding" subject.

The non-allusory aspects of the title require a sonorous illustration both of direct celestial provenance as well as of human (musical) practice. For the first part of the concert, a tape was made in collaboration with the Institute for Cosmic Physics of the CNR, Milan, which provided the slides of the 3 celestial subjects: *Orion, Lyra* and *Andromeda*. A team from CNUCE and IEI Research Institutes in Pisa "inserted" the same slides into a computer which "memorized" them. Then the computer was asked to translate the visual information into sound. That is how the tape came about - 15 minutes (5 minutes for each subject.)

For the second part a musicologist was consulted for a program of music, not necessarily religious, concerning the title of the piece. The basic selection was made following chronological criteria which excluded all personal or commercial tastes. The resulting 30-minute tape began with an epitaph from ancient Greece and ended with Debussy's *Sacred and Profane Dances*.

In this piece, as in previous pieces, the artist used the visual aspects of the project which largely correspond to the expectations or private and topical desires of many people (UFO, for example). Although the visual construction is close to people's expectations and "covers" the title announced right from the start, it created a new atmosphere: through the expectations, the immediate visual satisfaction and the sonorous surprise which correspond entirely to the title - *"Music from the sky"*.

Another version is an extention of the first and takes place in an isolated location. The unusual environment opens the door to other sensations and reflections.

Alzek Misheff stayed in California for a few months, setting up a committee to carry out the second version of *"Music from the sky"*, at Mill's College, Oakland.

NOTHING "APPROACHING" MUSIC

by Dave Zielinski

. . . I had been walking up the trail, choking on dust, my ears stinging from an awful noise, when I first noticed her. She was in her underwear, lying down in a triangular niche of cool granite. She was licking the gray rock, dragging her tongue up and down in long snail-trail strokes. Her saliva caused the bits of black in the rock to shine deeper, caused the bits of quartz to sparkle crisply.

I stopped to watch, deciding that this amusement would be a pleasant change. I was tired of trying to figure everything out.

When her tongue dried she swallowed heavily, smiling, savoring the gritty flavor of dirt and stone.

"Lots of minerals there," she said. Her tongue was still thick and dry and her words rolled out slow and round like boulders.

"But not much protein," I added.

Assuming the lotus posture, she placed her hands on her knees and rolled her eyes up into her head.

"If you're making an attempt at humor I should tell you that I'm not amused," she droned. Her voice emanated from within the rock.

"I'm really hungry," I said. "I've been on this trail since sunup."

"Haven't we all?"

"That's beside the point. I'm still hungry."

"Aren't we all?"

I had to laugh, slowly and politely at first, but then building into a series of whooping spasms, dancing in a circle, kicking up dust.

"You can stop now," she said, unfolding herself. "I was just testing you."

My last howl echoed back at us from the canyon below. "I think you're a fool," I said, brushing off my pants.

"Aren't we all?"

"Who do you think you are, anyway?"

"You."

"Yeah, well maybe some other time. I gotta go."

"You will regret this, you will!" she hissed, crawling back into the crevice, her face hidden in the shade.

"Look, I've seen your kind come and go. I feel sorry for you, sure, but there's nothing I can do to help." Bowing facetiously, I continued on up the trail, squinting from the sharp light of the noon sun.

She screamed now, sustaining a wicked pitch, wailing like that noise which had earlier set my ears ringing. I shook my head and chuckled. Some people never learn. But a low grumbling beneath the ground abruptly halted this line of thought. The sound mounted in intensity, vibrating, until it matched the tone of her scream. The granite boulders, scattered throughout the hillside, screeched as they scraped against one another, moving slow like tiny glaciers at first and then rolling down fast, trampling trees and brush, as the rumble shook them loose.

I had to dodge them, not knowing which rock would come suddenly rushing towards me next. Moving up or down the trail would have been equally hazardous so I chose to remain where I was, hoping I could ride this thing out.

The din of her shriek and the roar underground combined with the counterpoint of rolling rocks and snapping trees, making for a strange symphony within which I was totally immersed.

I was dancing now, an adrenaline charged ballet of survival, leaping to my left and then driving back again, sumersaulting in the dust only to spring forward quickly, avoiding another barrage.

I successfully dodged the last boulder. It rushed past me and on down the hill where it crashed into a smoking pile of rock in the ravine. Staring at the pocked and ruined hillside, which was now veined with a network of shattered gray roots, I listened to the fading hum of the sounds that had triggered this devastation. I tried to pick out the sound she had made, which now seemed hauntingly innocent as it echoed softly. And now silence. I heard nothing save for my husky breathing. Sweet full breaths I took, never having felt so alive, so full, so whole.

I closed my eyes and was swallowed by a throbbing sea of orange light. And then her face came slowly into focus, and she was smiling, moving her lips, talking to me. But I heard nothing.

the car smashed through the guard rail and I saw the children in the back dead behind veined glass the car flying down the hill into the ravine below where it tumbled over and over smoking wrenching metal screeching throughout the valley echoing the screams of the dying the blast of the flame rosary ripped from rear-view mirror in last second redemption attempt mother howling father fighting to steer out of control car as it bounds mercilessly down dusty hill foot on the brake blood bubbling through his panic-strained lips don't worry ma hang on we'll get ya through jes takin a liddle short cut children flapping about in the back like dolls gut stuffings ripped out on mangled door handles car awash with blood father gripping the wheel ribs crushed hang on hail mary full of her screams rosary beads and bits of shattered glass floating weightless flames and

that first screech of brakes the scraping along the rail I tried to stop got rammed by the fellow behind me and we all hustled out of our cars to watch the children in the back dead killed too soon their faces blue and then red as the glass splintered her screams we all stood watching afraid the earth would dissolve beneath us

afraid to look at one another until it was all over until the flames sputtered harmlessly afraid to run down among the smoke torn metal red glass afraid to

hang on jes' out for a Sunday drive here lemme put the radio on christ all this holy roller bull sorry honey sorry kids try an' find the ball game okay I can't drive and play disc jockey all at once honey com' on it's down there near the six whoa hang on kids

sirens slice through the silence we stand there dumb and afraid how many I couldn't say afraid to look that spinning red light splashing our car windows red awash

what seems to be the trouble jesus harry looka that somebody say something harry call for help better call an ambulance too anybody see it happen one of you guys better come with me we're going down there so move it buddy let's go yeah you let's go hey what's going on here

hundreds of us now above the ravine silent heads fanned in sweeps of red light joining hands

this is it I hear a silent voice this is it and I know we all hear the same voice this is it we are all thinking returning to our cars this is it starting our engines and I understand I am to be first the rest will follow over I go

headlights disintegrate against the guard rail posts wrenched free and the aluminum strip screeches alongside my tires burst upon impact of free fall over I go

The kitchen hadn't always been this little. I can remember when it once stretched for miles and I used to spend days walking down its corridors, past countless steaming ovens and racks of silver pots and pans and utensils.

I never went hungry, that was one good thing. But there were drawbacks, I never got to know the cooks very well, for one. I don't believe I saw the same one twice. They all seemed too much alike anyway, dressed in white like doctors.

The food was good, true, but I always had to eat alone. Eventually, I began playing games in an attempt to conquer the boredom. My favorite was creating musical instruments.

I fashioned a timpani from a battered kettle. Over it I stretched taut an animal skin of some sort. I beat on this stainless steel drum with a hefty ladle. I used to walk through the kitchen pounding out deep bass rhythms, a rich throbbing counterpoint to the trebly hiss of boiling water and the crackle of hot frying grease.

But now the kitchen is much different. It is small enough now where I can walk its circumference in the time it takes to slowcook a large roast. Most of the stoves are broken, however, and the cooks rarely wear clean uniforms. In the past, great linen closets held stacks of crisp clean white aprons and front-buttoning cook's smocks and tall puffy hats pressed flat. Now the cooks fashion clothes from ragged flour sacks and rough burlap potato bags.

The food is worse now and I rarely eat; the skin of my drum long ago scavenged. The kettle lies rusting now, covered with cobweb, gathering dust.

I can still remember how proud I had once been, high-stepping about, thumping on my drum, singing a cheerful song after a good meal. Those were good times, foolish times perhaps, but good times nonetheless. Now the kitchen reeks of rotten meat. The once impressive walk-in refrigerators are broken, their ivory doors cracked and hanging open.

The place is overrun with vermin. With the ladle, which I once used to beat out inspirational rhythms, I now crack open the heads of rats. I crush roaches with it, also. Never have I told this to anyone, but at times I find it necessary to consume this offensive prey. Please, you must understand! When there is nothing else to eat what is one to do?

I remember when I used to walk and walk through the kitchen, eating and making my music, singing and eating again. Everything seemed so right, so purposeful. Yet even now, when I struggle to my feet after slaughtering a flock of skittering rats, I decide it isn't much different than before. Of course, the kitchen is smaller, but I know it better now. Before, I was always moving along, so obsessed with my singing that I never took the time to appreciate anything else. Even these rats taste no different from the carefully prepared meats I once enjoyed. No different at all. Sometimes even better! Yes, sometimes better.

I notice, while on an infrequent walk, that more of the kitchen has been swallowed up, more of the kitchen has vanished. The walls are moving closer together. Some of the lights are dying and it is dark in the corners.

Knowing that eventually there will be nothing left I begin to consider the possibility of something existing beyond the encroaching walls. I had never heard what might lie beyond, having never bothered to talk to anyone about it. I was content to eat what was offered me and continue with my music.

But now, as I wonder about what might lie beyond the walls, I decide that I shouldn't worry, that I should continue moving about slowly, content to watch the place disintegrate, for I shall undoubtedly disintegrate with it. This is all there is to it. I am in the kitchen; I have always been in the kitchen. I am in the in the kitchen now, that is what is really important. I am in the kitchen now and I am hungry now so I drag myself up off the dusty floor to find something to stop the hunger. Of course, the hunger will return but I will always be able to find more food. This is the extent of my faith, I believe in nothing more. Now there is enough food to stop the hunger and this is all that matters.

Checking my watch for the time I saw that we were late; glancing at the black dress she wore I was afraid.

"Just where are you taking me?" she asked. "And stop fidgetting."

"We might not come back."

"Cut the crap."

I muscled the car off the hiway and onto a dirt sideroad. The ruts were cuts deep from heavily loaded trucks and trailers. In the fields lay rusting kettles and ragged white shirts and pants.

"They took most of this stuff away," I said.

"So whaddaya want me to do, say a prayer?"

"Give me a chance . . . "

I stopped the car on the edge of a eucalyptus grove. She tore her dress on the door handle getting out. The shredded fabric fluttered in the breeze and my eyes went from her white panties to the white clothing strewn about and back to her panties.

"See something you like, little man?"

"Don't you realize what they're doing?"

Below us stood a windowless cubicle no bigger than a gas station. A flock of dump trucks circled it and men in overalls were heaving slabs of chalky drywall, roofing material and 1 by 4 studs onto the truck beds. The cubicle rested on a concrete slab which had once been the foundation for a building that had extended to the horizon.

I took her hand and pulled her with me, running down the hill. The men stopped working when they saw us coming. We called to them but they leaped into the cabs of their trucks and fled.

We leaned up against the little building, fighting to get out breath back, choking on the dust stirred up by



PERFORMANCE AT GALLERY DE APPEL, AMSTERDAM
by Wally Stevens

The action was the following. With a rope I closed the space in which the audience and I were. I made cracking sounds with a whip of 3½ metres length. The spacial character and the sound of the whip made together a very threatening sculpture.

The intention was to provoke, incorporate and involve the audience in the act. After some time a spectator came forward and tried to stop me. Then I beat six selfportraits of myself from the wall.

Photo by Max Natkiel.

the trucks.

"I'll never figure out what it is that attracts me to you," she gasped.

"So don't worry about it!" I shouted, tearing off her dress and running back up the hill.

I waved the filmsy black fabric above my head like a flag. Here I was, making my final charge, into the breach! Mine was not to reason why, no goddamn it, just the opposite. I slapped the dress against the smooth eucalyptus bark again and again like a whip.

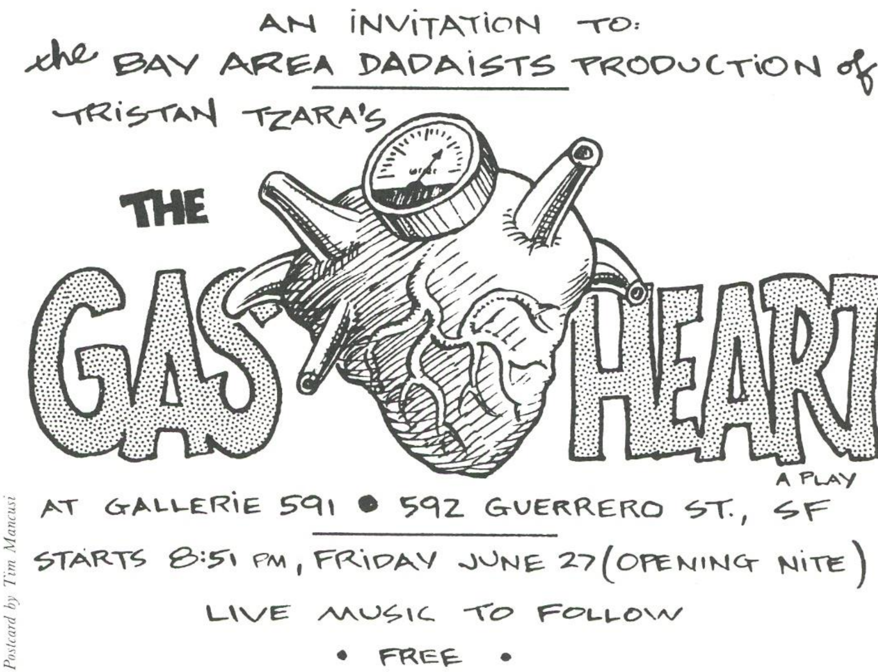
Out on the road hundreds of ambulances streamed by, their sirens howling counterpoint to the rhythmic snap of the dress.

She scurried among the rocks below me.

Someone is coming up the trail . . .



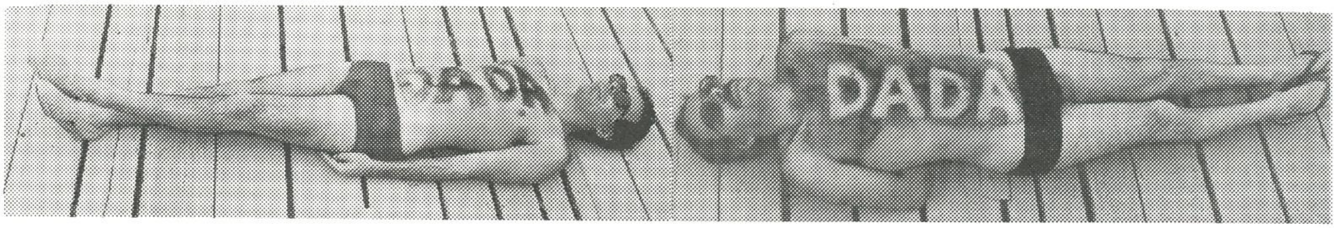
Stamp by Ed Varney



Postcard by Tim Mancusi



Videotage — Only Shelly Winters survives this 1954 scene with J. Carrol Naish and Alan Ladd from Director/Photographer Gerry Gilbert's 12 hr. mini-series GERRY GILBERT: THE MOVIE, soon to be released on ¾" video cassette.



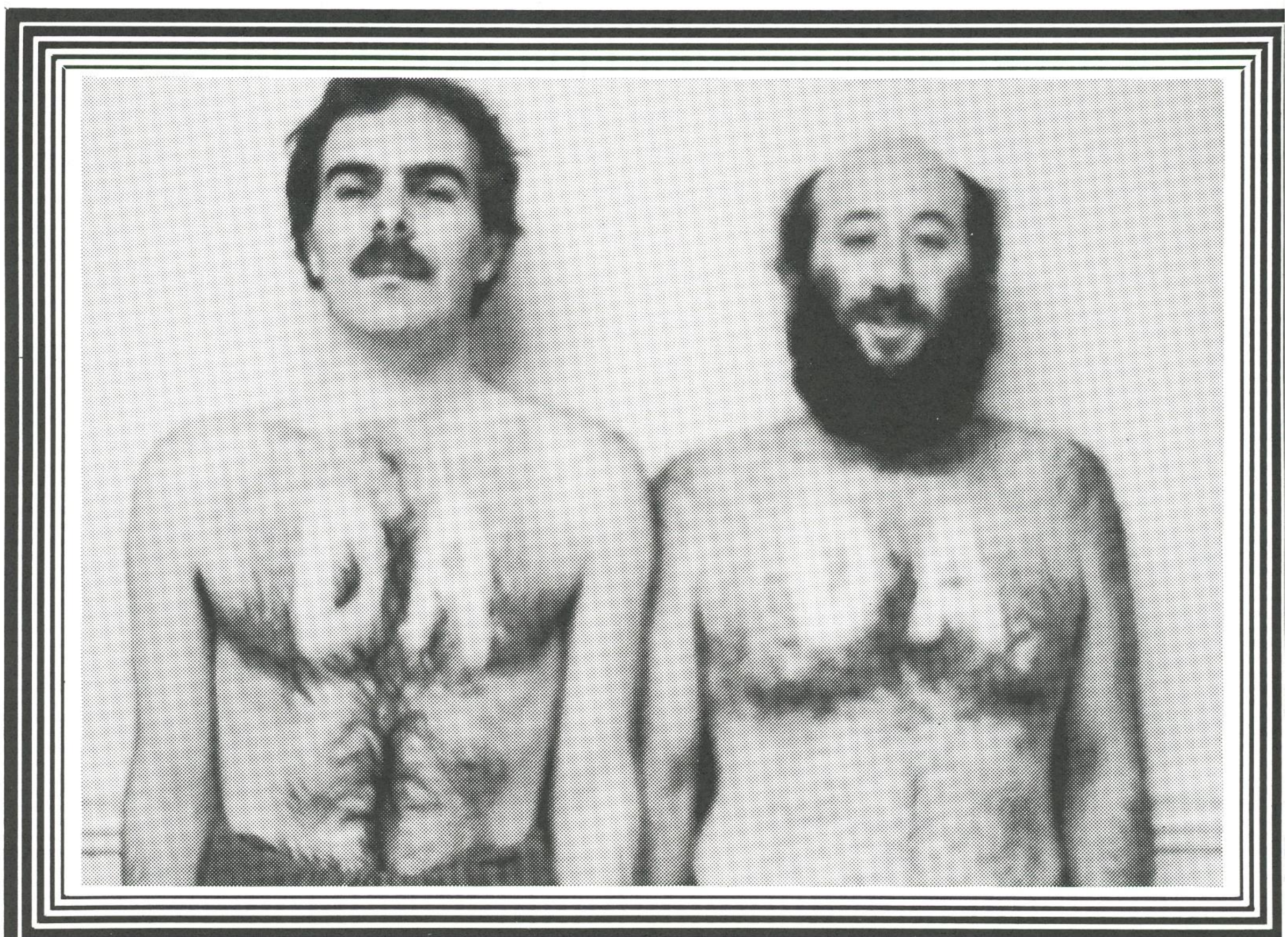
HAIR CUTS

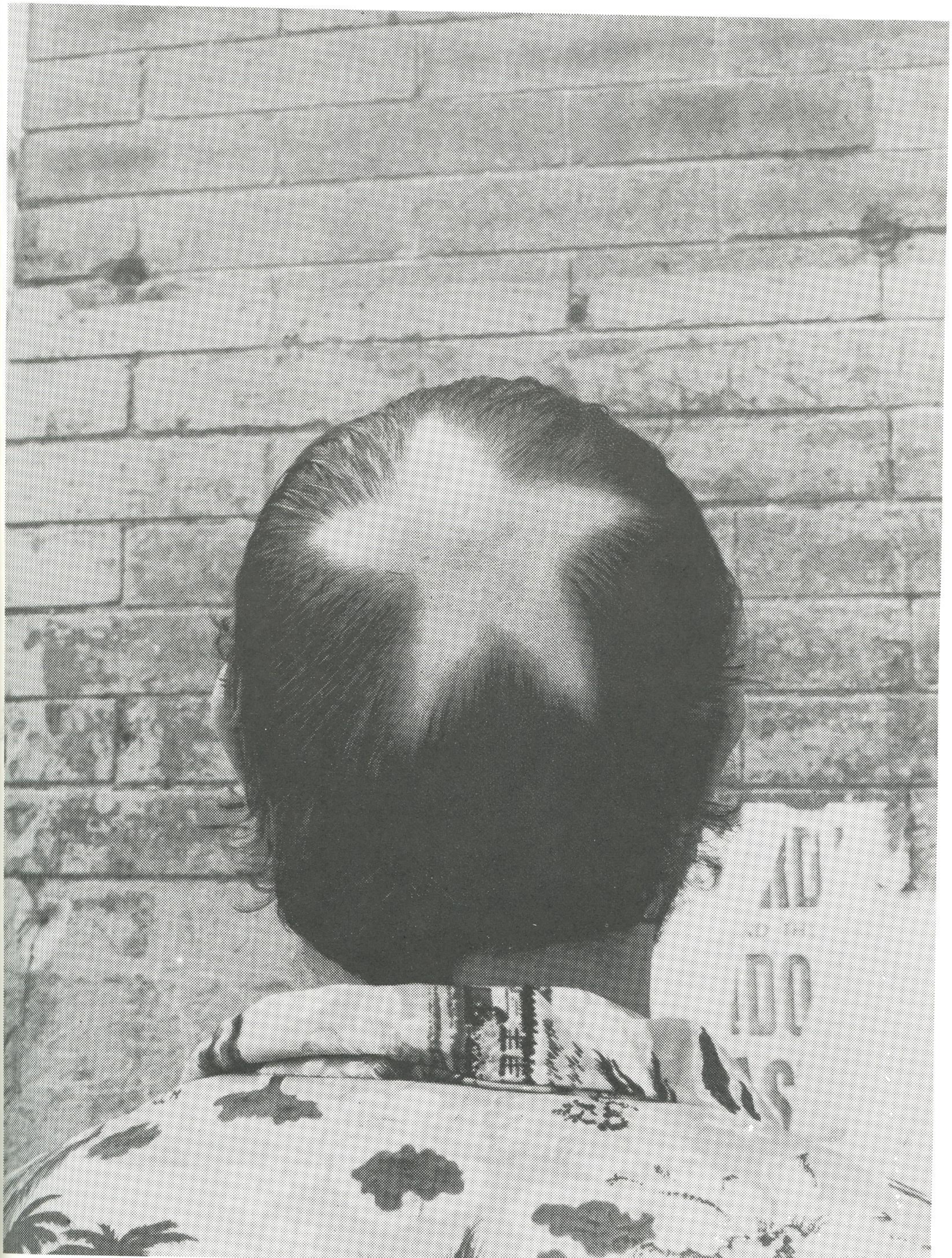
by Anna Banana

Above the DADA shaves with Bill Gaglione

Below, DADA brothers Bill Gaglione and Harley Lond

Opposite, Hommage to Duchamp with Buster Clevelanc





THE PILL

by Mario Fratti
Copyright © 1978

(A woman is alone; she needs to communicate)

WOMAN: He's stopped phoning. He hasn't called for nineteen days now. He'll never phone again, I know him.

I adored him. An extraordinary man, tender, affectionate, open. Kind and spontaneous. Happy, unique. The kind of man who fills a room with his smile. Or with his thunderous laugh when he slaps his thighs, amused by my whims. Sense of humor, vitality, heart. Sensual, strong, virile. The kind of man every woman dreams of.

The best.

Why did I lose him?

It's not my fault. I swear it. I know it isn't . . .

I have to tell you about it or I'll explode . . .

I met him five months ago last September. The same month I arrived in the city. A girl friend gave me this mysterious number with a suggestive smile on her lips. A generous intriguing accomplice.

His voice on the phone was warm, calm and confident.

"Tomorrow evening for dinner; then the theatre."

Courteous, gallant, correct. He listened to me in silence, with interest. He really listened.

That evening he only kissed the tips of my fingers.

The next evening it was dinner and theatre again. He laughed when I made faces. He was amused by my capricious behavior. He even laughed when I talked with my mouth full. - I've often done that, to test men, to discourage them. - He wasn't put off. He laughed and stroked my hand. Sometimes he squeezed it, with paternal tenderness.

Strangely sure of himself . . . Those piercing eyes, that ironic smile . . . The image of total confidence.

He continued to kiss my hand and forehead. Dinner, theatre, tender kisses here and there.

After three weeks of tenderness I begin to desire him. I'm extremely curious. Is he shy - or doesn't he need me?

I kiss him intimately. Trembling and moist. An open offer. He feels my desire. He suggests an afternoon of love. Next Sunday from two o'clock on. I say no, reluctantly. Dates to make love make me uncomfortable. I don't know how to give myself by appointment.

He confesses that appointments to make love enchant him. The idea that a woman accepts without being excited by kisses and caresses gives him a special joy.

"That's, real acceptance," he whispers. He means it. He's sincere. I want to make him happy. An appointment for the following Sunday. My fantasy ran wild that week. How was he? Did he know how to make love? An appointment to kiss and explore an unknown body, to allow intimacy . . . Sunday, finally. First, a film I don't remember. (I was watching him.) Then a romantic dinner by candlelight in a restaurant full of gay couples. He apologized, covering my hand with tenderness. It was his first time there. He wanted everything to be new. Even our love nest. Never used with another woman. I was special in his life. He would never insult me by offering a bed violated by the rite of other loves.

He lay down on the bed fully dressed. He admired me with eyes full of tenderness. He spoke of the joy I was giving him. There I was, ready to accept him without the usual hypocritical fencing that precedes the first time. He undressed me slowly . . . Then himself . . . He was slender and vital. Erect. A full erection without having exchanged even one kiss.

He began to caress me, knowingly, without rushing.

And then later, much later, a slow and certain penetration.

No hurry. He wanted the certainty of my acceptance. He wanted to give me the time, all the time I needed to think it over, to refuse . . .Four hours of exquisite loving. An exceptional lover. Powerful and tender, at the same time. A real man knows how to transform his virility into giving tenderness.

I didn't allow him everything. He respected my decision.

Oh, I have forgotten the most important point. The PILL.

I've been taking the pill for almost two years. It's changed my life. When you tell a man you use the pill watch how his eyes light up. With relief.

I'm crazy about men whose eyes light up . . .

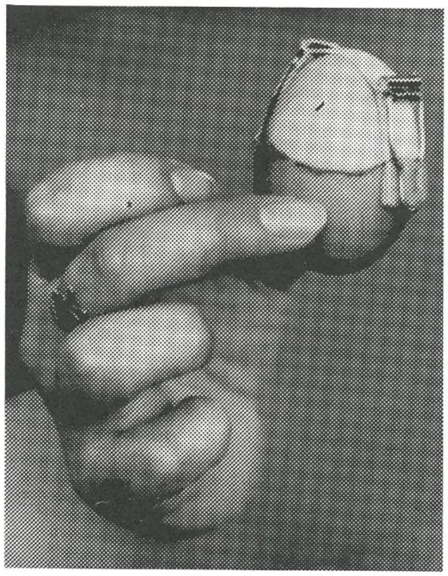
Before the pill I only had one man. And it wasn't much fun. I was too afraid of getting pregnant. I even thought I was frigid.

After the pill . . . many men. They adore you. They stay inside forever. And you get your multiple orgasms.

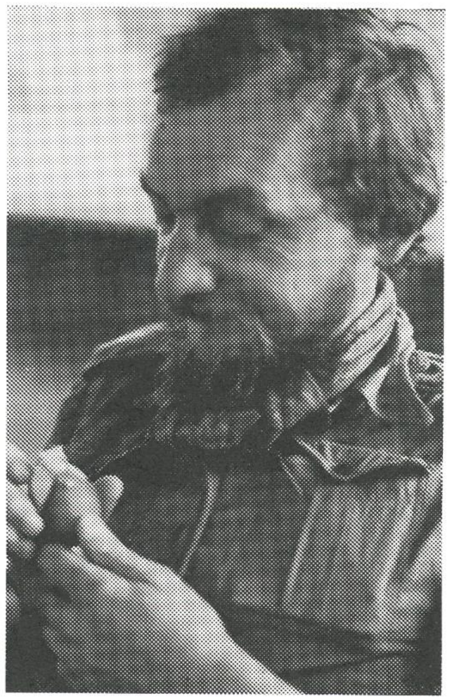
I'm definitely not frigid with anybody anymore. I like them all. They are more open, sincere, giving. They enjoy you to the hilt. They know that - freed by the pill - you're no longer a menace. Free and modern, you're no longer looking for a husband.

We spent three afternoons together before I was able to whisper to him: - "Don't worry, my love. I'm taking the pill." He smiled, gratefully, with a spark in his eyes.

Strangely, he never discussed my past. My virginity, for example. Where, when, with whom? I detested other men for their obsesseive curiosity. I resented him for his reserve. It irritated and surprised me. Didn't he love me? Wasn't he interested in me?



EGG PARTY



Egg Party May 1979 by Jan Steklik, photos by Bjorn Olsson



Four wonderful months with him. Every chance he got, we'd spend the afternoon together.

In the meantime . . .

Well, as I've told you, the pill has given me a complex. A complex you have, maybe . . . The ones who take the pill . . . The pill sets you free. I'm no longer afraid of getting pregnant, I can relax joyously, I have a complete vaginal orgasm . . .

I feel free, new, reborn.

If I'm attracted to a man, If I like him . . . I say yes.

I've accepted many. At the office, at school, before and after parties . . . Even a few in the last four months. Only a few - from time to time. With no guilt feelings. Taking the pill is like . . . having an erection. If it's there, take advantage of it!

Also because the pill has some upsetting side-effects. Loss of hair, loss of memory, inflammation and perhaps, only perhaps - I hope, cancer. On one side of the scale: sexual freedom. On the other one: physical deterioration and premature ageing.

So . . . I feel it's human saying yes to whoever seems exciting . . . Without love, of course. I say yes only physically.

He doesn't know. Men haven't yet learned to accept real freedom. Other people's freedom. I didn't tell him because I love him, only him. He's the only one to whom I give the best of myself. Passion, dedication, love. He's the only one who could have, if he wanted it, my . . . other virginity. Saturday - nineteen days ago - we were intimate for the last time. Tenderly. We made love three times. Excited by his tenderness, I offered myself a fourth time. A dubious erection. We postponed. With no blame or regret. We love each other too much.

I still love him, I swear, I'll always love him.

He returned to his apartment a few minutes after midnight.

I was still "feeling" him when I received a phone call. An old friend was in town. Naturally, I invited him to come up. Hospitality is sacred in my family. The first thing my mother taught me.

We ended up in bed . . . Without love, of course. Just because he was there. Only because I take those damn pills.

The phone rang at one, two, three o'clock.

I didn't answer. I don't like answering the phone when I'm enjoying a man.

The next day my love came over. He was serious, sad and depressed. He looked at me with eyes full of tears. He wanted an explanation.

I didn't have the courage to tell him about my complex.

I tried to kiss him, wanting to be his again, completely.

He avoided me. He left slowly, worn out and tired, after kissing my forehead for the last time.

ARNO ARTS

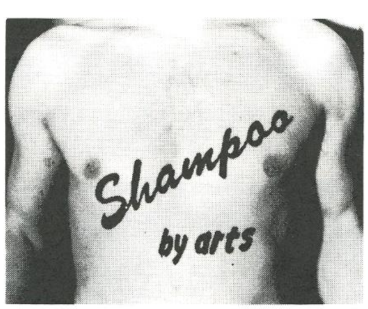


Arno Arts — blue scarf, large lightweight plastic spectacles, Mickey Mouse wrist watch and red T-shirt embroidered with a large white eagle — has asked me to write an introduction for his catalogue.

"Don't make it too artistic", he asked me, "but keep it snappy like a story in a magazine. And don't forget to mention that I have no aversion for decadency nor a dislike for trends."

Arno's latest work should be regarded from this angle: coloured pencil drawings based on objects against a background of various SHAMPOO advertisements, not meant as a stimulus to do something to the hair: soften it, make it shine, strengthen it or to give it a treat with season-fresh fruits, but only as the leading note or "tune" of this exposition.

I could not say what makes the art of Arno Arts so captivating or what power lies behind it: perhaps it is painstaking care, a headstrong sense of reality wrapped in a scarlet jacket and white gym shoes, his love for detail, his recognition and respect for the shape versus denial and contempt.



He knew. He had guessed. He'll never phone again.

Should you see him, please, tell him I adore him. I love him, only him . . .

If he wants me ten, a hundred, a thousand times, I'm here. I'm his woman, completely.

Only when he's tired, when he's had all the joy he wants and needs, only then, sometimes, I will say yes to other men.

The pill is freedom.

It's like a bachelor's apartment.

You're paying for it.

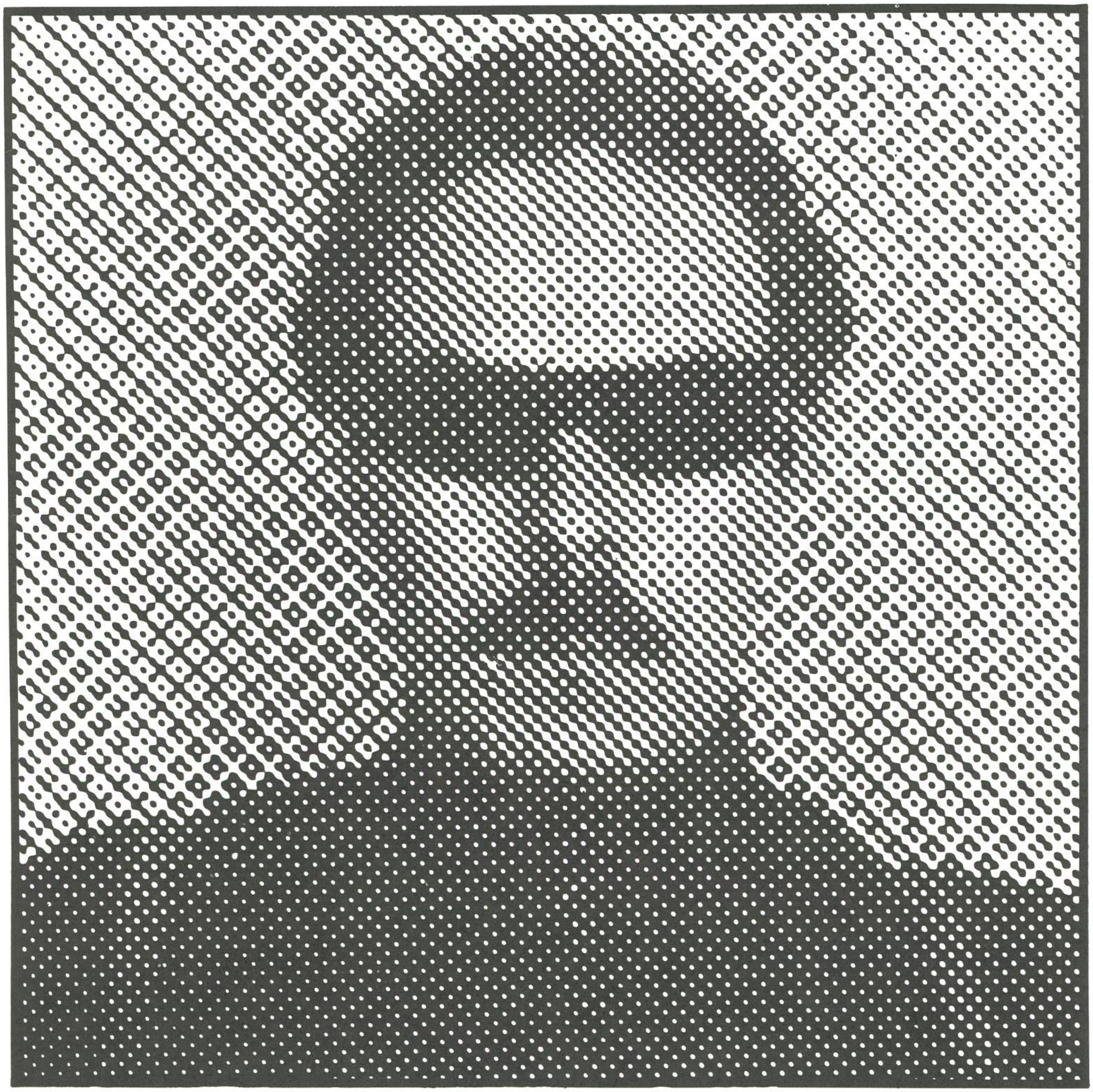
Enjoy it. Blackout.

• • •

All Performing rights of Fratti's plays from:
Laura Dubman Agency
145 West 55th Street
Suite 15D
New York City, NY 10019

MARIO FRATTI is the New York drama critic for seven European newspapers. He has seen his plays CAGE, SUICIDE, ACADEMY, RETURN, BRIDGE, MAFIA, E. DUSE, REFUSAL, BROTHEL, FAMILY, GIFT, CHINESE FRIEND, WISH, REFRIGERATORS, RACES, CHE GUEVARA, VICTIM, CHILE 1973, SEDUCERS, MADAM SENATOR, DIALOGUE WITH A NEGRO, ORIGINALITY, PATTY HEARST produced in over three hundred theaters in seventeen languages. They have been published by Dell, Colliers, MacMillan, Enact, Breakthrough, Proscenium, Edgemoor, Crown, McGraw Hill and Prentice-Hall.


GROUP ROCKOLA
GAGLIONE
BROTHERS
FOR MEN AND PREP MEN
La Mamelle
70 12th St. San Francisco
December 11&12 9:34 p.m.



"According to Palazzeschi, there appeared in Marinetti's home four strange men all dressed in black, these were Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carra, Luigi Russolo and a fourth who was mysteriously silent and disappeared soon after."

THE NO MORE PRETENDING BLUES

by Lin Lifshin

having to pretend
his cock wasn't
soft as runny
jello he thought
a cunt was supposed to
open wide put
lips around his
soft i didn't know
i was the only one
who'd ever unzipped him

7 years of pretending
it would get better
finally he told me he
never had i should
have split packed
the cats and flowers
but i didn't know how
to stop pretending
putting on that
white

lace and nylon
scratchy gown when we
went to boring g.e.
conventions pretending
to pant when he
climbed on my belly
came near my leg

i pretended i wasn't
eyeing the dark
eyed iranian student said
sex doesn't matter
pretended it was
ok underneath the
yellow quilt when a
lady shrink said how's
your sex life wanted
to know why the

room kept getting
black and i fainted at
high school teachers'
meetings let
winter black
itself way out

when his mother
held up cans of baby
gerber goo and said
goo goo you make

you have to have
a baby dont you
love us and i pretended i
just wasn't ready
went to school pretended
i was going to an
office that i was
learning something i
could use learning

to type until
the babies

i pretended to wear
my hair in a bun
throw out the cats

before the wedding
his family wouldn't
let me in the
house then it was
kissy kissy
tho they hated my
clothes my cat
my nails

when we went there for
dinner i pretended to
care about white
curtains and soap

while they kept
picking lint
bugs off my husband

seven years
pretending to know what
it was like to have
a cock inside me

everybody thought we
were wild crazy
arty at least
at the g.e. lab

acted like it was
ok when we were
token hippies

someone i thought was
a friend said you
must come and have
lunch with the
wife of a man
her husband was
interviewing

invited me because
i was a jew

i pretended not to care
at those awful lab parties
when nobody talked
to us till he
got his degree

at m.i.t.
i pretended to be
daring as open wild
as my clothes as
that black dress
wheeler and dealer
metallurgists tried
to dive into

you know the story
how long you can
keep up but i was
faking so many
different things: i
faked reading italian
and passed the test
pretended fuzzy
bugs weren't

running thru my
dreams that foot notes
were a part of me

no wonder the poems
said what it would take
me years to

i pretended there's been
lovers before

then a poet grew
in the sand where no
thing should and so
i pretended that the
noise under the window
was only wind

i pretended about the
ashes near the pillow

said the lasagne in
coffee tins was
for the cats

for years i pretended
i couldn't drive
that i was happy
ran out bought
clothes and rings,
pretended that mattered

i told the man in
the trees that i'd
come

each time my husband
went away and
came back i pretended
with my legs

pretended the poems
didn't matter more
than he that the
other men didn't
wouldn't couldn't
that i never
felt bitchy

he wanted me to
swear and promise
forever

he wanted me to
pretend i always
wanted to fuck

pretended the gobs of
kr jelly came
from me

i wasn't allowed to
say shit or run
fast to the mail

sometimes his cock got
as hard as the
heavy scum of
old jello

i pretended squealed
moaned oh oh oh,
hot for hot water

pretended all the
sluts he ran off
with didn't exist

said yes it was
getting better

tried to pretend i wasn't
going crazy when he cut
out after buying
the new house
with the rest of
my money

that it was ok
when he stopped by
for a fast

pretended not to be
sick of luke warm
cheap wonton soup

when he came and
knocked his head on
the wall screamed
he hated all women
i made him tea

and when he said i'm

just buying the records we
don't have so when
i come back there
won't be duplications
i put on
a smile

did this for two
years on tuesdays
and saturdays

pretended to want
him in the car
love the ugly box
he brought back
from russia

he was making his mind
up about when he
wanted to come
back he was
deciding when things
were good and when
they were rotten
he was deciding
when i cared

was rushing up to
me in the deli with
my mother and gooing
as much as his
dead mother had we
had to get a
way to the coast

i pretended i was
just writing poems
with houses and
eskimos in them that
down state i just
read on the porch
made a little jelly

you might think i'm
writing this poem
pretending i don't
care that he married
a highschool drop
out who delivered the
mail in the lab
in a skirt up
to her clit

i do care and i'm
not going to pretend i haven't

nothing i pretended
mattered imagine
me as a g.e. manager's
wife and the things

i pretended didn't
matter: cats and
leaves and poems,
the love i couldn't
admit was in
them or
in me the

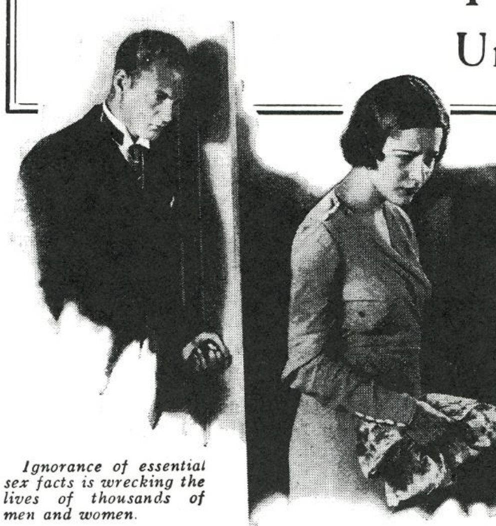
way i pretended not to
see the huge chunks
of shit in his
pants the way it
leaked thru his
light grey clothes

it was on the
floor in the trunks
from his girl
friend's husband

i could smell shit
in my maverick
its funny its
taken me this
long to say this







Solved

The Problem of Unhappy Marriage

Ignorance of essential sex facts is wrecking the lives of thousands of men and women.

MARITAL happiness depends to a large extent upon the continuance of the joyous, ever-thrilling moments that come to us during sweetheart days. And if we can hold on to such supreme happiness it is more than worth while. This means the acquirement of knowledge of all the various details, physiologically and otherwise, associated with marriage.

Yet in the columns of the newspapers the accounts of separation, divorce, scandal and marital unhappiness are mounting day by day. This pitiful condition should not exist—and it would not exist if every man and woman had a complete understanding of fundamental sex information and its adaptability in life. For the cause of untold marital grief is due in most cases to a lack of essential sex education.

ACCEPT WITH CONFIDENCE–



These Proven Facts...

MEMOIRS OF A LOUSE

by Jerome Salzmann

I was a perfect louse. A pearl of poverty I was the beggar's income tax and his legacy. Known in the Klondike as seam squirrel or pants rabbit I brought the shock of a little truth. Born to carry typhus I was as tiny as the end of a plague.

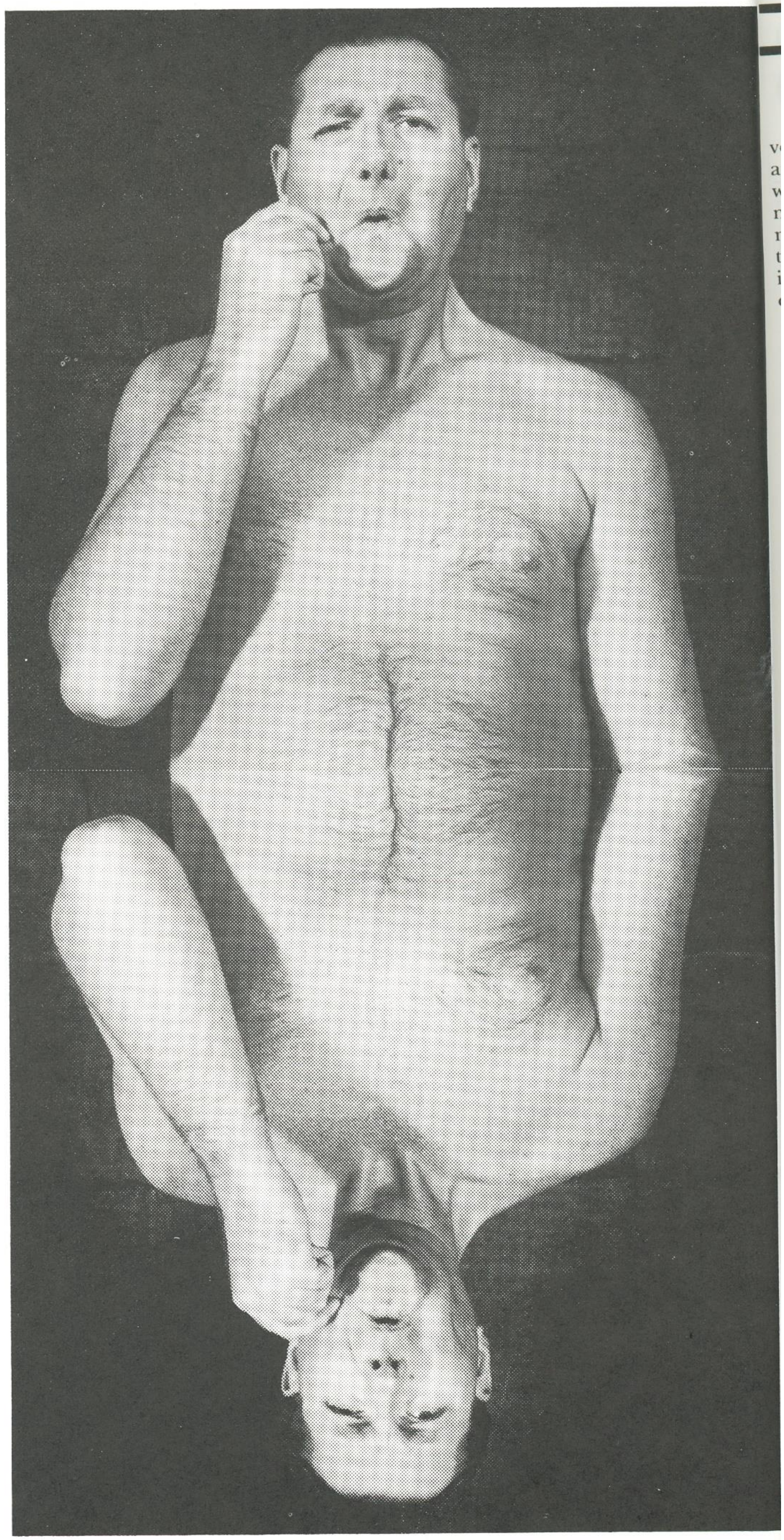
Sometimes maggots slithered around me. But the blabby grasshoppers and the keening gnats were far away. I heard the flea cough and the cockroach sneeze. I saw the fly cleaning itself with filth and the mosquito calligraphying M. Night bugs buzzed me and the world to sleep.

An early or late louse catches the bird. That aristocratic pleasure of displeasing was born in me. Everyone has his louse. Eating gooseberries before they are ripe did not bring me. Nor did I live to prove that a louse in the hand is brisker than a flea in the hair.

I darted on the servant's forehead, the tramp's scalp and the edge of the pilgrim's ear. Mothers had a chance to be close and tender to their children. Neanderthal families often began with lovers delousing and throwing lice into a fire or eating each other's inhabitants.

I never found wisdom in a beard but I gave pleasant hours to monkeys and friends – louseless meant uneasy or lonely. If an injured Eskimo took no notice of me the bone had not healed and the bandage remained. It was easy to bite someone busy but I rarely infested a marathon runner or a pneumatic drill operator. As the philosopher Adoré Floupette said, "Chacun a son gout et chacun a son poux".

A parasite who never inherited a castle or wanted to slay an idea I was not a reincarnation of a debtor taking revenge. Promiscuous, I never boasted about conquests or infidelities. Soulless, perhaps, but I never made love to a millipede for money. Was it my fault that lice rhymes with dice and vice?



Dada Reflections by Miroslav Klivar, Prague, Czechoslovakia.

BEAUTY IS REVOLUTION

by Beth Anderson

To make something beautiful is revolutionary (not low class, not easy, not a sign of low intelligence). Last year I wrote an article about my approach to music for *"Heresies"*. In it, I said that "the relationship of feminism to my work and the evolution of the form of my music are in violent flux." They still are, but the dust is settling.

The idea that beauty is revolution, is a revelation to me. I once believed that the concept of the music was more important than the sound . . . that the politics of the notation was more important than the time limits of the rehearsals and therefore, more important than the sound of the performance . . . that the numerological equivalents for the instruments were the determining factor for instrumentation . . . that pitch must be explicit and rhythm improvised . . . that if the composer says it is so, two string players and two lighting technicians can be a string quartet . . . that any composition must be consistant throughout and that internal change in the piece showed lack of compositional concentration . . . that more than three chords in one piece meant confusion or commercial music or both . . . and on and on. It is a very liberating feeling to come back to my childhood definition of composition, ie., writing down inspirations. I've rediscovered the part of my brain that can't decode anything, that can't add, that can't work from a verbalized concept, that doesn't care about stylish notation, that makes melodies that have pitch and rhythm, that doesn't know anything about zen eternity and gets bored and changes, that isn't worried about being commercial or avant-garde or serial or any other little category. Beauty is enough.

And of course, it's a problem too. At different times in my life I have looked out and decided that Grieg's music was the most beautiful . . . that Schonberg's music was the most beautiful . . . that Cage's music was the most beautiful . . . that Oliveros' music was the most beautiful. Now, I feel as if my own music is the most beautiful and the feeling is one of having jumped off the cliff with my wings on. I don't know if they are going to work, but it's too late now. This deciding about the "most beautiful" is necessary and I think composers make decisions like this all the time. How else could they choose a style to work in and stick with it for fifty years?

Beauty means perfect to me, but it also has an additional meaning having to do with being pleasurable, rather than painful. Beauty is hard to make. The making is painful, and involves a certain amount of craft, and a relaxation of the part of the brain that says, "Don't write that. 'X' wrote those four notes in 1542 or 1979 or 1825 or whatever period you are worried about being influenced by." You have to say yes to what comes out. You can scoot it around a bit, but the basic material that jumps out of you is you. If you say, "That sounds like a raisin commercial." you are telling yourself you are trashy. You are allowing others to tell you what real art is.

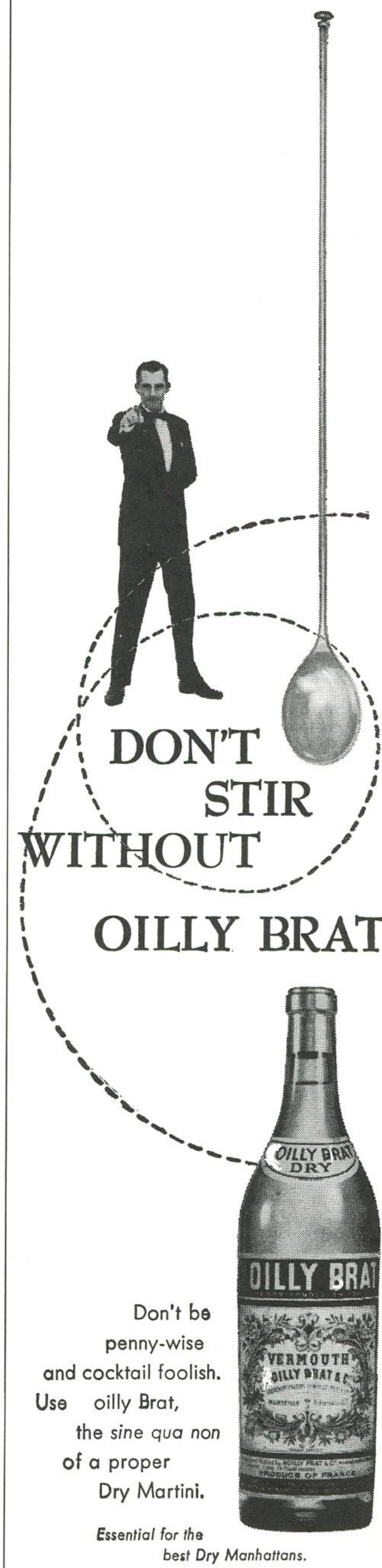
Real music soars above class society. Musical careers have a lot to do with class and money, but they don't influence society's acceptance of the music, after the stuff has been broadcast to the people. Composers are people who create *music* - not concepts, not machines, not posters, not parties. It takes must as much (maybe more) intelligence to invent a synthesizer or to make a crowd-pleasing poster for your concert, as it does to make beautiful music. But doing those other activities does not make you a composer, though they may add to your career or savings account. Being a composer of playable music still does not guarantee beauty. That's a problem you have to solve for yourself.

Beauty got a bad name some time after the first world war. Musical craft (ear training, orchestration, the real reasons for voice leading, etc.) was hardly even taught in the 1960's and 70's, probably because of the revolt against a tradition that could allow the war in Viet Nam to happen. Beauty seemed a low value in relation to life itself. But life goes on and ugliness and lack of skills and nihilism are no excuse. The destruction of the world would not improve social conditions, and making painful, ugly music will not redistribute the wealth.

Beauty is a revolution of the spirit. The euphony of the animating principle of humanity has the revolutionary power of healing, expanding, and revitalizing. Life is worth living and beauty is worth making and, in relation to current attitudes, these ancient ideas are radical. They are capable of making certain people swoon. If you think beauty is counter-revolutionary, ask yourself if you think mutilation improves the state of mind of the depressed.

pub. in "Ear Magazine" 4/81
NY edition Vol. 6 # 3





CORPSE CLUB

by Pauline Smith
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The *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* rubber stamps were made in 1974 and used on postcards and envelopes. They were originally intended for small postal editions in which found material was the important element.

Exploitation of postal form ended when the British Post Office refused to handle an edition of postcards bearing the *Adolf Hitler Memorial Fund* rubber stamp (22 February 1975). This edition was sent out to invite participation in and to publicise an art event which was to have been held the following May in Milan and which also involved another series of special weekly mailings for nearly a year, at the request of Ugo Carrega. The postcards were all delivered eventually, and would have been followed by an invitation to a party if the event had not been cancelled.

Cancellation of the Commemoration of Adolf Hitler at a Gallery in Milan caused the project to change course. All the hostility encountered during the time span of the *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* was part of the event and wherever possible incorporated into it. It is amazing how easily people living very much in the Permissive Society may still be shocked.

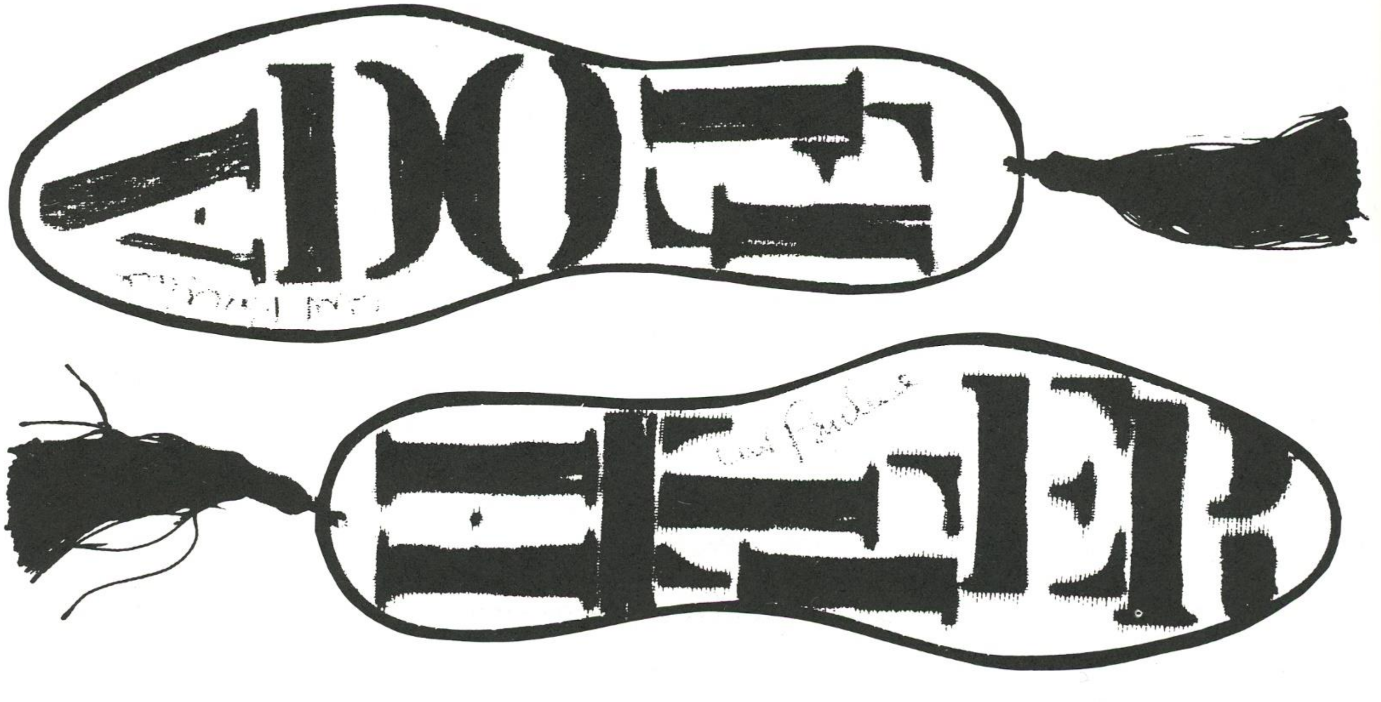
Several editions of simultaneously posted circulars replaced the special weekly *Adolf Hitlers* sent to Ugo Carrega only.

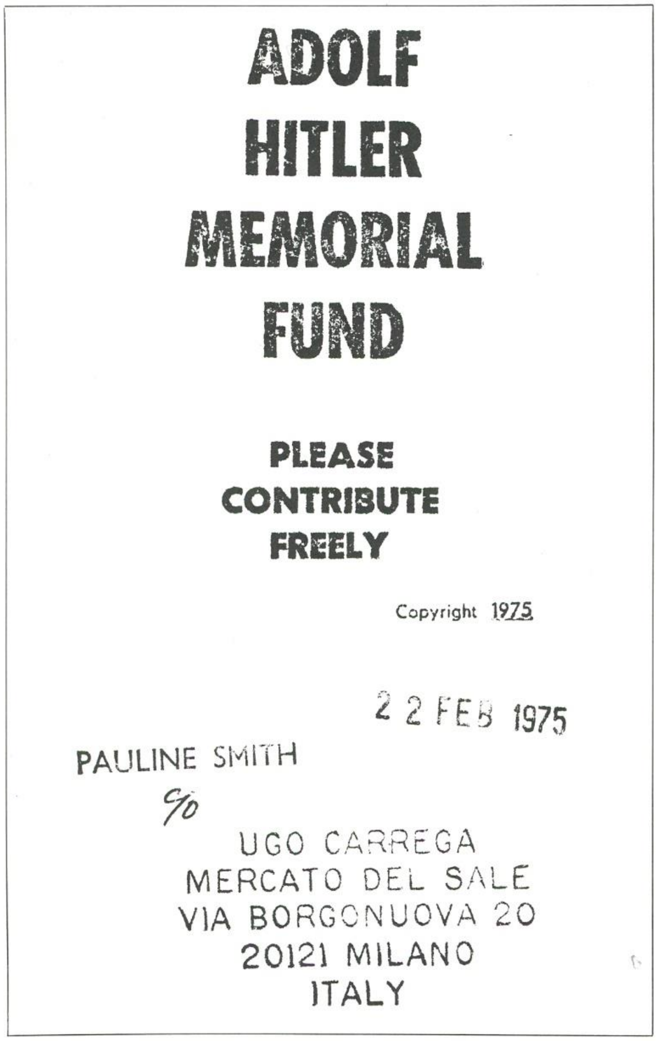
Because of the aggressive attitude of the British Post Office, it was no longer possible to be sure of reaching correspondents by postcard so leaflets printed on A4 coated paper and sent out in plain brown manilla envelopes, was the form of communication adopted for the rest of the project. The first edition of leaflets explained the foregoing circumstances and included a list of names of people who sent work to Milan in response to the postcard request (5 September 1975). The second edition of leaflets was the *Good Ship Adolf Hitler* (7 November 1975); the third was the *Wreath* (15 January 1976) and the fourth was *Adolf Hitler Lives* (1 April 1976).

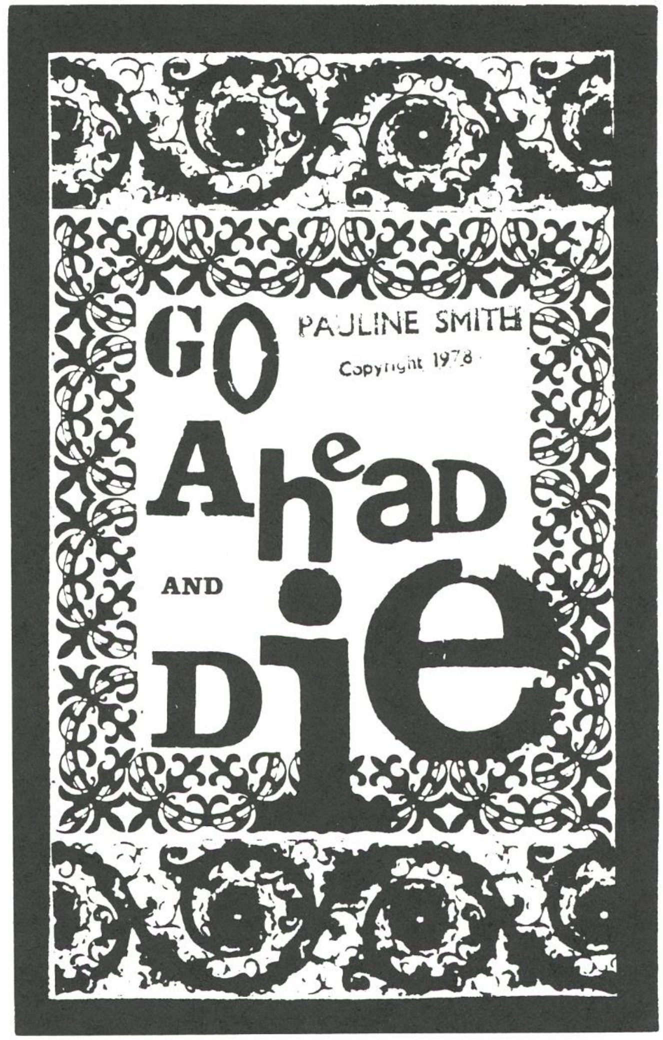
Nobody could be allowed to think that the project had failed because of trouble with the post office and cancellation of the event in Milan, so the whole series was sent to the people on the original mailing lists who received the *Adolf Hitler Memorial Fund* postcards, plus additions. By continuing the Commemoration of Adolf Hitler in circulating leaflets, it was hoped that a throw away memorial would be created. The inexorable fate of leaflets is to be thrown away and those having Nazi connotations would be disposed of even more quickly than leaflets usually are. Unique, valuable, forever art gets boring; a transitory quality was sought. It was also important that the leaflets should not be mistaken for antiquated signed and numbered editions, therefore they were not numbered and only stamped with my name, not signed by hand.

The two series of postal editions sent out before the *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* series of leaflets, were too small to achieve the initial object of producing art of such a nature as to be promptly thrown away. Also these editions being about materials, various art ideas, postal form, were too inwardly directed and too turned back upon themselves. Themes in these two series were vaguely city and violence but they still did not reach out into the world sufficiently.

The *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* developed gradually. There were references to Adolf Hitler in the second series of postal editons and even in other work made as long ago as 1970. Adolf Hitler was always interesting but I did not read *Mein Kampf* until 1971. At the time I was struck by the way Hitler's description of decadent Austrian democracy immediately prior to WWI could equally well suit the last few









British Governments. In 1971 ruthless destruction of the community in which I lived was being carried out by commercially motivated people whilst those who had the power to prevent this happening stood by like reeds in the wind. The only newspaper to report the troubles was the *Chelsea News* and this is why the front pages were included in the backgrounds of the *Good Ship Adolf Hitler* and of the *Wreath*.

The *Wreath* edition was to have been the last. The strength of the hostility engendered by the mention of Adolf Hitler's name made me realize that the man is very much more alive than I ever suspected beforehand, so I made the Last Edition, *Adolf Hitler Lives* in conclusion. By way of confirmation, the police raided my flat as I was placing copies of this edition in the envelopes. It seems the jewish people in this country had become worried that the *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* may be a front for some kind of pressure group building up against them. The police were asked to investigate as a "possible contravention of the Race Relations Act" may have occurred.

Adolf Hitler Lives was sent out whole to people abroad but copies sent to people living in England were "censored" of Adolf Hitler's name. The police did not actually prohibit the mailing of this edition in its complete form but parts of the leaflet were cut out to draw attention to the fact that freedom to express ideas in this country is not as free as all that.

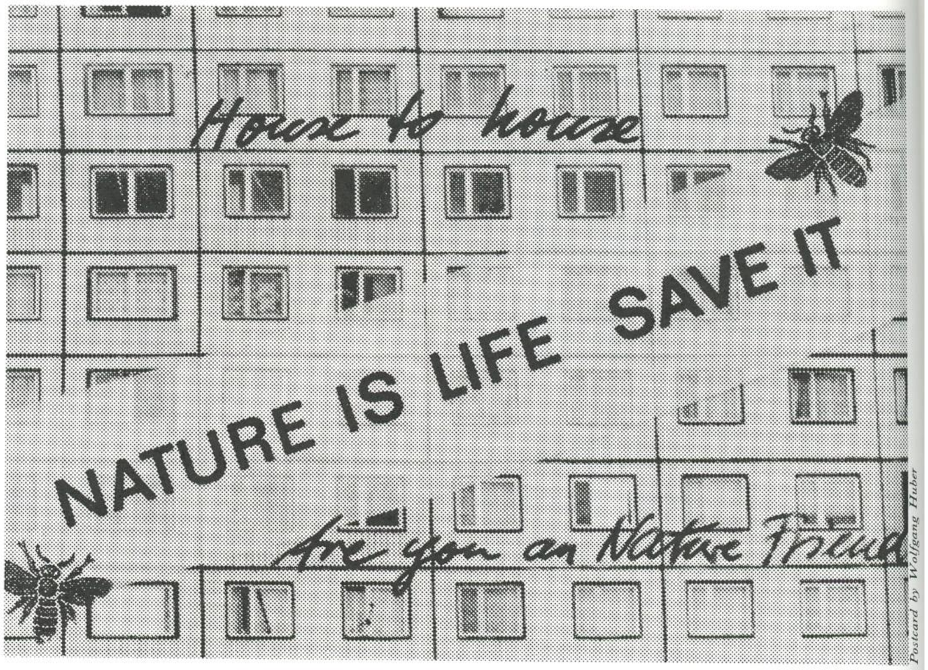
A problem with series is that some people miss instalments and during long time spaces, people forget. It was a pity the *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* editions could not have been posted closer together in time than at intervals of a few months. The *Corpse Club/Body Sculpture* two part series was an attempt to avoid these two problems and the editions were posted only a week apart (1 January 1977/7 January 1977). The second part was sent to *exactly* the same mailing list as the first.

Both the *Adolf Hitler Fan Club* and the *Corpse Club/Body Sculpture* were ultimately meant to be analogies for the British Government. Both series of leaflets were an attempt to use the circular as an art form.

MAIL ART

by Michael Scott
An introduction to the Poste Restante Show, Liverpool Academy of Arts.

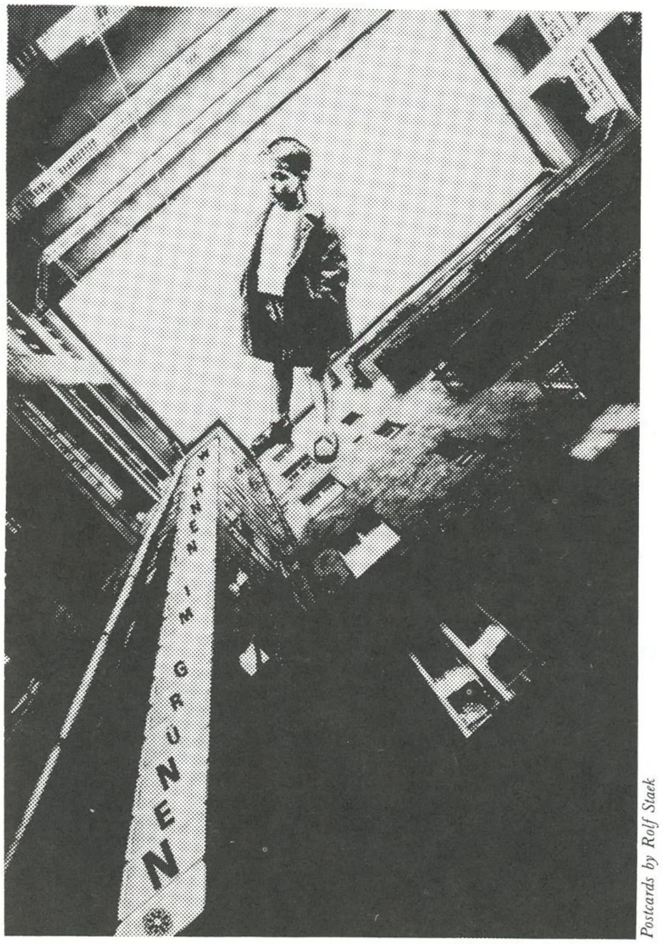
"... more than kisses, letters mingle souls; for thus friends absent speak. John Donne

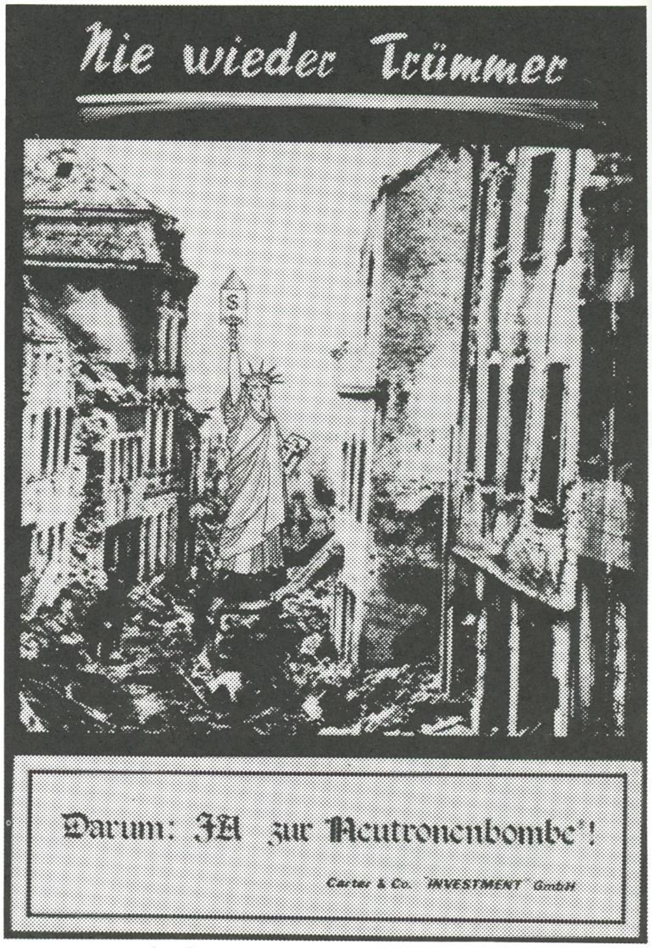


Postcard by Wolfgang Huber

The Donne quotation is from a letter-poem written to Sir Henry Wotton in 1598. I'm starting with it to confirm an obvious point; that letters are not always, nor have ever always been, mere uncreative communications. In the 16th century people wrote and drew to each other in imaginatve ways, as they did before and as they have done since. It is natural, when communicating with a friend who is far away, to use art to achieve a warmer, more personal connection. I'm sure it would be possible to produce a historical survey of artistic messages reaching back to include examples from the earliest times when people began to write to each other. I have not space enough, nor time to do this. What I do want to do is give some indication of how, during the last twenty or thirty years, this *natural process* has developed in more obvious ways than ever before. So much so that it has grown to be awarded the prestigious distinction of its very own cultural label: Mail Art.

The recent growth of the process has been primarily due to the work and influence of one man: the American artist

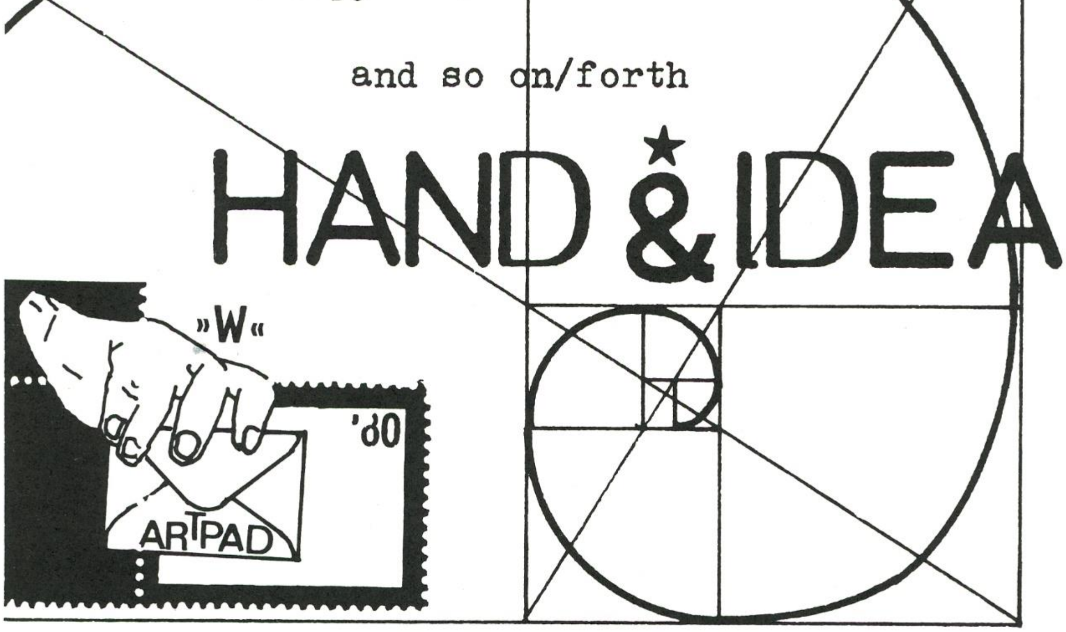




Postcards by Rolf Staek

INVITE INVITE INVITATION INVITE INV

What is to be found aut.What is to be made, what is without valuetalentflamingdemissionirregularabstract alongalteracionamendanalysisantagonisticanythingappe dateargumentartlessaskatmosphereaughtaverageawe-ispi ringayebackerbadgerbalancebangbarbaricbarricadebath bebearingbeckonbefallbeginbeginningbeholdbewilderbia sbidebifurcatebitbizzareblameblamelessblightblindnes bloodshatblotchyblunderboutbracingbrightbrosquebumpt iousburningbutbybywordcacophonycalculationcallcananc ellcapablecaptioncard-indexcarecataloguecatchingcaut ionceasechainchallengechillychopcircleclampclaspclea clinchcodecopy



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ATTILA U. 35.

Ray Johnson. Johnson is, I believe, among the most significant 20th century artists. Most famous artists achieve fame because they invent or develop styles. Ray Johnson has inventively developed a form; which is a much more remarkable thing to do. But new forms are harder to accept as art than new styles - and in the U.K. Johnson's achievement has been generally ignored. An exception to the pervasive silence came from Adrian Henri in *Environments and Happenings:* "Ray Johnson was, in the 1950's, very much an American equivalent of Richard Hamilton. Relatively unpublicized and unshown, his work has the same blend of high and popular art and the same fastidious ingenuity. In the mid-1950's he made 'Moticos,' cut-out display-collages, shown here on the street. Since then his main work has been in the New York Correspondence School, a world-wide network of letters containing information, drawings, collages, messages and occasional invitations to actual meetings or manifestation."[1]

And Johnson's work was also featured in an article by William Wilson in the first issue of *Art and Artists,* April 1966.

Anyone who tunes-in to the IDENTITY/ANALOGY/FOCUS connections described in that article should appreciate the possibilities of correspondence in general as well as Ray Johnson's Correspondance in particular. And anyone who accepts Kenneth Ynana's "the test of genius is its proneness to parody" would probably accept that Ray Johnson is a genius, because parodies, rip-offs, fakes and imitations of his style constantly flutter through the mails. One mail artist, Richard C., seemed for years to do nothing but Ray Johnsons. Johnson-style heads appear by himself, by someone else, turned into rubber stamps. They've even been known to crop up on an orange peel late at night in Reno's Taverna in Liverpool, though the imitations usually lack the acute angular viewpoint of their originator.

The best written "scent of the flavour" in which his mind circulates can be found in an article by Nina French-Frazier (publication unknown: it arrived one day in a mailing from the man himself, at that time disguised as the Shelly Duvall Fan Club).

I don't wish to imply that Ray Johnson was the only artist who, in the 1950's and 1960's, was using the postal system imaginatively. For instance: Arman, Ian Baxter, Ben Vautier, Joseph Beuys, George Brecht, Daniel Burden, Jan Dibbets, A.M. Fine, Robert Filliou, Ken Friedman, John Furnival, Klaus Groh, Dick Higgins, On Kawara, Jean le Gac, Yoko Ono, Robin Page, Nam June Paik, Ditter Rot, Tomas Schmit, Endre Tot, Wolf Vostell, Robert Watts, and others did a lot of mailings too. But it was Johnson who made the genre his specialty: and his work and wit activated and publicized the process into an expanding network that more and more people tuned in to. So much so that, by the early 1970's, the correspondence scene began to attract notice outside specialist magazines and in-crowd gatherings. *Rolling Stone*[2] spread the gospel to a somewhat wider public in 1972.

Since then, it has gone on growing: breeding like paper snakes. Address lists in publications such as General Idea's *FILE* and Anna Banana, Bill Gaglione's *VILE* (which starting as a parody of *FILE,* took over as the leading North American mailzine when General Idea moved on to more prestigious things), encouraged wider participation. Introductions to VILE No. 2/3 (International Double Issue) and the latest VILE No. 6 (Fe-Mail Art Issue) gives a view of what some of the correspondence artists outside America and woman artists around the world are doing.

BUT NOW: WILL SUCCESS SPOIL CORRESPONDENCE?

Perhaps, for those pioneers who were building the mailways across no-man's land in the good old fifties and sixties, the scene, like nostalgia, ain't what it used to be. The network is so much bigger and looser now — there's probably a whole lotta head-shaking going on — standards must drop. Maybe ...

But I (who wasn't in there way back when) don't think that some sloppy connections matter. I think that the mail network is a very beautiful energy system — because it just naturally copes. And I think *it is important to understand that mail art is a system:* a system made up of complex, continually re-charging interrelationship of individual mailings. If anyone judges (and some people, it seems, just must judge) mail art on the basis of a sight of one or two isolated examples of the genre, they may well ask what all the (small?) fuss is about. In making this (slight) puff I am not attempting to suggest that a letter or a postcard from Anna Banana, or Robin Crozier, or A.M. Fine, or Jan Van Raay, or Bill Gaglione, or Ken Saville, or Pauline Smith, or Paul Carter, or Pat Larter, or Irene Dogmatic, or World Imitation Productions, or guess who, or whoever else I particularly like getting mail from, is a contemporary Sistine Madonna. To understand what the system, or game, is about, it is necessary to visualize wholes through glimpses of parts.

If you enjoy watching football matches and then one day you happen to chance a fleeting sight of the Tour de France, you'll get a brief image of brightly coloured jerseys and hear the swish of wheels, and that's about it. So what's the fuss? Yet millions of French people will have travelled and hung about for hours waiting to grasp just such a fragment — and then will link their fragment with news and rumor and imagination into a vision of a circulating sporting event which encompasses a country for three weeks. Mail art is no contest (one of the nice things is it is relatively uncompetitive) but it has got a sort of Tour de Monde scale and quality which you can begin to feel your way into from just a few of the bits that fits.

This global system is perhaps rather pointless. Maybe it's just an example of John Cage's "purposeless play." But in its pointlessness the system ignores barriers of sex, race, nationality, color and any of the divisive, exclusive groupings that isolate one person from another. Even language need not be a barrier as you're quite free to use images instead of words.

Mail art may be justified as being an alternative form. Anna Banana, in VILE 5, summarises her viewpoint: "Vile is a product of Mail Art, which is an alternate art form. We hear a great deal these days about 'alternate life-styles', generally meaning a way of life that is different from the main-stream 'American Way of Life.' If you lead an alternate life-style, your consumption of material goods is down, your recycling of material 'wastes' is up. You buy second hand clothes and household goods and you have seen past the necessity for electric can openers, knives and other 'luxury appliances.' In short you have become aware of the environment and its limited resources; you know that money and material goods don't buy you love or happiness.

Mail art is an alternative to commercial gallery art. The artists involved are more interested in the processes and communications than they are in the sale of a piece of work, and the works themselves are low in terms of sale value. Most artists involved in mail-art are also involved on a local level, wherever they live, in putting on art events or performances, organizing shows of mail-art, putting out small publications concerning their activities. They are more interested in and excited about contact from like-minded artists around the world than they are in producing saleable works. They are people who have, perhaps, recognized that the processes of doing are more exciting than products produced.

It seems a pity, but true none-the-less, that if you're talking about Art with a capital 'A', it will be a very serious matter. If you're smiling and enjoying yourself and what you do, it can't possibly be Art; Art is a Serious Business, at least if you're ever to make any money at it. Mail artists are people who have elected to put their time, money, energy into creative projects of their own invention, regardless of any financial reward for doing so. Their art/skill comes from the quality of attention that goes into a project to bring it to completion; which may be the same degree and intensity of attention that a more traditional artist puts into his paintings or sculpture; but produces a different sort of product because the aim of the activity is different. The mail-artist aims at direct communication via the mails, while the traditional artists presumably aims at communication via his painting or sculpture, hoping it will sell and communicate plenty of $$$ to his pocket.

VILE magazine reflects the activities and values of the mail-art network. The parody of FILE-LIFE is the underlying funny-bone of VILE, along with its reports on the more lighthearted and nonsensical art activities being perpetrated by these 'alternate' artists. This is not to say that everything in VILE is funny or even lighthearted; quite the contrary. There is plenty of heavy fiction and poetry in this issue. The humor is in the presentation and juxtapositioning of contrasting elements.''

When so much art is so influenced by price-conscious galleries, and when even far less commercially-oriented artists spend a lot of their energy competing for Arts Council grants, it is refreshing to come across these people who are devoting their talents to making preciously rare things which they then mail away, expecting no return. Possibly the work will be reproduced in a magazine (which someone will have produced for love and loss of money), perhaps there'll be an exhibition catalogue, or a response in kind. Maybe there'll be no reply. Correspondence art is the most inefficient route to artistic fortune, and there's not much fame in it either. (Don't send your daughter through the post, Mrs. Worthington.)

Once upon a time I was standing in front of an empty stamp-machine in a deserted J. G. Ballard suburbanscape. A delightfully bitter old woman appeared and gave me a stamp. She refused payment and then said ''One thing that life has taught me: if you cast your bread upon the waters, what you will get back is a soggy crust.'' If you cast your life's work into letter boxes, you don't know what, if anything, you'll get back. Do you mind? Or you could cast your thoughts back to China in the 11th century AD and consider Chinese literati painting. ''Literati painting them, was a radical reaction against the descriptive realism that the contemporary Sung Academy painters practised so faithfully in their detailed, representational, often colored renderings of nature and everyday scenes. Su Tung-p'o categorically stated that 'those who value paintings in terms of likeness belong to the category of children.' He and his friends took pride in calling themselves 'amateur' painters, as distinguished from professional painters, but they were 'amateur' only in the sense that they did not sell their paintings but gave them as presents to friends. They painted for their own pleasure and, in doing so, they were indeed asserting their independence and individual freedom as not being dictated by imperial canons or the taste of art patrons.''[3]

Consciousness of the faults of an existing order and seeking at best to overthrow that order or at worst to react against it leads to the catch; that the form of reaction or revolution is shaped by the form of the existing order. Mail artists are just like other people in their range of revolutionary and reactionary attitudes to systems which they abhor. Yet mail art itself is at root a natural form, without any necessary reference to systems outside itself.[4] It is simply the contemporary development of a process which has existed as long as people have communicated.

The development is on a massive, world-girdling scale, yet many of the strands which make up the network are very pesonal links. Graciella Marx Vigo wrote, as part of a mailing which invited a collective celebration of her partner Edgardo-Antonio Vigo's 50th birthday, about Arte Intimo: (editor's note: can't find the reference in the MS, or catalogue of the show Postal Restaurante, for which this article was an introduction).

It is interesting to find this intimate view coming from a South American artist, because one often feels that, interwoven with the more delicate tendrils, there's an especially strong consciousness emanating from South America of heavy political pressures liable at any moment horrifically to erupt. As they DID in September 1977 when Clemente Padin and Jorge Caraballo, Uruguay's two leading mail artists, disappeared. There was no knowledge of their whereabouts. Enquiries led to blank walls of officialdom. They had ceased to exist. After almost a year slightly better news came. Caraballo was released on bail, and Padin's release from a civilian detention center was expected to follow; both having been accused of ''attacking the morale and reputation of the army.'' (I would have wished to invite each of them to participate in this exhibition but understand that, for the moment, they do not wish to receive mailings lest these are used as an excuse for further official harassment.) (And, if anyone feels that this sort of thing couldn't happen here, Pauline Smith's experience with the Bomb Squad, repeated elsewhere in this issue, suggests that it could.)

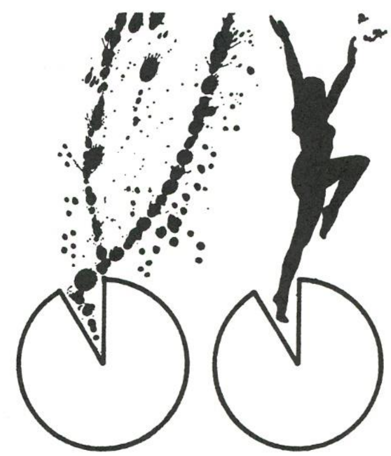
The network is made of all sorts and kinds of links; some hard, some tender. At times it gets flooded with mindless packages of xeroxed junk and even with unimaginative chain-letters. Injections of artzak are inevitable. The system accepts all these because the system is, essentially, inclusive. And, within the system, one reacts as one feels.

I can't offer an objective assessment of correspondence art. My view must be a partial and personal one. It's happened that I've found myself absorbingly tangled in one small nexus; at a point which seems to be very much a one-to-one private corner of the mesh. I react to the feelings of warm tugs of rapport more naturally than to the public manifestations. (Hence part of the idea for this exhibition was to try and clarify the problem that I sense in relation to public displays of the genre.) So I may be overemphasizing the more private alternatives because I believe that the delicate, personal, beautiful connections that I've been lucky enough to find, are important, and I feel that they are exciting. It delights me that, in a world in which so much is built about exclusive competitive groupings, individual connections are being so freely and caringly linked.

Robert Rauschenberg's often quoted statement, ''Paintings relates to both art and life. Neither can be made. (I try to act in that gap between the two.)'', is relevant. Correspondence art relates to both art and life, and mail artists are making it; almost without trying they act across that gap between the two. And they bridge gaps with their cobwebs. And when the rain shines the webs play sunbows.

The vitality of the process fascinates me so much that I'm now seriously suggesting that mail art is the most important movement in contemporary art. Which is an unwise suggestion. Because mail art should not be taken so seriously. It's probably the lack of seriousness circulating around the correspondence arteries that keeps the system so flexibly, fluidly and beautifully alive.

So, as you go walking down Pilgrim Street, tweet tweet, miaow miaow, woof woof, oink oink, etc. etc.



MICHAEL SCOTT
11th hour artworks

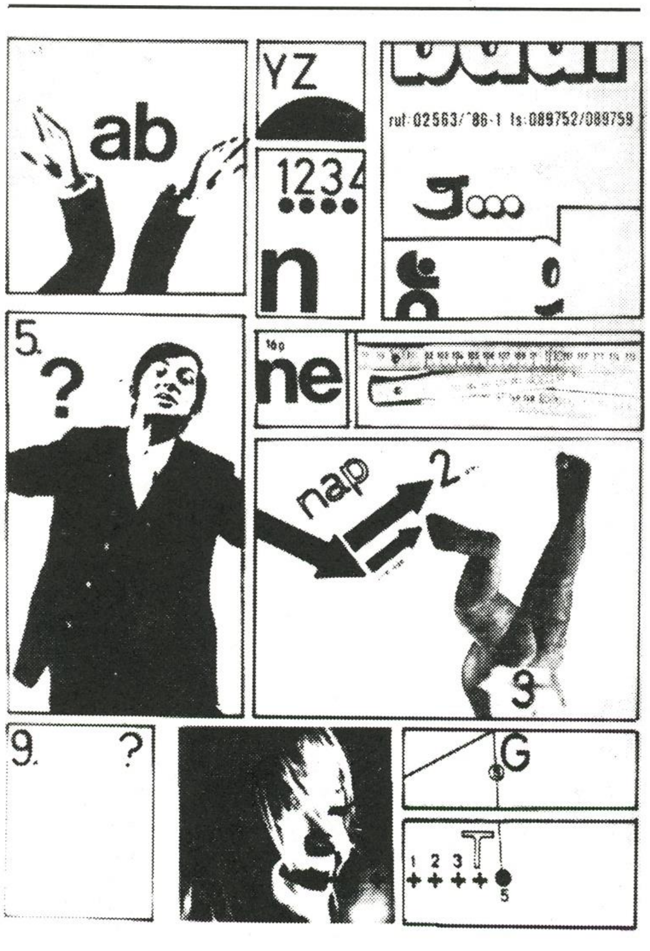
Introduction to *Poste Restante*

show at the Liverpool Academy of Arts,

June 10 - July 1, 1979, Liverpool

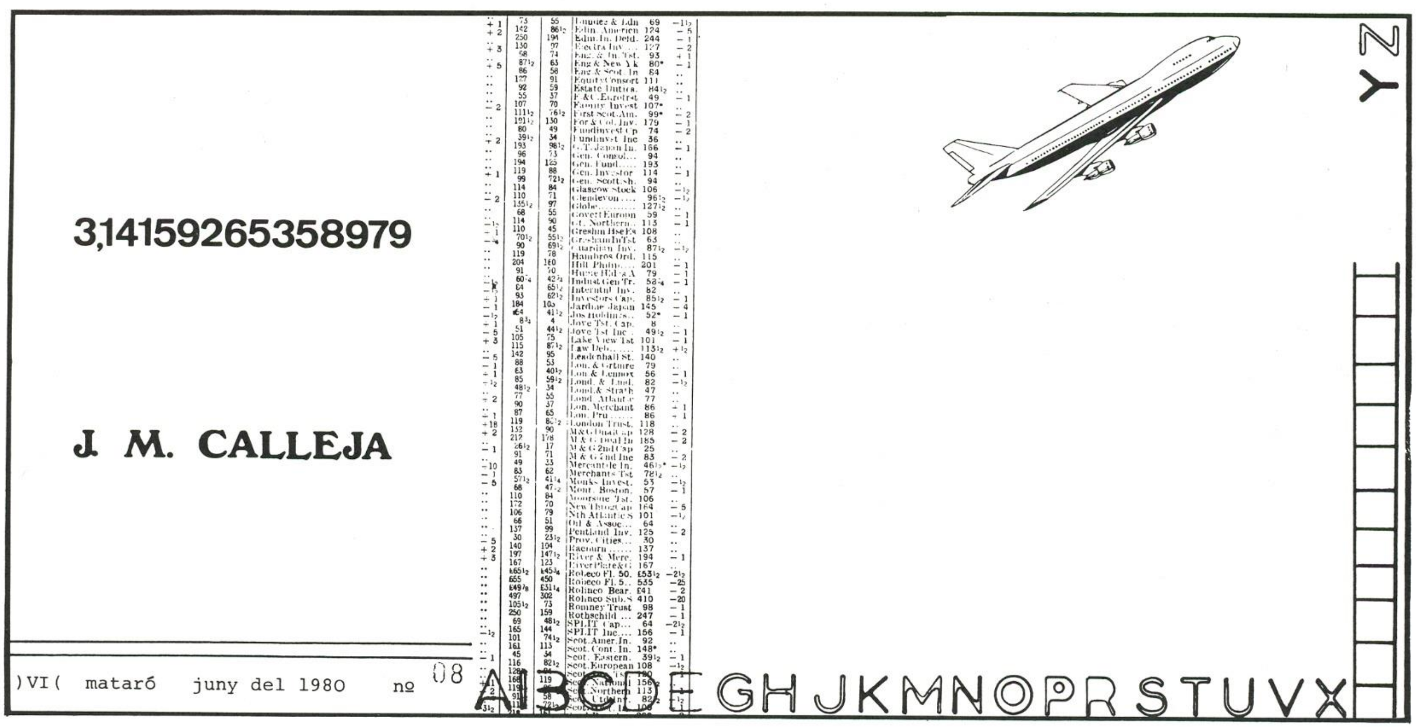
FOOTNOTES:

1. Adrian Henri; *Environments and Happenings;* James & Hudson, London, 1974, pg 41.
2. Thomas Albright, *Rolling Stone* Nos. 106 & 107, April 1972.
3. Lucy Lim & Edward White; *The Literati Theme in Chinese Ink Monochrome Paintings;* Art International XVIII/4, April 1974.
4. Perhaps this 'simply' is simplistic. In his book *Mail Art* (editions CEDIC, Paris 1971) J.M. Poinsot writes: ''Modern society could not survive without postal service and telecommunications. The institution is a vital one, and as such takes charge of a certain number of significations interrelated only through institutional characters. The mail and telephone service demonstrates and reinforce social inequalities; not having a telephone is a handicap, just as receiving a lot of mail denotes elevated social status. Power is in the hands of those who possess exchange and communications systems.''



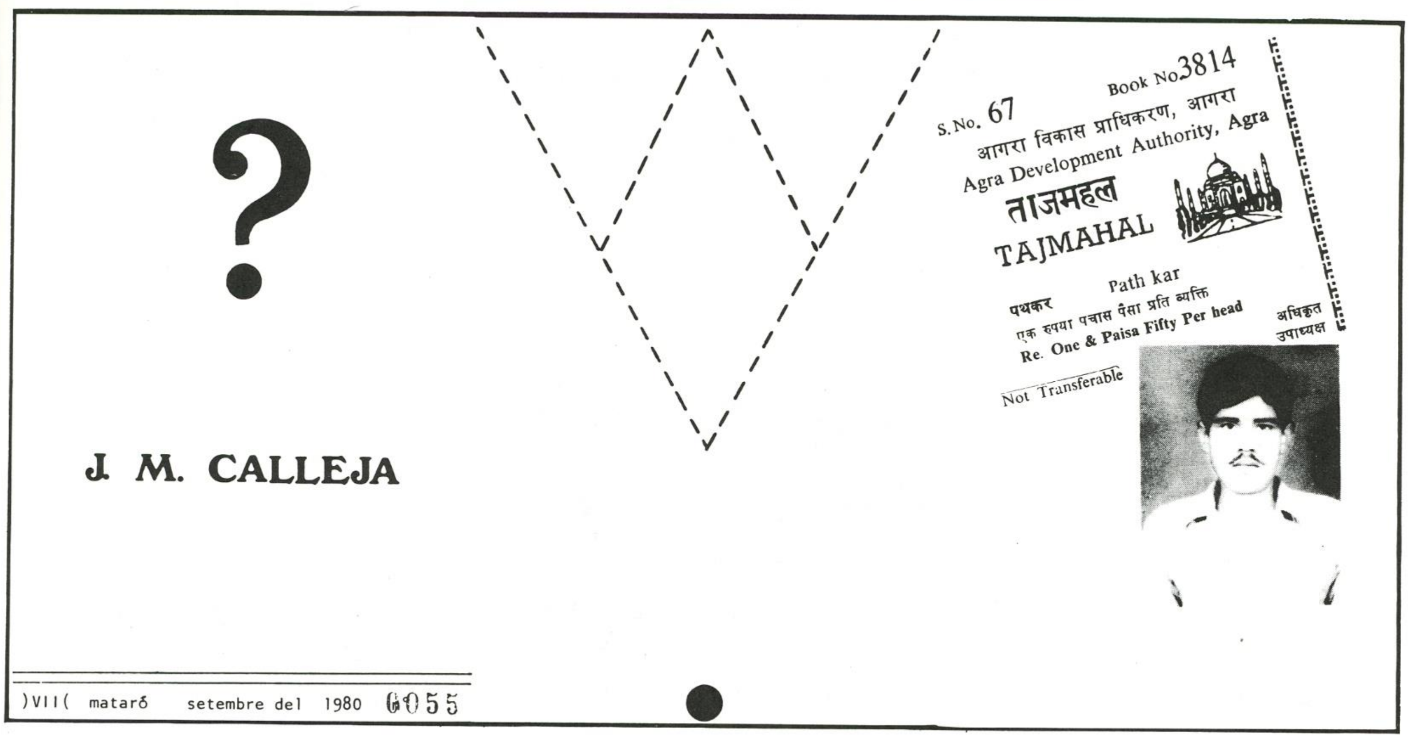


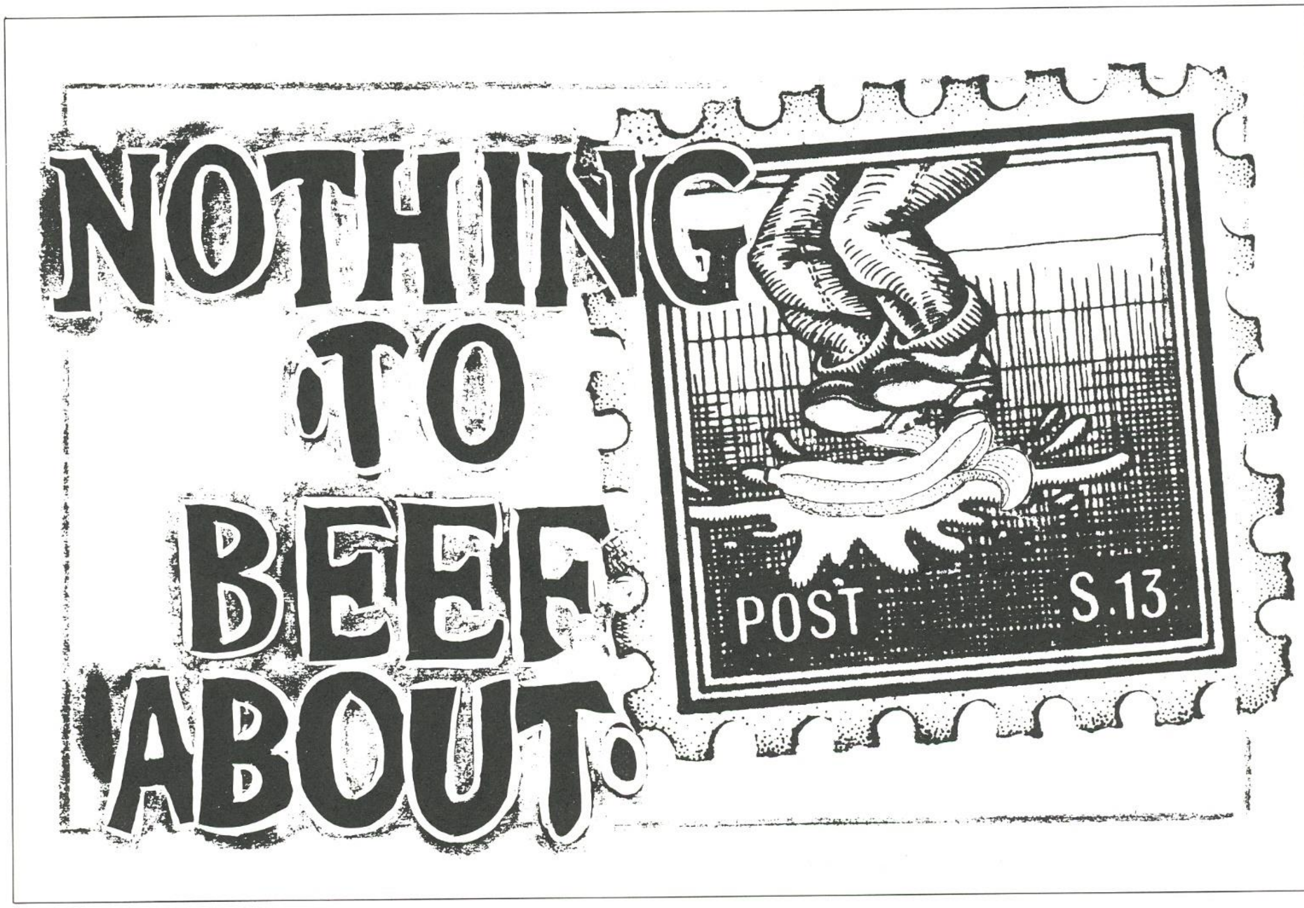
Postcards by by Toth Arpad



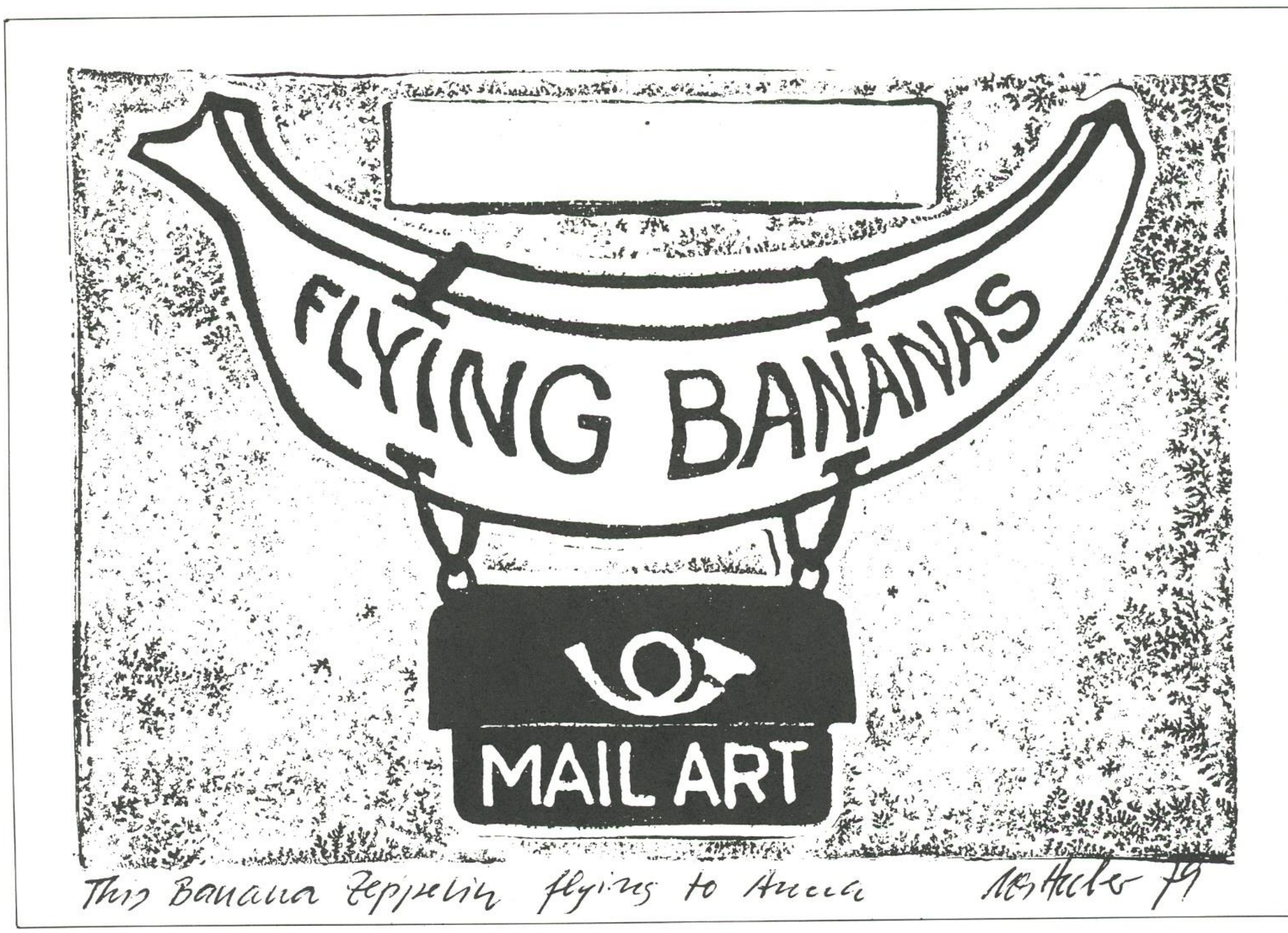


Postcard by Karla Sachse

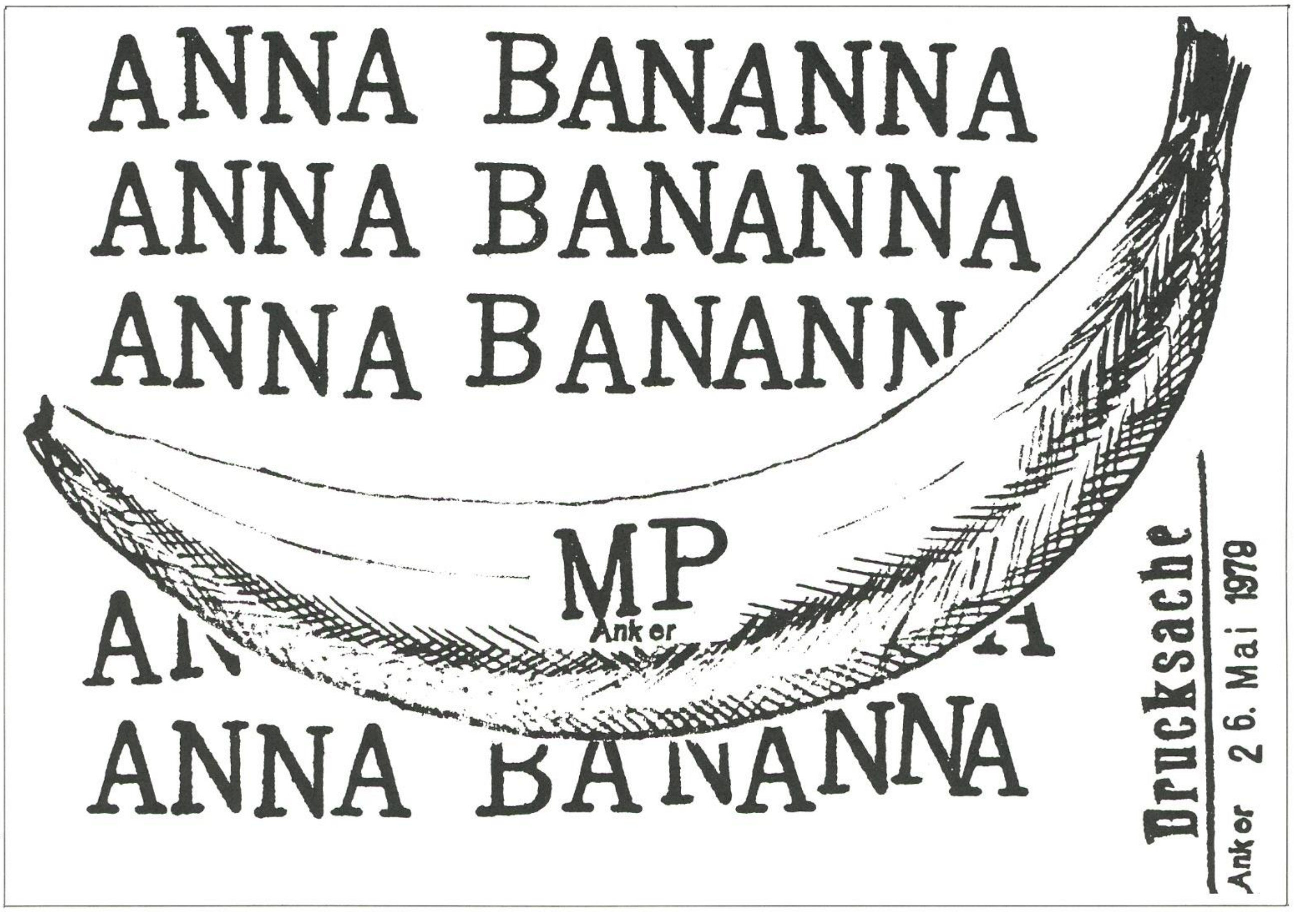




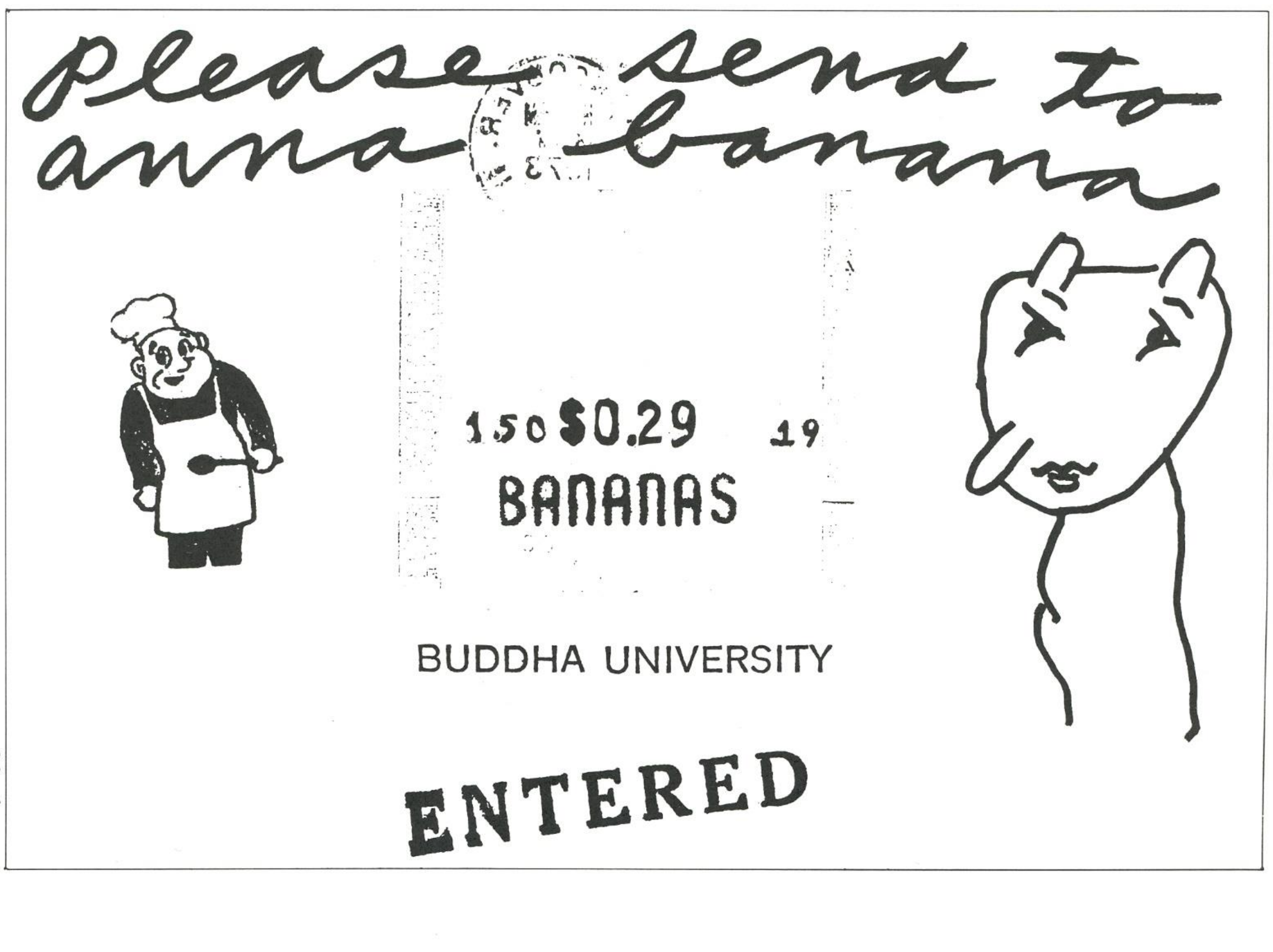
Postcard by Garry Allen



Postcard by Wolfgang Huber



Postcard by M. Anker



Postcard by Ray Johnson

Mr. Executive:

IS YOUR OFFICE LIFE A PARADISE OR A RAT RACE?



What goes on in your company?

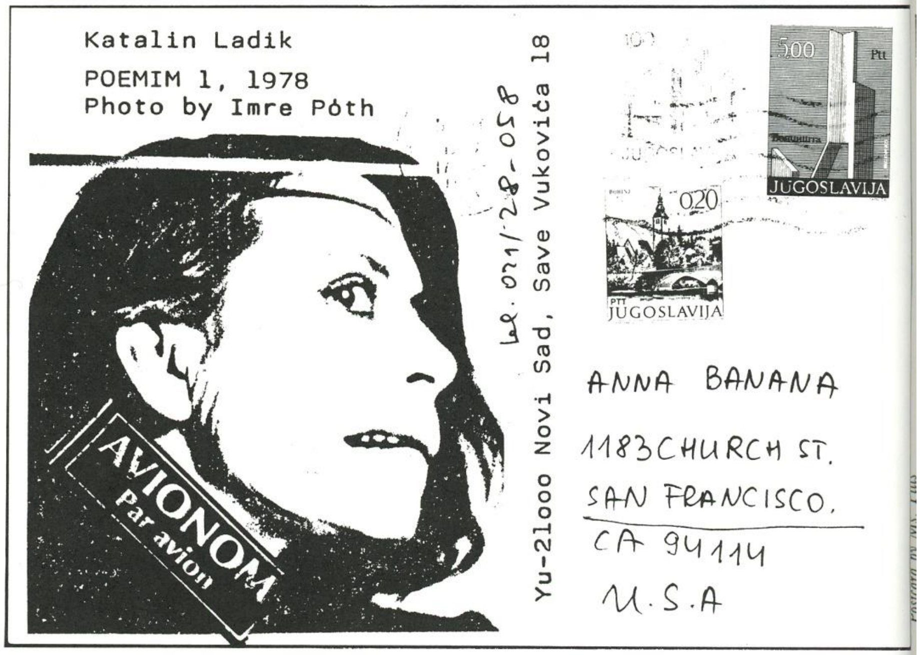
BIRDLAND
by Roy L. Walford

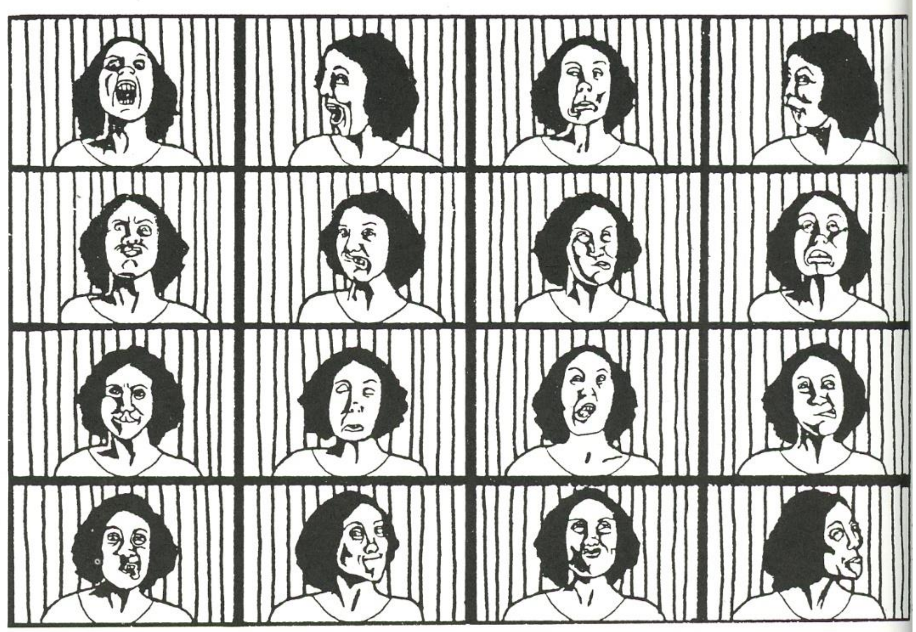
the bold bird
the bird with the blond and wicked eye
feathered his nest
and flew into the western sun-dappled
dominion
of the bold bird kings

all the watchers shrieked
as their high-flying king
spread his crest
and dazzled his beholders

they saw in that holy, blinding light
a mouse run up a rat's ass,
the rat run up a rabbit's ass,
the rabbit run up a dog's ass,
the dog run up a horse's ass,
the horse run up an elephant's ass,
and the elephant come

but they didn't understand - these watch-
ers -
that this is Birdland,
that here, when one comes, he comes for
dinner,
and when one goes, he goes for the jug-
ular vein.

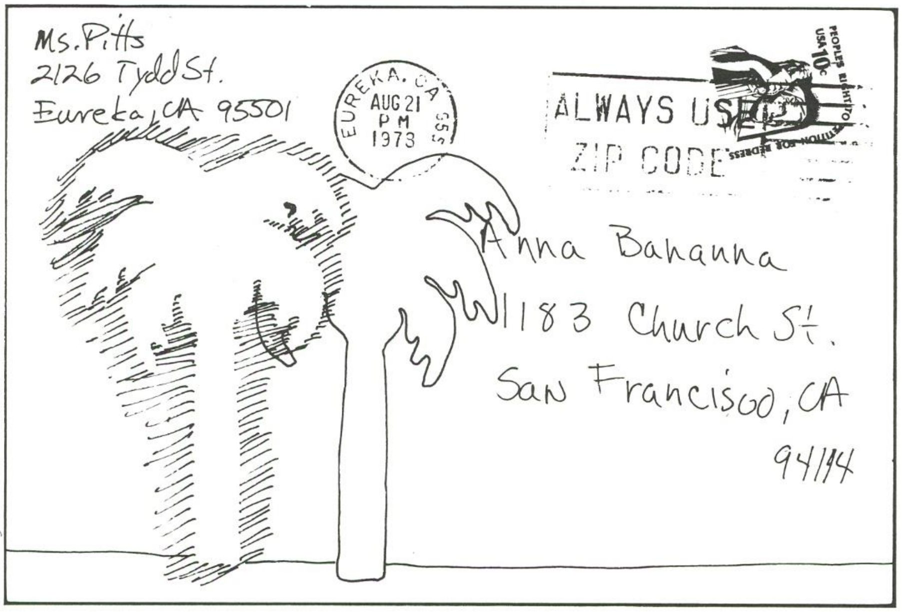




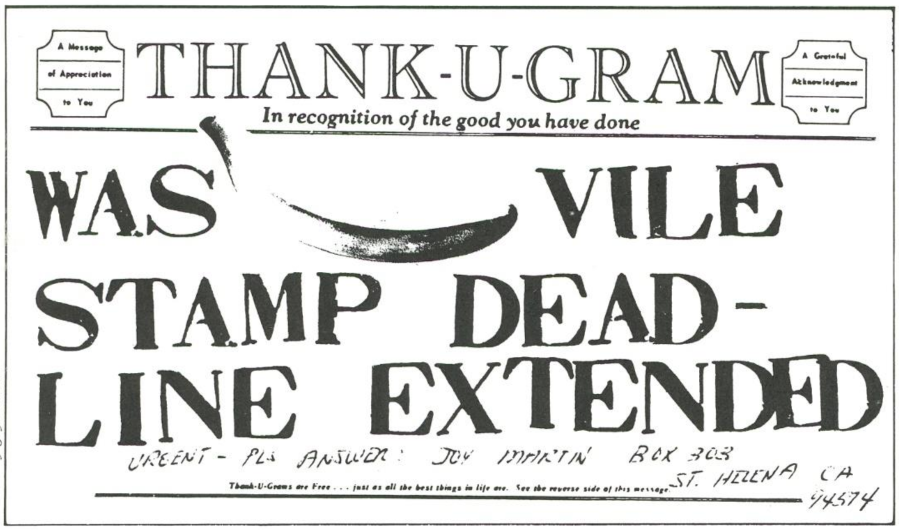




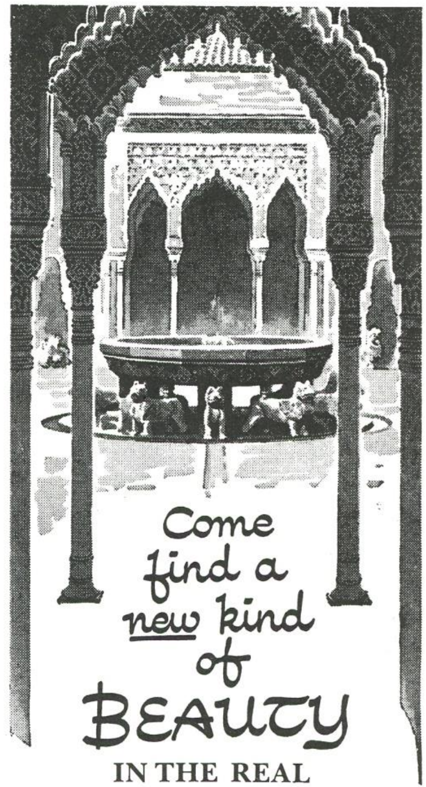




Postcard by Ms. Pitts



Postcard by Joy Martin



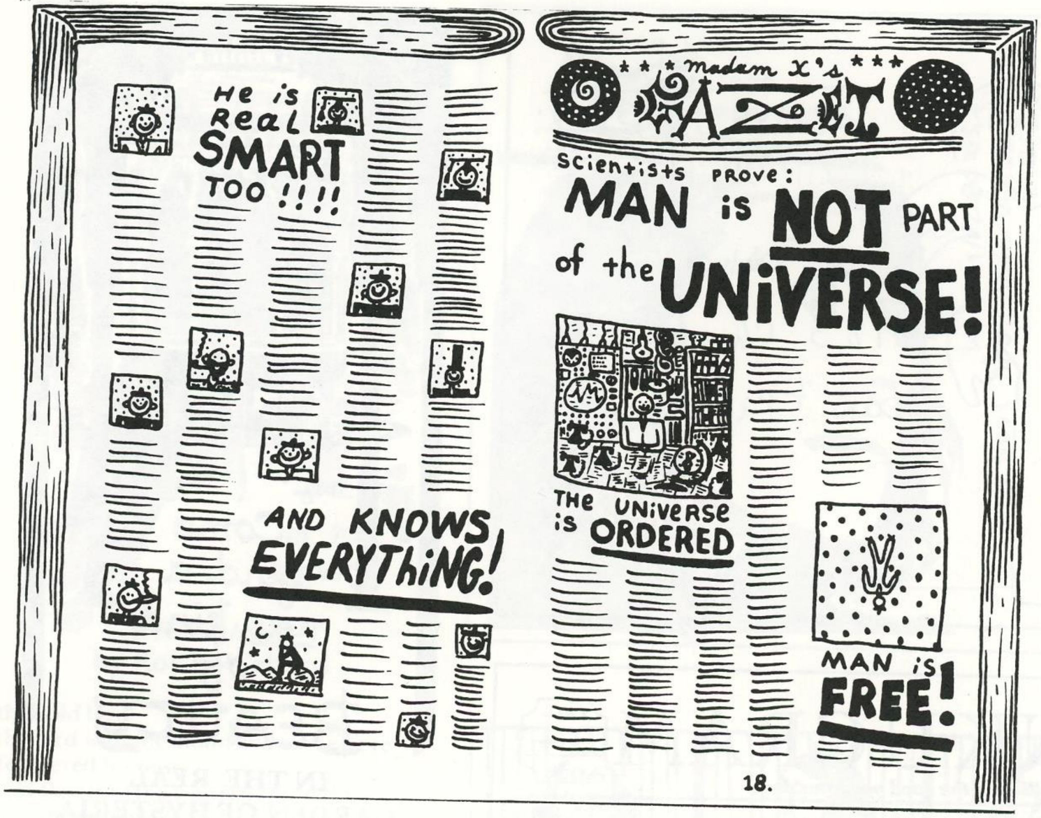
IN THE REAL GARDEN OF HYSTERIA

by John Nist

When "How will it play in Peoria?"
is the only object of the Government's
pains
to seek a change of venue,
poetry hops like imaginary toads
in the real garden of hysteria,
and flashes this naughty gem to the gods
of Catullus and his jeweling wit.:
– If shit
were brains,
they couldn't – Buy why continue?



Envelope by Al Blaster

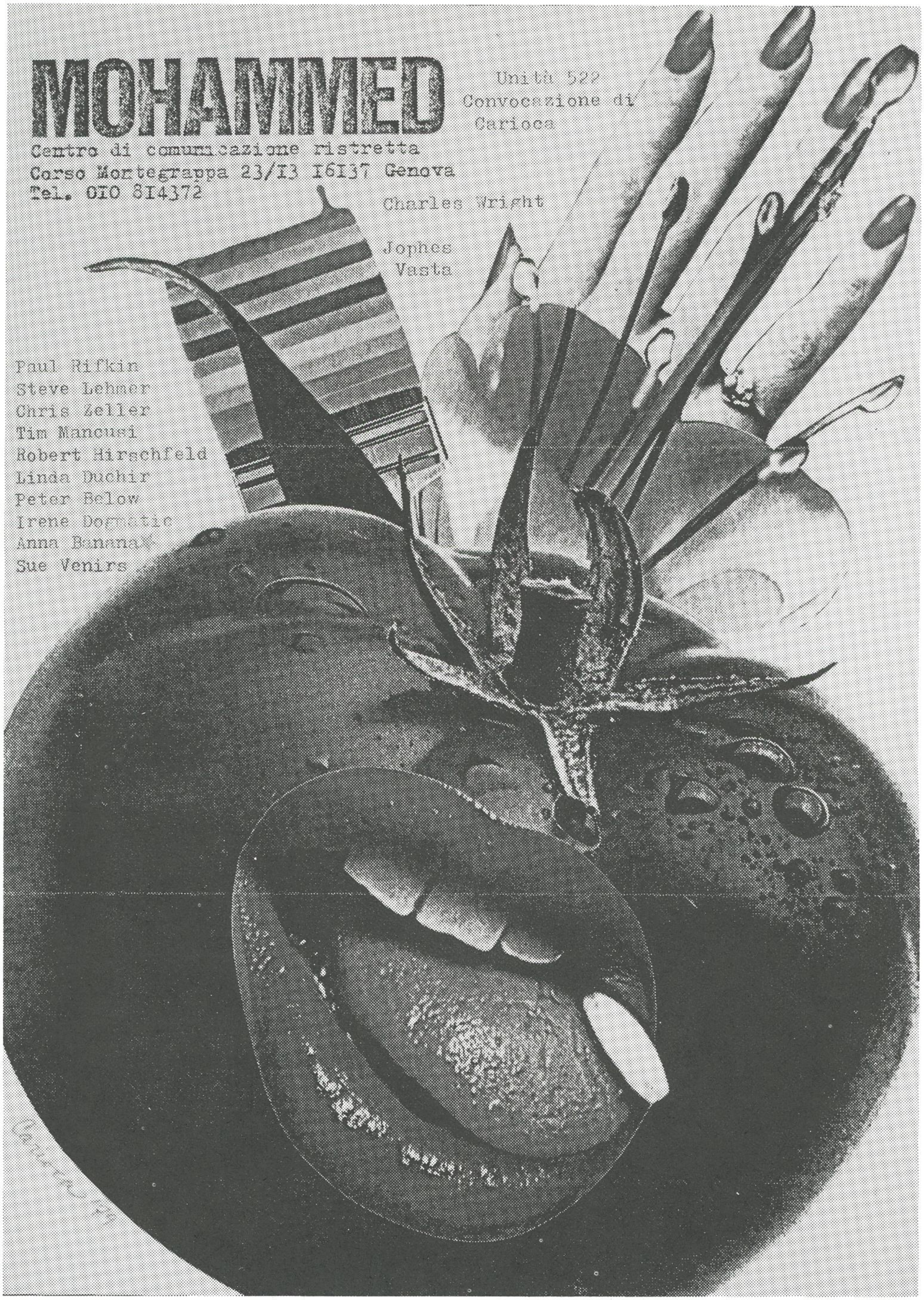








Madam X's Gazette by the mysterious Madam X.


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Convocazione di
Carioca
Charles Wright
Jophes
Vasta
Paul Rifkin
Steve Lehmer
Chris Zeller
Tim Mancusi
Robert Hirschfeld
Linda Duchir
Peter Below
Irene Dogmatic
Anna Banana
Sue Venirs

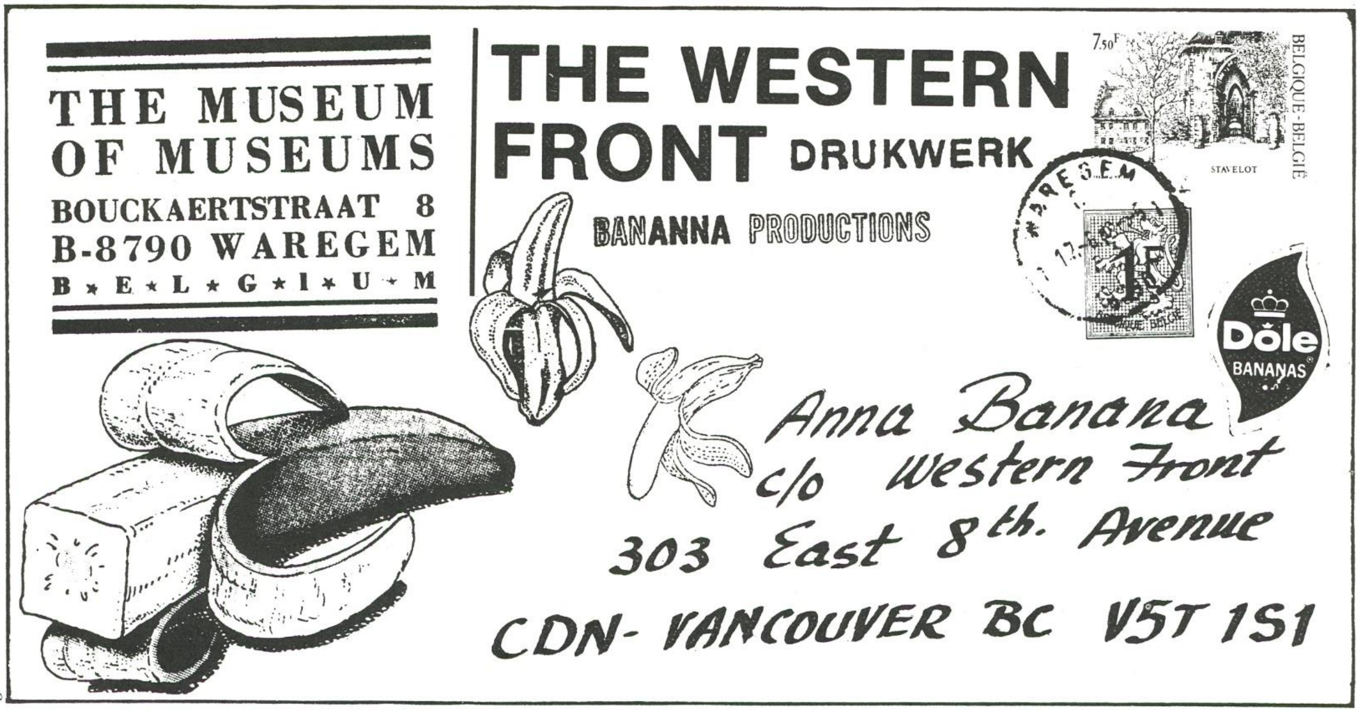
Carioca



Stamps by Gyorgy Galantai



Envelope by Terry Murphy



Johan van Geluwe

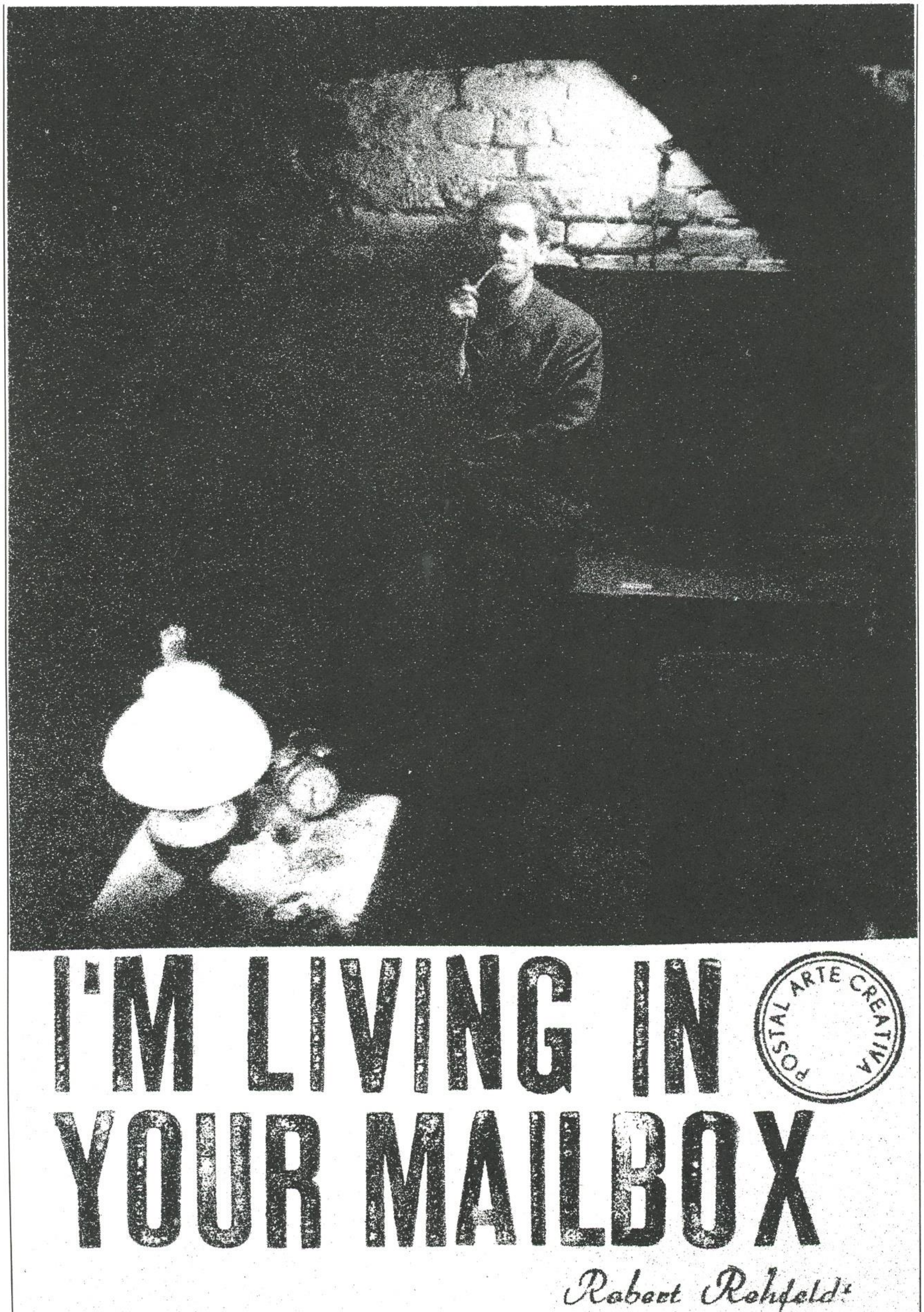


Postcard by Patricia Tavenner



Stamp postcard by Henryk Bzdok

ROBERT


I'M LIVING IN
YOUR MAILBOX
POSTAL ARTE CREATIVA
Robert Rehfeldt

REHFELDT

ACTIVITY of ROBERT REHFELDT/AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Born in Stargard/Poland, 1931. 1940-45 living in Austria. 1945 Berlin, have work as worker. Started studying art in 1948-53, HFBK Berlin, Charlottenburg. From the end of 1953 living in Berlin-Pankow, GDR, ARTWORKER.

WORKING IN:
Painting, graphic, objects, films, visual poetry, etc.

PARTICIPATION IN EXHIBITIONS, MAIL ART SHOWS, PUBLICATIONS and OTHER ART ACTIVITIES in:

1965 VI - Biennale De La Gravure, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia

1966 I - Biennale de la Gravure, Cracovie, Poland
1966 - Mostra Bianco E Nero a Lugano, Switzerland
1966 - Aussteluing Deutscher Holzschnitt, Baden-Baden, Germany.
1966 - Internationale Grafik-Kunstverein, Oldenburg, West Germany

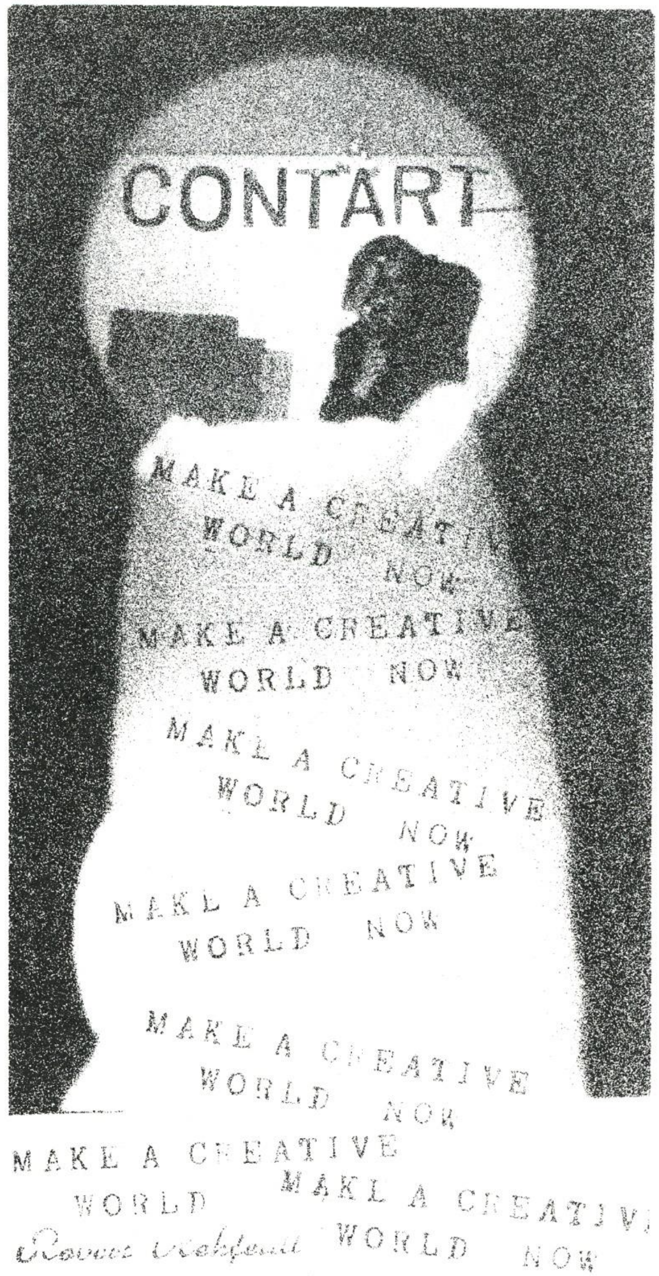
1967 I - Exposition Internationale de la Gravure Sur Bois, Banska-Bystrica, Czechoslovakia (CSSR)
1967 - Biennale de la Gravure a Ljubljana, Yugoslovakia

1968 I - Exposition Internationale de Dessins Originaux, Rijeka, Yugoslavia
1968 II - Biennale Internationale de la Gravure a Cracovie, (Krakow), Poland
1968 - The First British Print Biennale, Bradford, England
1968 I - Exposicao Internacionale de Gravura, FAAP, Sao Paulo, Brasil

1969 - Premi Internationale Dibux - Joan Miro, Barcelona, Spain

1970 - Exposition Internationale de la Gravure sur Bois, Banska, Bystrica
1970 II - Exposition Internationale de Dessins Originaux, Rijeka, Yugoslavia

1972 - First Norwegian Print Biennale, Fredrikstad, Norway
1975 - Premi Internacionale Dibux - Joan Miro, Barcelona, Spain
1972 III Exposition Internationale de Dessins Originaux, Rijeka, Yugoslavia
1972 II - Exposicao Internationale Nuello Dos Gravadores, Sao Paulo, Brazil
1972 I - International Print Exhibition, Gallery Bleu, Rizal, Philippines
1972 - Tercera Biennale Internationale del Grabado, Buenos Aires, Argentina
1972 - "Engagierte Kunst" Wien-Europahaus, Viena, Austria
1972 - Wystawa W Muzeum Narodowe W Wroclaw, (Collection Garztecka), Poland



1973 - Exposition Internationale de la Gravure Sur Bois "Xylon", Geneva, Switzerland

1974 I - Internationale "Info" Cracovie, Poland

1975 - Galeria Teatr Studio, Warszawa, Wystawa Ruth and Robert Rehfeldt, Poland

Participate in exhibitions: Canada, Sweden, USA, Netherland, Hungary and others.

CONTART



ART NOW IS THE HISTORY OF TOMORROW

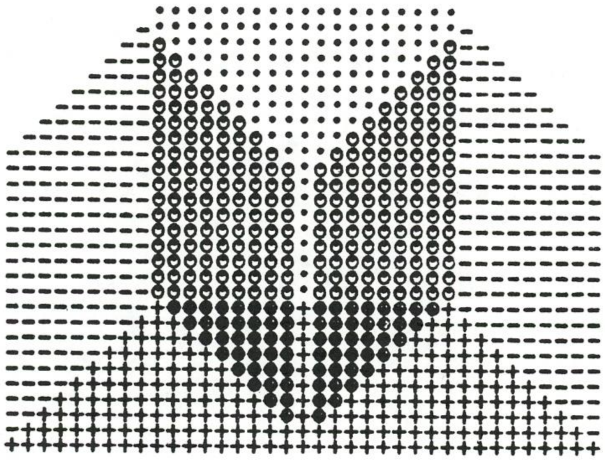
Robert Rehfeldt

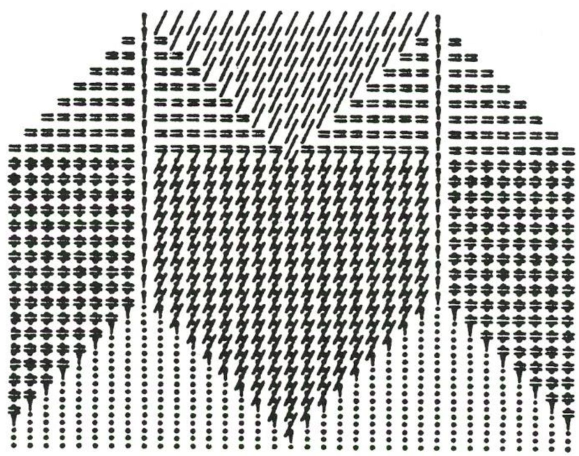

CONTART MAIL SHOW
WARSZAWA POLAND
1975

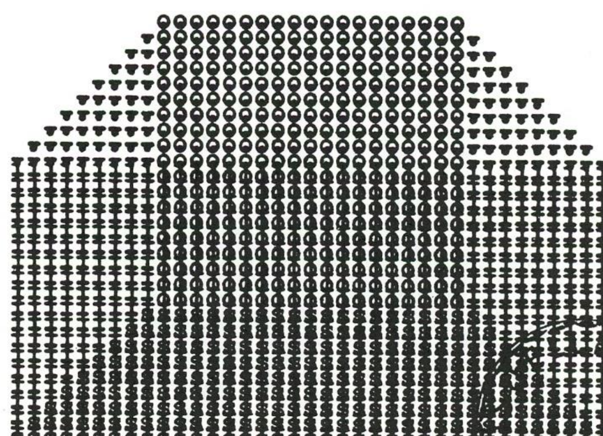

KUNST BLATT
ART LETTER
WAY TO YOU
HOMMAGE
8311
AVEC REMERCIEMENTS
DO NOT STOP


AANNAAAH
HAANNAA
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AANNNA A
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AANNA HANNANANA WO BIST DUUU
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NNANNAA HAANNA WOOOO BIII IST
DUUU HANNNAANNA BANANNNAA
HOMMAGE Á ANNA BANANNA-R-REHFELDT 78

RUTH WOLF







REHFELDT

Ruth Wolf-Rehfeldt, born in Wurzen (Saxony), 1932. Having left school, I became a clerk. Started studying philosophy in 1954 and painting in 1960. For some years I was working in the organization of exhibitions and in an information center. Free lance artist since 1971. Typewritings especially since the seventies.

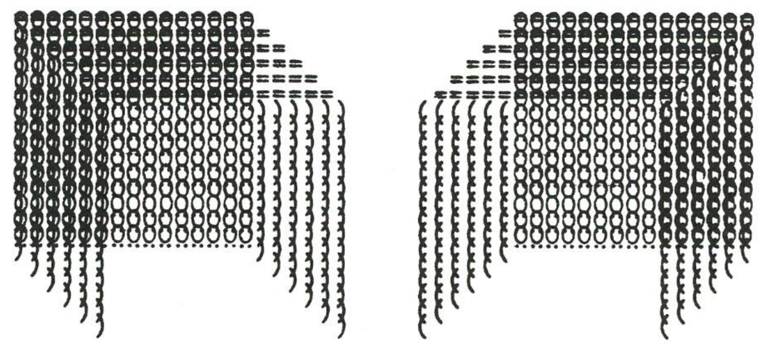
Exhibitions in Poland, Hungary and GDR. Pleinairs in Poland. Participation in exhibitions (especially mail art) f.i. in GDR, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Netherlands, UK, Spain, France, USA, Brazil, Argentina, Canada and Japan.

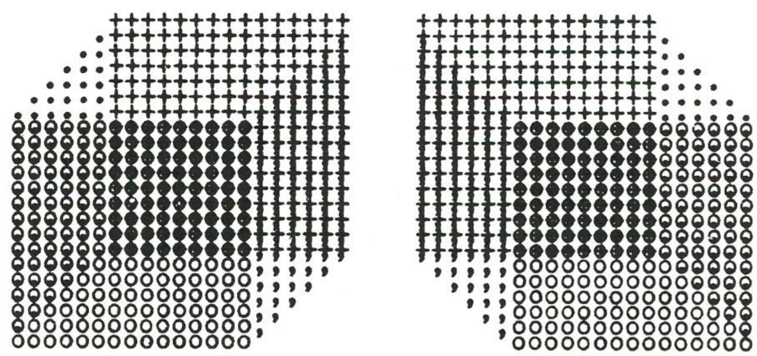
Published, among others in:
Kontrapunkt (Wrocław 1972)
Typewriter (Iowa 1975/6)
Typed Texts (London 1976)
Historische Anthologie Visuele Poezie, (Brussels 1976)
Poeticas Visuais (Sao Paulo 1977)
Doc(k)s (Marseille 1977)
Collagen, Montagen, Frottagen...(Leipzig 1978)
Westeast Avant Garden Party (Ljubljana 1978)
Negro Sobre Blanco (Madrid 1978)

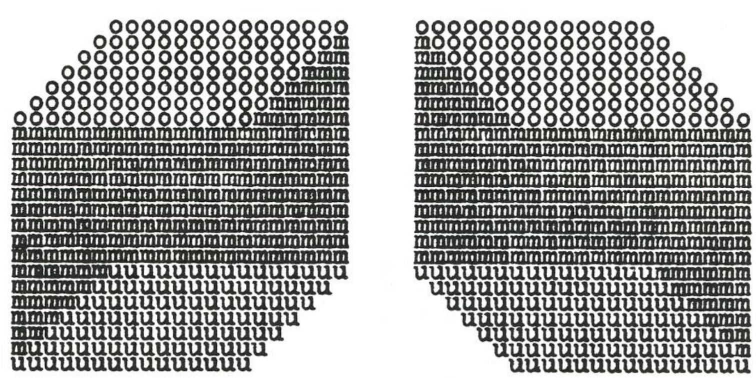
What drives me working is the want to get a view of life and to express myself and my views of life somehow. On the other hand, I want to learn about the imaginations and views of life of other people. And that's one of the reasons why I'm participating in mail-art activities. Naturally mail-art is not the one and only thing I did and do. I started studying philosophy because of my, so to say, epistemological intentions.

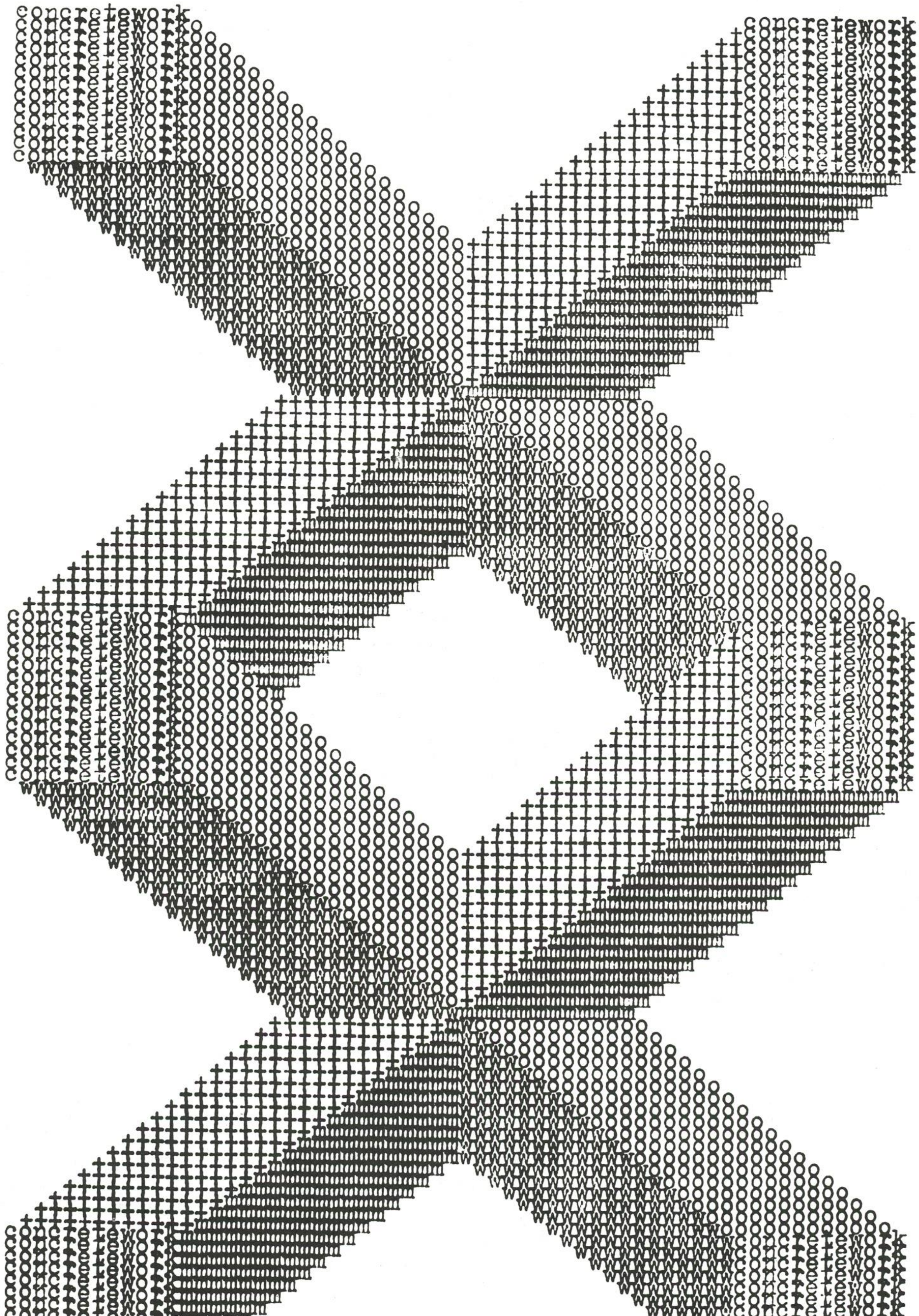
Then, discovering art to be the other side of philosophy - the subjective and more concrete side, somewhat nearer to practice - I started painting, drawing, collaging, writing and doing some kind of visual poetry. This corresponded to my psychic intentions and dispositions. Finally, I came to satisfy my communicative intentions by participating in mail art.

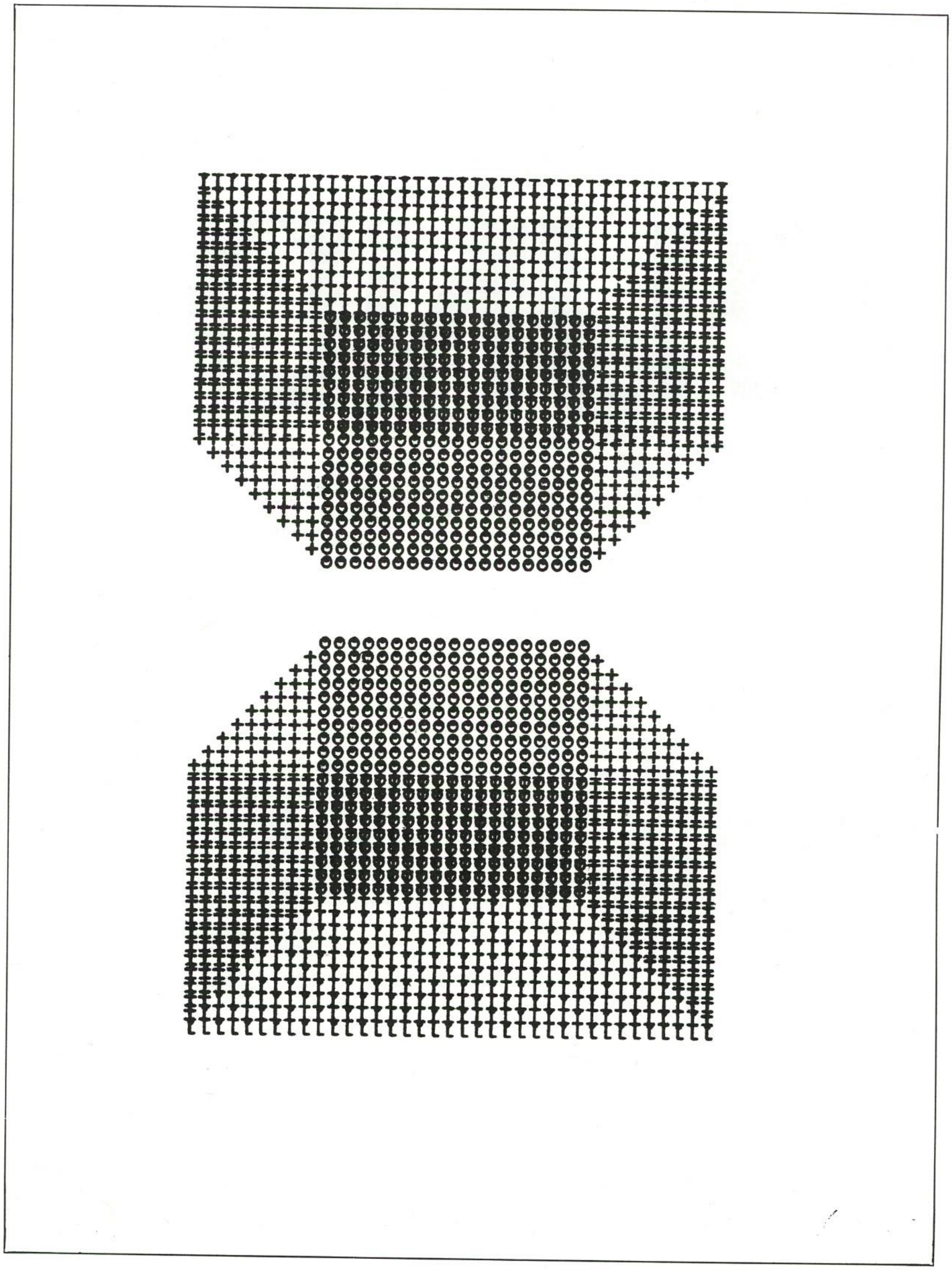
The main part of my mailings consist of typewritings, which I've done for about 10 years. - Why just typewritings?








concretework
concretework
concretework
concretework



Some of the reasons are:
This way of expressing myself seems to be adequate to a trend of our time. It's possible to work with "prefabricated" signs; signs of signs can be constructed/invented (SIGNS FICTION). The way of working is somehow mechanical. Serial moments suggest themselves. Fascinating to me is also the fact that the limits between language and graphical form are flowing and abstract concepts can be expressed as well as concrete figures-(concrete/concretion is a key word in my work signifying amongst others the monotony and inhumanity in modern architecture, against which I set the concept ARCHITECTURE).

And generally, the way of producing and mailing of typewritings is easy and open to everybody, being the democratic aspect of the matter. With my works, typewritings or not, I want to bring about what I call ATMOSPHERE, which I think to be the best atmosphere for human and humane life.

—**Berlin, 24/3/79**

FUTURIST SOUND

THE ADDRESS - LONDON DADA SERVICES
by Bernard Kelly

May I first congratulate ourselves on appearing here tonight. Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione are also here. Anna edits Vile magazine and Bill does. London Dada Services apologises for being a better host than ever, especially to tonight's event-ogramme. Both our guests from the Bay area have overcome a number of silly obstacles which were nonchalantly ignored by London Dada Services . . . ie. lack of film and slide projectors. These have been supplied by Whitechapel art gallery because art is important.

An enthusiastic society such as ours (ie. the UK) can hardly suffer any less from the beauty of this evening's. I speak from experience and joy. Mainly joy. If I opinionate, it is with tears in my ears. The matter is solved.

(Jump three times and drop a tomato)

Realizing the exactitude of sorrow and the bananas of the Americas, it is my duty to deliver this forlorn but jolly address. I have to commend to you extraordinary individuals all the pulsations of chillblains so that in your desires you will applaud you own genius on attending *'Futurist Sound'*.

(Take off left shoe and sneeze thrice)

It will not be necessary of me to introduce you to the meaning of Futurism. This art movement of the childhood of the century gave the world one of its first moments of truth and managed, thereby, to frighten many out of their wits (altogether). Marinetti's manifesto of 1909 in *Le Figaro*, launched the Futurist movement on a dull and torpid public. Only the workers took to Futurism with enthusiasm. They understood their factories. Hitherto art - that 'hysteria in the studio' - had relinquished all say in human affäirs and was rudely shaken out of its ivory tower by the claim that 'a roaring car . . is more beautiful than the *'Victory of Samothrace'*.' Whilst all genuine dadaists (even the UK ones) see the stupidity of such a thing as the car, they also see the absurdity of worshiping chunks of carved marble.

For the poets of the day, lest they felt left out of it, the ingenious Marinetti and his team of blaring publicists (UK branch led by Wyndham Lewis for a few weeks) produced the concept and practice of 'words in freedom' - a sufficiently ghastly and wonderful liberation of the word to cause consternation throughout the ranks of the weedy poets of Europe (Rilke had been spending his years of patronage by decadent central-European countesses confusing their money and mansions with a sort of angel that inspired him!). The art worshippers of the day were left with nothing but a crumpled relique of pretentious scantity to honour. As we all know the bourgeois, even to this day, weep and squirm over beautiful expression.

Tonight a little of that Futurist achievement is to be reenacted by Anna Bannana and Bill Gaglione.

(Expected ovation here)

Before I finish I have one request to make of you here tonight and that is everything. Do not hesitate.

ANTI-ODE TO ENGLAND
by Bernadox Jay Kelli

did you know breakfast
was invented by the English
to make them sick with pride
existentialism gives you cancer
rice crispies give you existentialism
that British crisp
- a fudged inexcellence -
parades to the daft parameters of
serialism;
don a precise church steeple
smeared with the electronics of Dutch
marmalade
I'm a Turk



Photo by Piotr Rypson, Warszawa



Photo by Maria Sjoberg, Lund

INTRODUCTION

Futurist Sound was a mail-art tour of Europe. Most of the twenty-nine performance dates were arranged by artists and artist-run spaces that I'd been corresponding with for several years. In January '78, I began planning a trip around a project, *Special Delivery International,* in which I would deliver, in costume and roller-skates, good will letters from San Francisco's Mayor Moscone, to the mayors of the cities I planned to visit.

I spent the first three months of '78 trying to get Mayor Moscone's participation in this project. Even though one of my sixteen letters of reference (mainly from the media) was from Alderman Harvey Milk,[1] my efforts to get the Mayor to participate were to no avail.

By mid-April I gave up on that idea, and asked Bill Gaglione if he would like to travel with me, to do performances of the Futurist theater pieces we had recently recorded on the Audio Player's first tape, *Futurist Octet.* He was delighted with the prospect, so I began work on getting some dates set-up. I started with a map of Europe, pin-pointing the locations of all the people on the mail-art network that we wanted to visit; then figured out a route that would get us to as many of them as possible with the least amount of back-tracking. From this route, I drew up an approximate schedule of dates and via the mails began the process of negotiating actual dates and locations.

Before we left San Francisco, I had sixteen dates confirmed and our travel schedule outlined for the whole 3½ months of our stay. After we started performing, an additional twelve dates were arranged; six through mail-art friends and the others through friends of the galleries where we had already performed.

Initially, we had no plan to go to Sweden, and expected to spend late November in southern Italy. However, paying invitations came in from Sweden, while our southern Italian contacts gave no indication of being able to arrange anything for us until we were in Parma. By that time, the dates in Sweden were confirmed, so we went north rather than south from Parma.

Having never travelled extensively, I thought doing a show every 4-5 days in a different city was a reasonable schedule. Not long into it, I realized what a test of endurance we had undertaken, but there was no stopping then. We wanted to meet all these people we'd been writing to for years, and they had gone out of their way to arrange places for us to perform and had publicized our work. Further, when we arrived, they met us at the train, put us up in their homes and fed us. They were expecting us and we weren't going to let them down, so we completed the tour inspite of minor illness, major fatigue and strained personal relations.

It was a fantastic adventure and a wonderful experience meeting all these people I'd known previously only through their mail. To travel so far and be welcomed so warmly made the trip a real high point in my life, and confirmed for me the meaning and the value of the mail-art network. What follows are excerpts from the journals I kept as the tour progressed

EXCERPTS: TOUR JOURNAL

LONDON Sept. 7 - 16. We spent the week meeting correspondents, Bernard Kelly of the London Dada Services, Genesis P. Orridge of Throbbing Gristle, trying to contact others, and hustling up projection equipment for our show on Friday the 15th at the Enterprise Pub. That involved going to various galleries and art agencies and explaining our cause. Acme Gallery - Johnathan Harvey was helpful in giving his and the Gallery's names as references. It would have been a good spot to do a show. Through this contact I got a Super 8 projector from the Arts Council, and had the displeasure of lugging it through the tube before finding out it was useless. Fortunately, I had the assistance of Andrew Nicholson at the London Film Coop, and he had sufficient experience in such matters to disengage my film from the mangling clutches of the machine before it did too much damage.

Through Pauline Smith who put us up during our stay in London, I got the loan of a slide projector from the Air Gallery. Had to put a 25 pound deposit on it, but it worked. Also from these references I got a beautiful 16 mm projector from White Chapel Gallery sans deposit of any kind. It was a heavy SOB. We spent Friday collecting these projectors and doing last minute correspondence and packing. I was really tired and close to hysteria.

Going to the pub was as much of a performance as what we did there. We had found a roll-end of white seamless photographer's back drop and decided to take it to do projections on. It was about 10 feet long so we couldn't take a cab. Bill carried the 16 mm projector and props in a back pack. I carried the slide projector and slides, reels, wires, etc in my back pack, and Pauline carried the 10 ft. roll of paper plus an Adolph Hitler banner wrapped in a black garbage bag and my banana bag with assorted show materials. In my fatigued state I found it extremely amusing and started laughing almost uncontrollably each time we got on and off a train. What a spectacle.

When we got to the pub, an hour later than planned, we were greeted by some of Bernard's cohorts who had hung the entire room with banners with newspaper headlines and arranged the chairs and tables in a peculiar fashion, not facing the stage. Before the activities began one of the London Dada Services crew (I'll call him the "Horn man") arrived, and we could hear him downstairs yelling through a loud-hailer horn as he came up, protesting that he had been banned from "the meeting" by Bernard. He wore a military hat, shirt and boots, and we weren't sure if he was part of the show or a real protestor.

Bernard began "the meeting" by announcing "the man from Rothman"...confusion and talk. James Haliday got up and did some readings, then the man from Rothmans got up and expounded on the virtues of smoking and enjoying one's life rather than trying to extend life by not smoking, and not enjoying it. He went on and on and people in the audience heckled and made loud remarks.

Then Bernard read a prepared introduction of us [1] and we proceeded into our performance. After Bill's speech as The Deputy in *States of Mind* the Horn Man jumped up, yelling about decadent bougeois trash and how he wasn't going to sit there and listen to any more of it...stomping and yelling his way out of the room. At that, Pauline unfurled her Hitler banner and waved it about, but we continued with the piece and completed it better than I would have imagined possible.

After that we continued without interruption through the rest of our pieces. Bill in his enthusiasm as The Wrestler knocked down the projection screen, so when we finished the Futurist material we had to take a break to rehang the screen. The Horn man returned and took the opportunity to spout and the Rothmans man kept standing up and calling the chairman to "bring the meeting to order...this isn't on the agenda,"etc. etc.

All through the projections there was a constant barrage of heckling which *really* picked up when the slide projector jammed ⅔ of the way through the 3rd tray. The film went without incident, then I went back on stage to read a piece from a banana book brought by Andrew and give the pitch for Bananology Degrees.

The London Dada Services continued the program with a "musical interlude", as dada as all their other entrees. James Haliday on guitar, blond guy on balalika, Bernard on recorder and a woman on cello. They played several "selections" with Bernard and the blond guy falling off their chairs at different times, James drooping over so that his nose sat on the side of his guitar. All were very non-musical except for the woman. The heckling and audience commentary continued throughout. Toby Lurrie, a sound poet from SF, stood with his friends and said "Encore, Apple core, Banana core, drum & bugle core," then sat.

After that there was more mock-political spouting from the Horn man, then James read a long dada manifesto with the usual interruptions and commentary from the audience, the Rothmans man interjecting "Is this on the program?"and the Horn man tearing down the posters and stuffing them into his napsack. After it was all over, nobody seemed to want to leave. A few people came for their degrees, including Paul Carter, a correspondent who had come down from East Leigh and Henry Noitou who came over from Paris for our show.

Sept. 16 Bus to Ramshead, Hovercraft to Calais, Bus to Brussels, train to Gent then Waregem where we were to stay with Johan van Geluwe. Couldn't get his number from information in Brussels due to language, so arrived unannounced in Waregem, Belgium about 11:45 pm. Got instructions from a passerby, and walked to his house. No lights. We knocked, appologetically. An older woman pulled backed the curtains and opened the window. I asked for Johan and she said he was sleeping, but they were expecting us, so she came down, let us in, woke Johan and gave us some food before we all retired about 1:30 a.m.

Sept. 17, Johan showed us his study/workroom upstairs, while he put a selection of his fantastic rubber-stamp collection in Bill's book. He has over 500 stamps, some his own designs, some ready-mades and official stamps from Waregem and some original Nazi stamps. His whole thing is Re-Cycle Art, and claims he stamps and sends on everything he gets. In spite of this policy the studio, the size of the downstairs living and dining rooms combined, is piled high with publications and papers. He began mailing about 7 years ago, getting into it through contact with Peter Van Beveren. Before that he did not paint, sculpt or do any of the more traditional art forms.

Then we went to de Hoop (Hope) Pub to set-up for the show, visited friends, went to an opening in the next town, then back to Johan's home where his mother had prepared a delicious meal before our evening show. De Hoop was packed and noisy. Everyone smokes like fury and the smoke was really OD. Johan helped with the slide and film set-up, then I began with them and commentary. Next Bill with his DADA sound pieces and so onto the Futurist Sound which came off without a hitch. When we finished the place was VERY quiet and it took quite some time to revive. I had lots of requests for Degrees and spent the better part of an hour filling them out.

Mon. Sept. 18, Train to Gent then Aalst to meet Roger D'Hondt who gave us lunch at his home before driving us in to Brussels to see the Beursschouwberg Theatre where we will perform Oct. 8 as part of the festival he is organizing. The theatre is a classic, with large stage, house and balcony seat 350. Quite a difference from the previous night's tiny stage in de Hoop! Off to the train with one of the men working at the theatre who lives in Antwerp, where we were scheduled to perform next.

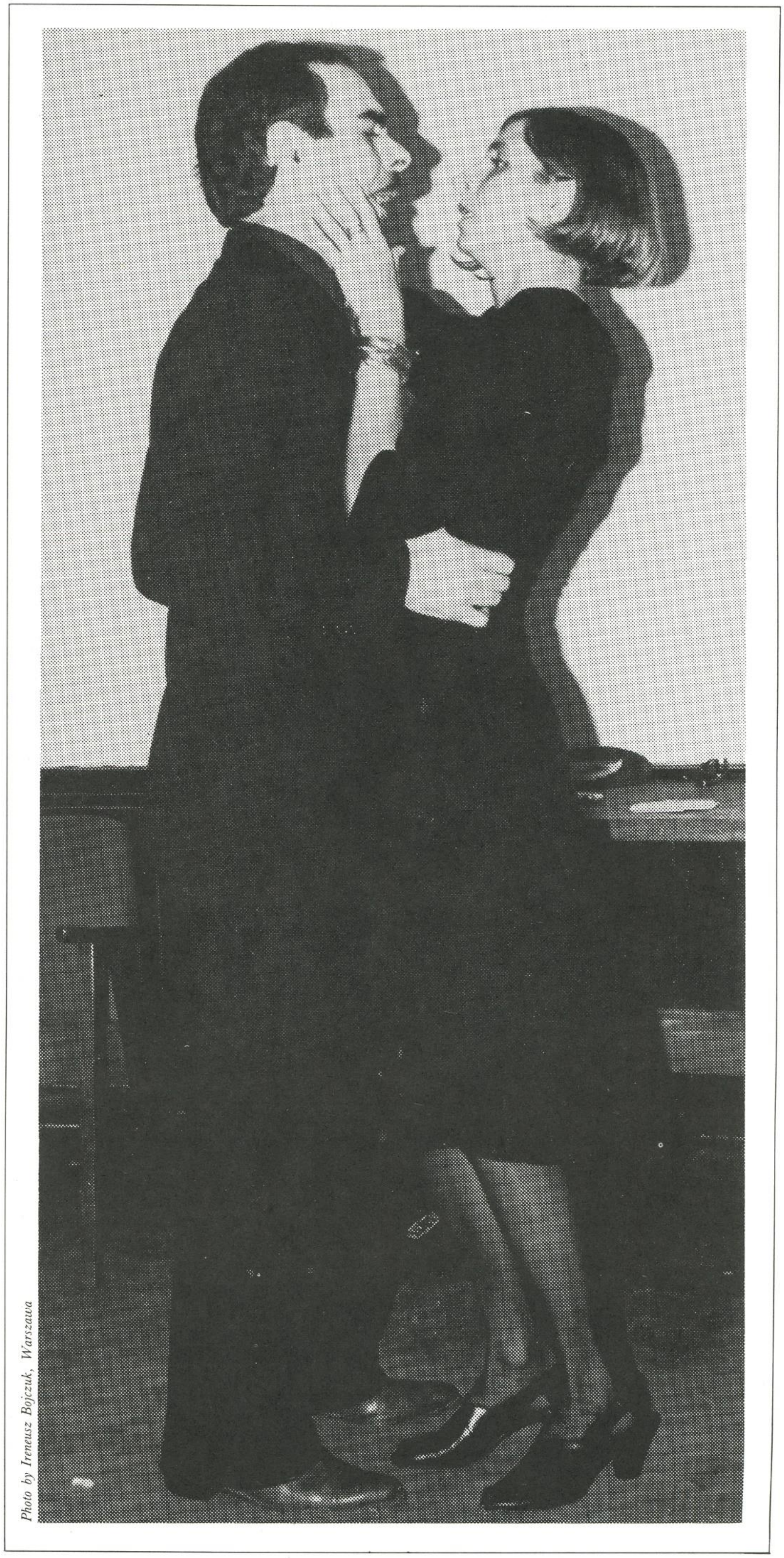


Photo by Ireneusz Bojczuk, Warszawa

Tues. Sept. 19. Awoke with two swollen eyes and feeling very peculiar. Went to ICC to find it located in a former palacial home of Napolean, and two kings in following centuries. The performance room was complete with gold leif ceilings and wall decorations, chandelliers and mirrored doors that appeared to be 15 feet high. The last event in that room was a chamber orchestra that performed for the Queen of Belgium.

They have equipment and help up the ass! Moved the grand piano off the platform, set up two slide, a 16 and super 8 projector, 2 giant screens to project on, and rearranged the seating in the room to accommodate it.

The audience for our performance that night was very small, as we had been warned it would be by the gallery staff...who were very helpful. Guy and Anne Schraenen, Fleuri, the director, Glenn & ladyfriend, Jean-Paul and three or four other staff, an old couple 70 + who thought us crazy and a woman with long red hair. That's all in a hall large enough to seat 150!

Wed. Sept. 20, train to Maastricht via Amsterdam. Theo Van der Aa of Agora Studio met us at the train and took us to our hotel, a few doors down the street from the Gallery. Tea and cakes, then later, a beautiful home-cooked meal with lots of talk, show and tell.

Thurs. Sept. 21. An interview with a reporter from a local paper and preparations for our performance that night. Supper was another masterpiece prepared by Ghere, Theo's room mate. About 8:20 the audience started to arrive. Ghere made a giant pot of tea for them while we got ready. The audience about 25 - 30 people felt warm and receptive, so I relaxed and felt a good response. English is well understood and spoken here so this makes things easier for us.

Fri. Sept. 22, checked out of the hotel and took our stuff down to Agora. Rod Summers and Elizabeth came by and we did some limited editions using a large stamp pad, the soles of our shoes, and some beautiful rag paper that Ghere produced. Then over to Rod and Elizabeth's for a visit. He's British, but been living in Holland for 5 - 7 years. Came over with encouragement from Raul Marroquin, got into the local art school for a 3 year study term in mixed media, for which I believe, he was subsidized. He writes lyrics for pop music and has had a number of them produced by an international recording company in Holland.

His latest project[2] is environmental - photo and sound recordings in three different locations over a 24 hour period, to be repeated in 25 years. The first installment is to be shown in the historical museum in Maastricht this fall.

Back at Agora we phoned Koln and decided, without sufficient discussion, to get the 7 pm train. Due to a time change between Germany & Holland it arrived in Koln at 8 pm, where Wulle said he would meet us and take us to an Albrecht D concert. Once on the train, we got into a discussion of our decision and started wishing we'd stayed for the supper Theo had begun to prepare, and got the later train.

Wulle and his friend Gerda met us at the train and drove us to the Albrecht D performance of experimental music on a couple of instruments of his own design and construction. It was interesting, but we found ourselves REALLY thinking about the delicious dinner Theo was preparing, resolving if, in future, we had to choose between art and food, we'd take food!

The instrument Albrecht mainly played on was a large stringed thing with bridges like a violin. It lay across two chairs and he struck, plucked and bowed it and cymbol-like devices hanging on stands from it. Angelika Schmidt accompanied him on a simpler instrument throughout. He also played some big bamboo flutes into which at one point he inserted reed mouth pieces for very different effects. This took place in the Beginner Studio, and Walter Zimmerman recorded everthing. The audience sat around on chairs or on cushions on the floor, and there were probably 25 to 30 present.

Sat. Sept. 23, we got to sleep late as Wulle teaches until 2 pm. When he returned we went over to Baack'cher Kunstraum to set up our props, slides, projectors etc. Things went smoothly and by 7 pm we went out to dinner with Wulle, Gerda, Anita Baack (gallery director), Dieter and his wife. Anita spoke of phoning various contacts in Berlin to see if something couldn't be set up for our visit there. She also spoke of her role in the gallery; resisting pressure from artists to make it strictly a women's gallery, of the role of her feelings, intuition in selecting artists and works to show.

Back at the gallery we got changed and she made a big pot of tea, a la Agora, and the guests began to arrive. We met Hans Holm (one of our correspondents) and his wife Anne. He gave Bill 10 marks to send a copy of Fe-Mail Art. The performance went well, except for a last minute realization that we had forgotten to get together some sound effects items for *Colors.* Out for drinks then midnight snacks and discussions at Wulle's place.

Sun. Sept 24, A walking tour of Koln, out for dinner then back to Wulle's for a showing of his slide documentation of the 100 day art festival at Ubbeboda Sweden held two years ago by Yoshio Nakajima. Solarized/colorized B & W slides, beautiful in themselves as well as documentation on the activities. Then one set of natural colored ones of the "art garden" and a set of B & W ones from a presentation of *Adam & Eve* at the New Reform Gallery in Aalst a year later, After the slides we looked at some of Wulles books, all limited editions xeroxed and variously bound. These were most interesting, especially one in which I had work that I'd sent to him as Gebhard Eirich about 2 years ago. It was the first time I connected this person Wulle with that person Gebhard that I'd written in Koln.

Mon. Sept. train to Amsterdam where we arrived without fanfare. Got Hattie (our connection with our place to stay) on the phone to hear that someone else was occupying Michael Gibb's apartment. The guy came back and moved out not long after we arrived, so we settled into our new quarters for a 10 day break in the travel schedule.

Tues. Sept. 26, visited Ulissed Carrion at Other Books and So to find him as warm, open, personable as all the reports we'd heard, and the bookstore the mindboggler reported. Then over to see Aart van Barneveld at Stempelplaats to deliver our rubber stamp works and catalogue for our show there in November. He too very warm and open. He has a great job organizing rubber-stamp shows and doing a cataolgue for each, at the expense of the big rubber stamp manufacturing firm in whose building the gallery is housed. Downstairs is a rubber stamp workshop and museum of old stamps, upstairs the gallery. He gave us copies of the catalogue from the big show he just did of stamps designed by artists, along with the stamps they made from our designs.

Out to Video-Heads for a showing of Raul Marroquin's newest tape. They told us come at 7:30, we didn't get there until 8:30 and Raul's tape didn't go on until 9:30. In the meantime, three monitors were going, including a large advent, showing a fashion show extravaganza cut with Bambi and Chaplin's Modern Times. The environment was very comfortable, floor lined with 6" foam covered with black corduroy with inclining slabs to rest against, so I didn't mind the wait. The place was warm also, something you don't find too often in these chilly parts without central heating, inhabited by fresh air freaks who have windows wide open even when the temp. is down.

The sound track on Raul's tape, recorded seperately from the video, was not always clear, which made the acting look worse than it was. People weren't actually speaking their lines so it didn't look like they were saying what we were hearing, and often there was no sound when their lips were moving or vice versa. The acted part was cut with scenes from an old western, stationary art work and handwritten notes announcing scene changes or plot progressions, plus color commercials from American TV.

Our performance Sept. 29 at Other Books and So was packed and well received. We kept busy the 10 days we had in Amsterdam, visiting, designing stamps for a book Aart was doing, and me doing a lot of correspondance to arrange further performance dates.

Thurs. Oct. 5, train to Rotterdam. Eventually found Cees Franke by having him paged, then went to Verster Gallery to meet the director, Mr. Oosterhoff and see the space where we were to perform. Bigger than most of the small galleries we've done, and up on the fourth floor. We spent the evening at Cee's place making collaborative postcards and looking at books he's made. He had his first Armpit Mail-art show in large plastic display pages, nice presentation.

Oct. 6, down to the gallery to set up props and films, then off to the public art museum to see a big retrospective show of

Max Klinger. Next our favorite, a 2nd hand bookstore where we spent over an hour. That evening there was an opening on the 2nd and 3rd floors of the Venster, with liquor flowing freely, so lots of people came upstairs for our show. Lost 10 or 15 during the Bananology documentation, but still had 65 - 70 for the Futurist Sound performance. After that there was a good demand for Degrees, in spite of the film having jammed in the projector and people leaving. Out for drinks after, and met Woody van Amen, another correspondent.

Sat. Oct. 7, 12:30 p.m. train to Brussels then straight to Theatre Beursschouwburg to drop off props and get things organized for the evening performance. Then Roger D'Hondt & Johan Wombach walked us over to our hotel. On the way back to the theatre we took the subway to see a performance set up in the subway tunnel...lights, clown-white faces, lady up on ladder waving. The whole thing set up like a camp with maybe a dozen performers. Lots of colored spot lights. Good use of public space. They were there from 5 a.m. till midnight as part of the festival.

Show at 9 p.m. The balcony of the theatre was closed for use of projection equipment and video cameras, but the downstairs was mostly filled, 150 - 200 people. Best crowd we've played to in the most comfortable set-up for us and them. The projections went well using automatic timers on slides with the film finishing maybe 2 minutes before the slides. Did a commentary using microphone, then intro.

Got laughs from the audience even though the majority of Belgians don't speak English. Bill's two DADA pieces were well received, then into the Futurist material which got laughs, cat-calls and assorted ridiculous responses. We loved it. First time the audience has been large and removed enough for them to be spontaneous in their responses. The intimate situations are good but don't give sufficient distance or anonymity for that sort of reaction...unless you're part of the London Dada Services...which unfortunately, most of our audiences weren't.

The evening's program was well structured for us, beginning with a serious, intense performance by a Japanese artist. Next we come on, as comic relief, and felt appreciated for it. The third entree was one of those serious, non-verbal efforts that goes on forever and leaves me feeling like someone put something over on me. Three women, one man. Multi bags of long grass that slowly gets spread around the stage. They put up two fences that form squares. One woman lies face down in one of these. They cover her with grass and fill the square. A second woman lies face down in the second square and they cover her and fill the box. Then they take away the fences and the grass stays piled in two squares. Lights out. Man, with boards nailed to his wooden shoes, climbs a metal ladder to a metal platform way above the stage. He clomps a lot then clomps around up there on the platform. The women in the grass make noises. he calls back. No words. This goes on for a while...clomping, wailings. Eventually, he removes his shoes and comes down the ladder, silently. The lights stay out, ad infinitum. Audience gets restless and makes noises. Roger asks me aside and I say I want to see the finale, having stood patiently an hour and a half while all this went on. he says there is no finale, they stay silent and dark until everyone leaves. AH! REAL performance art.

Sun. Oct. 8, 10 a.m., Buky Ginsberg comes by our hotel with his car and we are off for Amsterdam. Buky complains about how his events and works are misrepresented by journalists. I point out how inaccessible he is, and that when you work in the public domain, you either issue press releases or grant interviews in order to present your view of your work. Otherwise you really can't complain about what the journalists say.

Amsterdam. We get a train to Groningen with a transfer to Oldenberg, scheduled to arrive at 7 p.m. Apparently at Ywolle or perhaps Meppel, the train splits and one half goes to Groningen, the other to Leeuwarden in NW Holland. Guess which half we were on? Because we were travelling with Eurail passes, we had no stubs indicating our destination, so were not notified of the split. Tried to call Klaus from the station in Leeuwarden to say we'd be late, but they have no information service on the phones there on Sundays!

Explained our plight to a man in the station who kindly took me into the office and there got a call through to Klaus to explain what happened, when we would arrive. Then a bus to Leer on the German border, and a train to Oldenburg where Klaus met us at 11 p.m., 1½ hrs. later than our second scheduled arrival. On route we went through one of our funnier scenerios of the trip. We were in the train station, saw our train come in, but it was across the tracks from us. I was sick, tired and afraid we would miss it. We wanted to cross the tracks but they insisted we go under the tunnel. Running through the tunnel one of our bags came open spilling the contents. Frantic regrouping of that stuff, getting it back into the bag, and scrambling up stairs and onto the train, amazed that we didn't miss it. It then sat there for 20 minutes while we cooled off and laughed hysterically at what a foolish spectacle we made of ourselves.

Mon. Oct. 9 we went to visit Mr. Neiman at the State Theatre regarding our doing the show there. Klaus Groh had already proposed it, and this was the meeting to negotiate the details. The meeting was a classic, as was the theatre...but our performance was to be in the new wing in a small theatre seating about 100. Mr.Neiman was a fast-talking, nervous, elderly German, and he took us through the buildings to see the old and new theatres then back to his office for a conference with the technical manager Herr Poleti, which was abruptly ended so he could keep his next appointment.

Mr. Poleti took us briskly (in spite of a prosthetic leg) downstairs to his office to get details for the program. Translating the titles of Futurist works into German was quite amusing, but the Bananology was downright funny. Poleti speaks very little English so it was like a tennis game between him, Klaus and us. This and the technical details accomplished, he showed us out, all with great speed of movement and speech that was loud and expressive.

Wed. Oct. 11, train from Oldenberg to Berlin with stop in Hannover. Got the first stamps in our passports going through E. Germany. Mike Steiner met us at the station in Berlin and drove us by the Gallery so we could see the space. Very small, mostly used for video productions. Then to hotel, wash up and out for dinner at an old artists bar with a Dieter Rot painting on the back wall, classical music playing. Drinks after in a crowded, fashionable, smokey artist bar where I got stuck in a corner between Mike's lady friend, warm and friendly but speaks little English, and a cigar-smoking lady film maker who spoke no English at all. Coff Cough!

Next afternoon we set up at the gallery and put up a wall display of photos, invites, and reviews in the two front rooms, along with a monitor for spectators who wouldn't fit into the actual space where we were to perform. Lil Picard came by...although in her 80's, she's into the NY Correspondence scene and knows Ray Johnson, Ed Higgins, Fletcher Copp, etc. She checked the photos thoroughly and commented on the star cut I did on Buster's head. Told her it was an hommage to Duchamp and one of many cuts I've done. She said she likes to cut hair, then do a portrait of the individual, using the hair to make the hair in the portrait.

Our performance was not our best. The space was very tight and it affected our movements and thus effectiveness. Also being conscious of a video camera and a not wildly enthusiastic response from the audience. These West Berliners are a very chic lot who have an air of having seen it all and not really giving a damn. However, when it was over everyone filed out to a nearby restaurant where Michael had reserved a large table. There were so many of us we had to sit at two tables. A film-maker friend of Mike's ordered a huge dish of ice cream, bananas and whipped cream with a bunch of spoons for all to use.

I had to phone Jurgen Schweinenbraden about our show in East Berlin the following night but the phone in the bar we were in didn't GO to East Berlin, so I had to go around the corner to another phone. I got through, but what with the noise of the bar and his limited English, it was a tough conversation. However we managed to arrange to meet at the taxi stand outside the E. Berlin station at 4:00 p.m.

Oct. 13/78, went with Mike to get tickets to Warszawa. At first the man said there were no tickets available, but later came up with seats on the 6:45 a.m. train, which I got. We finished packing up at the gallery then out to lunch before our 2:45 train into East Berlin. After the train, we spent a long time standing in a big room full of people waiting to have our number called, to pick up our passports. We got some German/English speakers to listen for our numbers, otherwise we'd have

gone nowhere. Eventually we were called, then went through with a minimum of hassle. They didn't check our bags and thank goodness, as Bill was carrying a West Berlin newspaper which we found out later was as good as dynamite.

Jurgen met us and off we went in a tram. The differences between East & West Berlin are immediately apparent. East Berlin is very drab, very few shops are apparent, few cars...while West Berlin is a highly polished showplace of Western consumerism, with neon and lights and lots of gorgeous, expensive merchandise, foods etc. etc. At Jurgen's we had coffee and cakes, met his friend and translator Irene, and his lady Janine who's a singer. His gallery is underground/not official...in a big room above their flat. The building looks drab and tired on the outside, but inside both spaces were beautiful...gallery a large room, white walls, sisal carpet, a grand piano and paintings on the walls.

He didn't want us to hang any printed matter or show any publications..."just in case"...and asked Bill to use some other newspaper than the one he brought from West Berlin, "just in case anyone infiltrates our meeting"...they would be in serious trouble.

Robert and Ruth Rehfeldt, our earliest mail-art connection in the eastern bloc, arrive and we talked and took photos. I tried to call Warszaw to say what time we arrive, hopefully to be met at the train, but got no answer. Then upstairs for our performance. There was no marking or sign that told the space was a gallery. From the outside it looks just like any other apartment.

Our presentation was different than usual, as Irene did simultaneous translations of my remarks concerning Bananology. The slide projections went slowly as there was only one tray for 36 slides and I usually used 2 trays of 80. I didn't attempt to show all the slides as it was going so slowly, but the response was excellent.

The room was packed with people who stayed for everything...50 at least. They were interested and responsive like nothing else we've experienced. It was great. I think we gave our best performance, with Irene translating titles and introductory remarks. Afterwards I was mobbed with people wanting Degrees. Through this I found that Rolf Staek (another correspondent), attended but he didn't stay to talk afterwards. Turned out there wasn't much time for that anyway, as we had to get back to the border before midnight, and I wanted to make a few more attempts to contact the people in Warszawa.

The man who drove us to the border wore WW2 piolet goggles with bananas drawn on the glass! Getting tickets for the return train was a hassle as the regular booth was closed. I used sign language to ask where to get some. Three east German border guards were standing by the vending machine, and so I held out my hand with E. German coins indicating the machine, tickets for two. There was no warmth or humor in any of their eyes, and somehow, can't remember now...but they indicated I should use West German marks...so there was no where to spend the E. German marks we had to buy as part of going in. Glad to get back to the west, even though we went to meet Steiner at Ax Bax Artist Bar for more smoke and noise.

Sat. Oct. 14, train to Warszawa. Slow starting. Many guards, first East German then Polish. Check passports, visas and luggage, (first time on trip anyone looked into luggage) and the cashing of our Orbis voucher for the 5,200 Polish zylotes. Met at the train by Piotr Rypson and Wieslaw, who recognized us, waved and called. Good thing too, as we were not sure we were at the right station. Although they announced Warszawa...there was no building...just a platform. They took us to our hotel, a 30 storey modern wonder, 50's kitchen with cracking walls and dripping plumbing.

The performance was to be in Gallery Remont (which we learned is a joke...a sign you see all over Poland which means "closed.")...which is part of the student union of the University of Warszawa. I went over with Piotr around 12, but the student bridge club was occupying the lounge, so Piotr and I go for talk and tea. He speaks excellent English, and, as the son of two doctors, has travelled a lot outside of Poland. I was sorry I didn't get to meet his family or see his home. We went back and set up around 3:30. We were going to put up a big display, but the display board was so small and there a scarcity of such everyday items as thumb-tacks, that we showed only photos and two copies of VILE.

We were to start at 5 p.m., but then the technical problems began. Electricity was blown by the video camera (brought in just to provide a closed circuit monitor for the window, as they can't get tapes!). Finally that got fixed, then the sound system went out. Eventually we start without it, with Anya reading a translation of my introduction to Bananology. Then I showed slides with a running...or rather walking translation...due to the translator's lack of fluidity in Polish! They liked Bill's DADA pieces. Mobbed at the end for Degrees.

Oct. 16, meet with Wieslaw at the gallery re train times, tickets. Phone Stanislaw in Krakow and he'll meet us. Turns out we can't stay in our hotel another night so have to move to another. Evening of 16th, our second meeting at Gallery Remont to show slides of events and mail art, and discuss all with assembled students. Marek Konieczny (who came to SF for the '75 Banana Olympics) is there as is Miroslav Klivar who came from Prague Czechoslovakia to see us since it was impossible for him to arrange for us to do anything there. After the meeting we all went out for dinner, and while Miroslav sat across from me we didn't converse much as his English is limited and my Polish/Czechoslovak non existant. It seemed unfair for the distance he travelled, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Oct. 17 begins with a long wait for Wieslaw who was getting our train tickets. He finally arrives about 1:30 after much difficulties...he was going to meet us at noon, and had to pull strings (probably use American money) to get the tickets. We go for a walk in the old town, lose track of time then end up running for blocks to get to the car to the station JUST in time for the train. We arrive at 3:09 and the train leaves at 3:14. I was drenched and it wasn't raining. Train packed, we couldn't find seats. Wieslaw on train trying to help as it began to pull out. Later I find seats, but in meanwhile we share one in packed room.

Into Krakow, and met at the station by Stanislaw Urbansky, my correspondent, and from there to the home of Barbara Zambrzycka-Sliwa where we were put up very comfortably on a hide-away bed in her living room. Stanislaw's spoken English was very limited and Barbara's almost non-existant, but we seemed to communicate pretty well in spite of it. Barbara is an artist supported by the Polish government, and had such conveniences in her home as a washer and dryer, hair dryer, and television.

Oct. 18, a multi-food breakfast. Barbara puts out things until there is no more room on the table. Very generous person, but talking without any real language gets to be quite a strain. After that off to the Forum Club to drop off our props, film, slides etc, then a walking tour of Old Krakow, one of the few Polish towns that was not leveled in the war. Up to the kings palace atop a small hill overlooking the city. Very medieval, especially the hugh inner court where the horses used to enter through a small stone gateway. The courtyard, size of a football field, was surrounded by tall, three storey building, with balconies all around.

We also saw the theological college where the new pope came from, all draped with Vatican flags. The city square and market, cobble stones. Old town. Many horse-drawn coal wagons.

Our performance was to be in the Club Forum, home of a famous Polish drama school. The whole building is an artist club, with bars and dining rooms upstairs, and downstairs the performance space. A small theatre which has seating for perhaps 100, that slants down from the projection booth to a small stage. Spot lights, arched ceiling, white plaster walls, dark beams, red carpeting and upholstery...a classy little theatre. The turnout was small, maybe 15-20 and a lot of what was said fell on deaf ears for want of translation. I felt very frustrated at my inability to communicate better. After the performance most of the audience got into a lengthy discussion about the seriousness of Bananology. What all I don't recall as it had to pass through a translator who spoke very little English. their discussion was lengthy and animated, and eventually we'd get a brief translation...question or comment. I eventually went and packed up the slides and props and left them to it.

I had wanted to get a train schedule that day and send a telegram to Henryk Bzdok of our arrival time in Katowice, but Stanislaw either didn't understand or thought it unnecessary, so we didn't get it done. As it turned out Stanislaw sent a telegram to Bzdok say-



Bananology graduates at Gallery Remont, Warszawa. L to R, Back: Piotr Rypson, Wieslaw Szweryn, Anna ?, (?), Miroslav Klivar, (?), Marek Konieczny, Bill Gaglione. Front: all (?) but Anna Banana, 3rd from left. Photo by Ireneusz Bojczuk.

ing what day we'd arrive, but no arrival time AND he didn't tell us he'd done that so we didn't look or wait for Henryk when we arrived in Katowice.

Oct. 19 Went to the club for brandy and tea, then on to train station. Stanislaw got onto the train ahead of us and claimed two seats...good thing as the train was packed and everyone very pushy. Me very tired. It thinned out fairly soon. It was about 1½ - 2 hours to Katowice. Getting in to Katowice I got speaking with a man who spoke English, about changing our tickets to Budapest from 2nd class to 1st or a sleeper. He said he'd help. We didn't look for Henryk at the station as we didn't know Stanislaw had sent a telegram. The English-speaker wanted to get us a hotel before taking us to Henryk's, but checked the location, found it was only 3 blocks from the station so we went there first. Turned out Henryk was at the station awaiting our arrival, so his wife Julie went off to find him while we played peek a boo with their children Atessa and Natalie.

Henryk had been at the train station all afternoon waiting for us, since there was no time given on the telegram. His English very limited so we couldn't discuss much, but it turned out he had scheduled our show for the next evening a 5:00 and our train tickets to Budapest were for 5:40. Panic and hair tearing...with not much language to discuss it. He was begging us to stay to help "save face"...His friend Michael who speaks English was coming soon...in the meanwhile we said we'd stay if we could rearrange our transportation. Later (way after the fact) realized we could have used those tickets that night as 5:40 was the time the train departed from Warszawa (Polish way of quoting schedules!) and didn't get to Katowice until 11:00 p.m.

We spoke of the possibilities of flying, and even of driving in Henryk's car, an idea we liked a lot. When Michael arrived we went through it all again in English/Polish and they assured us if we stayed to do the show they would get us transportation to Budapest in time for our show there...somehow...so we agreed.

Put in an order that night for a phone call to Lazilo Beke in Budapest to confirm our schedule there. The call came through at 8:00 a.m., and fortunately he didn't have our show scheduled until Monday, Oct. 23. Told him we'd phone again or telegram our arrival time when we got it organized. Easier said than done. But Henryk went off to do it and I back to bed. Slept until 11:00...seem to have this ongoing fatigue that never stays away long. Henryk came back for our passports and any American cash we might have. Gave him all I had, which was $20, and that apparently sealed the deal.

Our performance was in the Artist's Club of Katowice. The room seats 50, with nice stage area, lighting, etc. No super 8 film projector. Slide projector a pain, hassles every slide, mangles one, looses another somewhere in its interior. A small audience, maybe 15 - 18, and again the feeling of not connecting even though Michael was translating. Dead silence after our performance. Tried offering Degrees but no takers. Discussion, questions...S L O W L Y got rolling. Nothing very provocative, but at least they came out of their silence. Is it shock? Disgust? Indifference? This has happened with a few

audiences...the small ones...like Krakow, but there things broke easier. ICC in Antwerp was the same. Maybe they feel assaulted? I don't know but it is not a comfortable reaction for either side.

Oct. 21. Henryk took us to see his hugh wall mosaics at the university. A commission that made it possible for them to buy a cabin in the country. Three beautiful murals the length of the building inside, down one side of a hall (on all 3 floors), and outside a giant vertical one from ground to top of 3rd floor. Not socialist realism, more contemporary impressionist. We also went to see the 30th annual show from the local art school. The posters, graphics and book design is excellent quality while the painting and sculpture interested me little.

A dinner party at their friend's house. We went about 8 p.m., walking so Henryk could drink...apparently the laws are very strict on this issue. It was another beautiful old flat with large, high ceilinged rooms, beautiful furnishings. These people aren't hurting for material comforts, and same goes for Henryk who has color TV, two small B & W TV's, a tape recorder, cameras, darkroom, washer & dryer, etc. The friend's place is more elegant in its furnishings than Henryk's, but these are professional people, not artists...artists going more for the luxuries you can use, rather than just feast your eyes on. I understand that Henryk manages to get this stuff by selling his drawings, cartoons, etc. to magazines outside Poland, and foreign currency has greater buying power than Polish.

Dinner was enormous, starting with jellied chicken salad, cold cuts, cheese and of course vodka. That would have held me fine, but was only the beginning. What followed was one huge meal of stewed ham hocks, one each!, riced potatoes and pickled salad on the side. I hardly made it through half of my hock, but everyone else seemed to finish theirs off. Many toasts drunk with everyone emptying their glasses...vodka straight, with tonic, or coca cola chaser. Me sipping only due to case of diarrhea... everyone encouraging us to drink more.

After dinner, the men gathered at one end of the table, the women at the other. Bill was ribbed for sitting with the women, which I thought especially funny since none of the men spoke much English, while one woman could and did. Julie, Henryk's wife, fell asleep on the couch.

Without much chance for conversation (the woman who spoke English only came to sit with us for the last hour, and not much interest in drinking, it was a long evening, but interesting to see the social conditions and customs of...the upper/middle class Poles? The men all wore 3-piece suits and ties, except for Henryk who is the artist in the crowd. There was one other artist, but he's the head of the art school and he wore a cravat. Women all wear make-up and dress like upper-class women everywhere...perhaps not as current in fashion...or as high quality as available in west, but they all looked very attractive, feminine.

Sun. Oct. 22 - Up late, but Henryk and Julie up early to watch the inaugration of the new Polish Pope on TV. They don't seem churchy or religious but were up for the whole thing, Henryk with a tripod and camera set up in front of both the color and b & w TV's to document the whole thing. It went on for hours...9:45 until 1:30 or so. We had breakfast with them in front of the TV, then went into Henryk's studio to rubber-stamp some postcards. When the broadcast was over, he joined us in the studio to make a rubber stamp portrait of me to go with the one he did the previous afternoon of Bill. He also churned out 2 or 3 others in the course of our visit. He's very fast and GOOD...both portaits being a good likeness.

10:30 that night, off to the train station. Announcement...the train to Budapest has been delayed by 220 minutes = 3 hr. and 20 min. = 2:20 a.m. Back to Henryk's for a few hours. At 2:30 a.m., Oct. 23, we boarded the train to Budapest with no way to let Laslo know we wouldn't be arriving at 9:40 as announced in our telegram. The sleeping compartment was wonderful, two beds, up/down all to ourselves...except for the stream of border guards who came through in droves to check our passports, luggage, etc. Two going out of Poland, two into Czechoslovakia, two out of Czec and two on entering Hungary. Throughout all of this we did manage some sleep, and it was great just to lie down all the time.

At 2:30 p.m. we arrived in Budapest and were met by Laszlo Beke who took us by subway then tram to a motel miles from downtown. He explained the complexities involved in obtaining such accommodations through the Tourist Bureau. He also said that we would have to show the films to the Cultural Review Board before we could show them at the Young Artists' Club. Our paranoia grew with his tales of his own censorship and controls; how he can't leave the country anymore, how the authorities confiscated a film by a visiting Australian performance artist, etc. etc. We thought from what he said that we would also have to do our live performance for the board, and discussed dropping the "Deputy" from *States of Mind!* Of course our imaginations went to work on what kind of setting and people would comprise this Cultural Review Board...gestapo uniforms, steril white rooms, etc.

He took us to the home of some friends who were to accompany us on this visit as Laszlo himself is too "tainted" in the eyes of the authorities, and it would not be good for us to be associated with him. We have tea and treats at Juli and Gyorgy Galantai's house before she accompanies us to the review board. Compared to our fantasies arising out of the stories Laszlo told, the Review Board was a joke. A young woman in jeans who no doubt takes her job seriously...but it was not the scene we imagined at all.

The big problem was that Stanislaw had not rewound the film onto my reel, and the reels were too big for their projector. Finally managed somehow, and it ran too fast. The '75 Banana Olympics and some unedited film from a mad workshop I'd done with Sam Carter at Ontario College of Art in '72. They gave us the green light. On the way back, Juli said their comments were pretty funny. The young woman on the review board and the projectionist...do you really want to see all of this? Well I'd better, they might have something provocative at the end...etc. Apparently this was the anniversary of the Hungarian uprising against the Russian occupation, and they feared that we were there to start it off again! She didn't understand what it was about, but figured it wasn't going to cause the next uprising.

10 p.m. that night, the Young artists' Club. A large room with seating for 150 people. That all filled plus people sitting on the stage and standing at the back. Packed. Figure about 200. Room very hot and eye-stinging smokey. Crowd, who'd been drinking in the pub downstairs all evening were noisy. The translator spoke very quietly, so was not heard above the crowd who ran commentary of their own on the films. After that, quite a few left, so then we had everyone seated, and went into the performance. In the beginning got a sarcastic running commentary from two women at the side of the stage, but they clammed up after the first two pieces.

Felt we got a mixed reaction overall. Had some demand for Degrees but not a lot in proportion to the audience...maybe 25 - 30. A few people came up to have some serious discussion which I appreciated. That Bananology might be OK for the western countries, but here, where they have "real oppression" it wouldn't do. I countered with my ideas about how in the west we embrace our oppressors...the TV, magazine and newspaper advertising, get programmed by it and live our lives around consumerist programming, and not by free choice. That we don't need all the "material comforts" we have in the west, and that we're programmed to want and need them by advertising. That to me the only way to break with that system is to create one's own system of values and authority, and work out of that...and that's what the banana events and activities are for me.

Oct. 24, the day after our performance, we go to stay with another Laszlo. The first one, Laszlo Beke, was married, living with his wife and two children in a one room apartment. We didn't see it, but he told us of his living conditions, how he works against the communist party, and how his life is contained by it.

The second Laszlo picks us up at the motel in his car and takes us to his place, a four-room flat in which he lives alone. He is a card-carrying member of "the party." Monty Cazazza-ish in build and attitude. Likes rock. Was in Paris as part of a punk band from Budapest, The Spies. He's an artist working for the government doing stage design and gets paid handsomely for it. Believes in a structured society with artists as the elite at the top. Smokes dope and uses any other drugs he can get his hands on...LSD, coc-

caine, opium, etc.

To me, this seemed a strange combination of qualities; a party member into punk and drugs. I don't think he's a typical, but have no way to check this out. My impression is he has clear perceptions of the power structure and chooses to use it to his advantage, without actually supporting its dictums. Ie. that he plays at being in the party for the advantages and hell with the rest. Anyway, he was very good to us, fed us, drove us to the train station, helped us get tickets, postage, etc.

The evening of the 24th, we went to the opening of Gyorgy's show at the other Artists' Club (there don't seem to be any bars in the eastern countries, just clubs where people hang out and drink). I was asked to read a Hungarian text as part of the opening ceremonies. Of course my pronounciation was Anglocized, so no one understood what I read. It was difficult stuff, with most words being six to twelve syllables long. I could have done a more fluent, expressive reading if I'd had time to re-write it, breaking the biggies into syllables that I could pronounce. But Gyorgy seemed happy with the results. The theme of his exhibition was transformations, and he exhibited metal sculptures along with fabrics he had draped over them, which were then sprayed with some material to stiffen. My reading of the text was also a transformation from the original, so he was happy.

Oct. 25, train to Vienna leaves at 9:00 a.m. Out of the country without incident although we noticed a lot of Russian troops hanging out along the train platform. From the train I flirted with a couple, and was tempted to take some pcitures, but Bill warned me against it...they might take my camera, etc. Noticed a real feeling of relief when we crossed into Austria. Hadn't realized how vulnerable I had felt about my freedom until we left the eastern block countries. Whew! From the train station in Vienna I tried to phone Thomas Niggle in Munich, but no answer, so we went right through to Stuttgart that day, arriving at midnight after being in transit 15 hours. Took a cab to Angelika Schmidt and Jurgen Eslasser's and sat up talking in a manic state until 3:00 a.m.

Oct. 26, spent a relaxing afternoon in Angelika's studio looking at all her postcards in plastic display books. One whole book of her own works of postage stamps that she altered. Ones of the president of Germany on whom she had put a variety of hats, head dresses, etc. These all went through the mails with no complaints from the PO about her tampering with official documents. She also has files of photo-copies of the fronts and backs of all the postcards she has sent out since 1974 when she began mailing. Made me wish I'd made some such record of my activities. All the while I was looking at these, Bill was making impressions of all her stamps in his stamp collection book...his type journal of this trip. Jurgen also has xeroxes of both sides of all the postcards he's sent, and these he has bound in four hard covers. Great record of activity and presentation. Nice to have a stop where we don't have to do a show...just rest, look at other people's work and socialize a bit.

Oct. 28, photo-booth pics with Jurgen and Angelika in the train station then off for Luzerne, Switzerland. Met at the train by Reudi Schill who took us to his home above his gallery, Apropos. Dinner with his wife Suzi and kids Ulei and Hans. Spent the evening discussing the adventure to date, then early to bed.

Sun. Oct. 29, a walk up in the hills above Luzerne. Sunny and warm enough for no jackets, but view of mountains beyond the lake obscured by haze. Dinner that evening with Ernst Buckwalder and his wife. He brought a copy of his new book *Worterbruch* for Bill & I and one for Reudi & Suzi. It's a book of large, alphabetical works, printed and distributed by a commercial publisher in Italy, in an edition of 1500. After dinner, our show to a packed house; 30 - 35 in this small space, many sitting on the floor. They laughed at the bananas, applauded the Futurist and came up for Degrees of Bananology after. Then a short walk to a bar on the other side of the river where most of our audience assembled.

We sat next to Harold Szeeman, who is currently installing a show in the Kunsthaus in Zurich, on Monte Verita Ascona, an artist colony in the Italian part of Switzerland from 1905 - 192? It was a cross-road community between politics, (the anarchists), dance (Mary Widman), psychology (Jung), and many free thinkers and sexual liberationists. Szeeman put together the 1972 Documenta, and besides his scholarly activities, is a warm, personable man. His woman, Ingebord Luscher, formerly an actress, has published two beautiful books. One, her method of divining, using a knife and book and the other, a book of photos she took that document the out-door works of an old man/hermit in a village in south Switzerland. Across from each photo, there is an illustration that gives the content of what is written, where it is in the piece, and her conversations with the man.

Oct. 31, off to Zurich for a day visit, to check out the location of Cabaret Voltair, take photos and to visit Szeeman of the Kunsthaus and get a sneak preview of the Ascona show. Cabaret Voltair is a real anti-climax. We couldn't get inside, and from the outside it looked like a bar. A small plaque beside the door announces its historic significance, but that's it.

Nov. 1, train to Geneva, passing through pastoral Switzerland, green open fields, hills, few trees, lots of cows, tidy farms, towns. Switzerland is clean. Throughout the trip, Bill and I have been collecting paper wrappers, etc. from the streets for use in colleges, but in Luzerne and Zurich, there were none to be found. Geneva was a little better/worse, which John Armleader attributed to the "French influence."

Met at the train in Geneva by John Armleader of Ecart. Dropped our bags at the hotel then walked to Ecart. A beautiful big space, one large room, one smaller, where we performed, separated by a wide open doorway. Nice to have such space after Apropos which, while workable, was cramped.

Nov. 2, off to gallery about 2 p.m. to organize stuff for our show. Beside our performance, we were both showing the original postcards we've put together from the wrappings we've picked up from the streets along the way. As well, photos and notices plus a bunch of our earlier works sent to John over the years including all copies of VILE.

Over supper we talk about the many activities John and Ecart are involved in; publishing, having many visiting artists doing shows and performances at Ecart, and actions by the local group all dressed in tuxedos, who do Fluxus concerts and pieces. One or two performances per year, sometimes in other cities nearby, such as Lausanne. John has produced a Dick Higgins piece called *Clowns Way* a couple of times, with 15 - 20 people performing. It has 300 + actions on cards, and these are distributed by a chairman on a continuous basis to all the players who then enact them, or turn them back if impossible to do. A great improv piece with many simultaneous performances.

Friday Nov. 3, in to the gallery to type up titles and complete the list of dates on our European tour. Had some difficulties with this task due to a reversal of Y and Z on European typewriters. Finish all set up then out for supper and rest before our evening show. Arrive at Ecart about 9 p.m. to a packed gallery and go on very quickly. It was so packed inside that we had people clustered around the windows, watching the whole show from outside...film, slides and performance which was very well received...applause between each sintesi.

Afterwards, people came up for degrees, to say how much they enjoyed our performance, or to pass on some information about Futurism, archives, or such. Besides many from Geneva, we had people from Zurich, Lausanne and Montreux. John was very pleased with the turn out and their response.

Sat. Nov. 4. Some shopping in the local Salvation Army...boy, did that feel good. Made me feel at home. Got some old books, magazines and postcards for recycling, all for 6f...then down to Ecart to watch George Minkoff's slides of a banana piece he did. John spliced the Banana Olympics film and showed me how to do it in event of future difficulties. We took some group photos outside Ecart, then off to Gallery Malankorda to meet Marika and some people who were visiting from Paris. Then off to Gallerie Gatan to see Patricia Plattner at her headquarters. A very small space with four works on the walls.

G. Gatan is run by a group of 4 - 6 artists who cooperatively rent and run the space. It seems like a lot of bother to me for such a small space...maybe a third to a half the size of Apropos. Not clear what all their activities are. Besides the wall show they have "Spoken Space", an ongoing show of audio tapes that anyone phoning the gallery gets to hear, with no recourse to anyone live. The project has been going for some months and each artist





Photos by ?, ECART, Geneva





gets about a week of his message. Participants in this project that I recognized are Ulisses Carrion, Al Souza and Art Metropole.

Nov. 5, train through Switzerland and Italy to Milano...mountains, lakes, rivers...changing architecture. Met at the train station by Camille Sbrisa and her friend Flavio, Alzek Misheff having left for Canada on Friday. Dropped off our bags at her place then out for supper at a student restaurant close by. Good food and cheap prices...a pleasant contrast to Switzerland. Another big difference, MUCH graffiti everywhere, political in nature...facist, anti-facist, communist...in subways, on many walls...everywhere, as is the litter which was so minimal in Luzerne and Geneva. Took a walk around after dinner and noticed many designer boutiques and clothing shops guarded by police and army after bombings by terrorists.

Nov. 6, contacted Arturo Schwarz and arranged a visit to his archive. His latest book, an anthology on Dada, is huge, covering the movements in Poland, Russia and other eastern countries. He has a court case going to have this book recalled and reprinted because there were many errors in the spelling of names. Apparently he wasn't available to proof read it when the proofs were ready, so the publishers did it on their own. He said they're almost sold out of all 5,000 copies already.

His other big project and area of his ''true scholarship'' (dada is just his ''hobby''), is Eastern Mysticism, on which subject he has three books coming out. Said he visited India and the Himilayas in August this year to do the final research.

He said he hates the Futurist movement because it was so war mongering, anti-feminist, anti-sematic, nationistic, etc., and pooh pooh's the idea that they influenced the Dadaists ideas about performances or their general stance on art. He said he doesn't collect any Futurist materials because of this, yet when Bill asked him if he knew where Marinetti's house had been, he pulled out a couple of original copies of a Futurist publication, but there was no address on it anyway.

A German TV crew arrived to photograph part of his collection and interview him on his connections with Groz, a German dadist. So, not only did we see his library/office, but got to go upstairs with this crew to his archive. It consisted of several rooms, the first two joined by a hallway, full of works hung on the walls, stacked against the walls and free-standing sculptures. Along the hallway between rooms was his card file catalogue of all works in his collection. Massive in itself; with one section on the Dadaists up to Duchamp and Man Ray, the other on contemporary artists including Danniel Spoerri, Arakawa and many more. The cards describing the individual works are separated by larger name tags. Each card, maybe 6 x 8'' has a GOOD photo of the work, title, medium, who has it now, and notations of where, in his various books, it has been reproduced. A great system with the photo image making it very explicit which work is referred to. He has a good 20 - 50 works from most of the better known dadaists, with probably 200 each by Man Ray and Duchamp.

Schwarz's street, via Gesu, is the best lit we saw of any in Milano...to discourage terrorist activity, I'm sure. Walking back to Camille's we passed the most exclusive clothing design shops I've seen anywhere, and on the corner were four large police vans with 10 - 12 men in each. Soldiers/police, guns all very much in evidence in this area. Camille says this is par for the course, as these are the types of establishments terrorists like to bomb.

Subway ride to the gallery Dove la Tigre, in a strange neighborhood...mafia, prostitutes, etc. Large space, cement floor, high ceiling, very echoy. Reminds me of the gallery Southern Exposure in project Artaud, San Francisco. Lots of problems. The reel my film is on doesn't fit the projector. We rewind the film onto a blank reel which is difficult as it is a little narrow for the film. Need extension cords as all the outlets don't work. Also adaptors. There aren't enough chairs for people to sit on and only a few cushions. Cement floor inhospitable.

Nov. 7 back at the gallery. The fun begins. The slide projector prongs are too large for all the plugs, but eventually we get it all set-up and running. 9 p.m., people start to tickle in. No sign of Lucca, the gallery owner or the man who brings, opens and serves the wine. Both show up about 9:15 and the wine starts to flow.

I start with my tap-dance banana salute to get everyone's attention as they were all over the place in small groups, talking. It works well and with some translated comments on Bananology by Camille, we get the show started. the slides work well, but film projector gets out of sync and we get very fluttery images. We decide to proceed with the performance and omit the rest of the film.

Bill does his dada pieces while I change. Camille translates my brief introduction to the Futurist work and off we go. She translated the first title only. After that we're on our own. The room is large and echoy and in the back there is a small group of people talking amongst themselves. This is disturbing, but more because it means we are not connecting with them rather than that they making so much noise as to throw us off our lines.

After the performance I announced the Degrees and gave out about forty. Camille was amazed at people's response to them and said the cream of the Milano art money came and got them, including one couple reported to be Futurist specialists. She spoke with Lucca and he said the response of the Futurist collectors/experts was good and that she would get a more detailed report when he wasn't so preoccupied with talking with them.

We got a ride back to her place from Lucca. When we got there he requested copies of the Degrees for several people and I wrote them up before we got out. Camille said they want them because they think they'll be worth money in time! After we were upstairs for a while, Lucca phoned and asked for a couple more degrees.

Nov. 8, train to Brescia where we were met at the station by Marco, Cavellini's English-speaking friend, translaor and model who was on the cover of VILE 5. He takes us to our motel, then we go with him to the post office, a grandiose building in hugh plaza built by Mussolini. There is a huge ruckus about getting a receipt for the postage because I didn't ask for it at the beginning of the transaction. Italy! Back to the motel for a couple of hours rest, then off to meet Achille Cavellini.

His property is not as spacious as I had imagined it would be, but his home was very fine and palacial. The biggest mind boggler is the work he's done on his postal art museum. He has some 400 works to date in frames and under glass. Works by Angelika Schmidt, Buster Cleveland, Ed Higgins, Etc., and a lot of my ''Cavellini is Stuck on Anna Banana and -----------.'' project;[3]. Pieces by Robin Crozier, B. Cleveland, Miroslav Klivar, Michael St. Vitus, Steve Hitchcock, Tohei Horiike, Wulle, Ed Higgins, Etc.

The assembled works were quite overwhelming, and in two evenings of viewing, we didn't see everything. We were amazed and delighted to see everything so beautifully presented. The next step of this project is to line up major museums to do a huge travelling show of these works. GAC asked for our assistance in this direction and we said we'd do what we could, without telling him of our own dismal record in that area; that neither of us ever had a show in any such space.

GAC has a new stamp edition out, himself covered with his stickers. He acknowledged getting the idea for it from my ''Cavellini is Stuck on Anna Banana''project. He was sort of defensive, wanting to know how I felt about his using my idea. I told him I think imitation is the highest form of flattery and that I wouldn't mind his acknowledging where he got the idea in some of his writing about it.

He showed us his works and storage rooms in the basement, incredibly full, with many new works in progress; these utilizing color photos of him in his sticker suit. The ultimate, which I felt I could appreciate more than anyone, was a huge sheet of arborite with the remains of his sticker suit pretty much intact, stuck to it. I had wanted to do something like that with the stickers I peeled off, but my photographers had both scrunched them up as I took them off. I asked Marco if these works have been shown and he said no, and that further, GAC is not into showing only a few of them. It seems they are being kept for some massive

exposition to be held after his death.

Nov. 9, Marco and his lady Pirangela pick us up and off we go to GAC's house and so out for dinner, the hot meal served at midday, light (ha ha) meals in the evening. Everything is good and several courses long. We are eating in restaurants as GAC's wife is in hospital. Back to his house for rubber stamping, post cards and a blank book sent by Robin Crozier. At 3:30 his photographer Ken Damy arrives, so we get into the Cavellini coats and take his props out to the garden. Ken has one of those automatic firing cameras, so we go through 6 - 8 rolls of film in the course of our juggling all the props, grouping and regrouping.

Before dinner we went to the TV station (Brescia Telenord) where GAC has arranged for us to have our performance taped for broadcast. While there we saw Michael Morris and Vincent Trasov's film of Marco and Pierangela, and made arrangements to do the performance there the next evening. At one point we were standing in a hallway with people coming and going, and the lights went out. Confusion and everyone trying to figure out what happened. After a little time they go back on, and it turns out Bill had leaned on the switch on both occasions. Lots of laughs about that.

Nov. 10, breakfast at Marco's house sitting in the sun in the back garden. Off at 1:00 to meet GAC and go for dinner up into the hills above Brescia to an attractive old restaurant where the food just kept coming and coming. Definitely the best and unfortunately the biggest meal to date. Everything was so delicious you just had to eat, but after, my guts were inflated to a state of positive discomfort. We were going to go back to Achille's to do some more stamping, but it was almost 4 p.m. by the time we got back to Brescia, which was when we had planned to take a break to rest up for our performance. We were all so exhausted form the huge meal, wine and previous day's activities that we decided to take the break and reassemble at 6:30. Whew, did I need it. Bath, hair wash, rest. Not enough but better than none.

Back to Cavellini's to write the introduction to the performance in English so it could be translated into Italia for dubbing on the tape. Then rush off to the TV station for our taping session. 10:30 p.m. Two cameramen ready to roll, studio cleared. Maybe 15 minutes to set-up then into two dry run pieces to give them an idea of our movements and volumes, then into the show from the beginning with Achille taking notes, Ken Damy and photographer from studio taking pictures, Marco and Pierangela and a couple of other people as intimate, live audience. Bill wrapped me (usually I wrapped him) wearing the Cavellini glasses which totally delighted GAC. With two cameras rolling they couldn't have missed a thing. We did a good show and incorporated Marco, Pierangela and Ken Damy in the scene for *States of Mind.*

Sat. Nov. 11, we say our final goodbyes and thank-yous to Cavellini for his hospitality and generosity, then off on the train to Parma. Two hours later we're met in Parma by Bill's cousin Nello Castaldo, his wife Rosa and brother Pippo...the only one who speaks much English. We had supper with them then drove around Parma a while, then went to visit Nello's office/studio.

Around 11 p.m. we went to C.D.O. (Centro Documentazione Organizzazione) run by Romano Peli and Michaela Versari, where we stayed. Romano speaks no English, Michaela laboriously, but gets the message across. More food and talk. Romano and Michaela work together on all the mail, and have a beautifully organized and accessible archive with maybe 80 - 100 artists' works in large standing box files, and another 40 or so in portfolios ready to be transferred to the larger files as they can afford to buy them. These box-files are kept on metal-framed book shelves down one side of the room. Across the end, in the same type shelving, are all the artist publications they have, some bound together.

For our show they published a two color notice listing our stops prior to Parma but not after that. Romano had photocopied some 20 Degrees, notified the local press and had on hand the slide and super-8 projectors we needed. Everything well organized and working. He got a lot of publicity for the big mail-art show they organized in Mantua at a large, public gallery. They published a large (fat) catalogue of the show, in an edition of 500. There were several reviews of the show and catalogue in the local newspapers and magazines, and they had xerox copies of these for us.

Nov. 13, after dinner at Nello and Rosa's, we went over to CDO and found the place beautifully organized. All the work tables were cleared out of the archive room where we were to perform, the double doors open into the living room, the screen up, etc. PLUS, bunches of bananas were hanging around the place with little USA and Italian flags stuck in them, knives handy to cut away a banana. A really beautiful touch. Thed'd also put up a show of our works along one wall, hung from a thin metal rod and held together with bulldog clips. We were impressed. We did some rubber stamping in our books and on postcards, then got changed and ready for the show.

The guests all arrived close to 6 p.m. and the place was packed; about half the archive room and back into their living room. 35 - 40 people including two from the Parma Gazette. Michaela read Pierangela's translation of the introduction to Bananology, then I did the projections with Edwardo and Pippo providing simultaneous translations. Next Bill's Dada pieces followed by Michaela reading the introduction to the Futurist work (Pierangela's translation) and so on with the show with Edwardo translating the titles as we went.

At the end I offered the degrees and urged people to "go bananas", pointing out the hanging bananas. Gave out all 20 copies of the Degrees Romano had copied, along with about 15 I brought. Then a great improvisational photos session ensued with many of the guests, especially a painter, Mimo, clowning with the bananas.

Nov. 14, another incredible Italian dinner at Rosa and Nello's, then back to CDO for a final taping (audio/interview), to get our bags, say thanks, goodbyes, then off to the train station for the 4:45 train for Milano. It didn't arrive until 5:30, and when it did, it was packed like the train from Warszawa to Krakow. No seats in the first class car, so Bill stayed with the luggage while I literally climbed back through three cars, aisles packed with people and luggage to find seats in another 1st class car. Left my jacket and coat on seats, then back to Bill and the gigantic struggle to carry the luggage back through those mobs. Strained the muscles in my right arm doing it and Bill was so fatigued from it he coudn't lift the bags up onto the racks.

Into the station at Milano. I never felt worse and was still walking. Phoned Camille. No answer. Took a cab over to get there before 8 so if she wasn't home at least we could leave our luggage there. The front door is locked at 8 and doorman leaves. But she was home and the photographer who shot our show was there too, with contacts and some prints. Good photos. He was sick with a cold and left. Out for supper, news of Alzek, back home to bath and bed.

Nov. 15, Transcontinental express from Milano to Hamburg with a 5 minute stopover in Hannover. It was slow getting out of Italy, with many stops in small towns, and slow through the mountains in Switzerland until we got to Luzern. After that it really moved. Rested and slept as much as possible, which was most of the way, as we had a 6-seat first class room to ourselves. Push up the arm-rests between the seats and you can lie down comfortably.

Not so nice to arrive in a city with nobody to meet us at the station. Fuddled around and found location of a hotel listed in Art Diary as cheap ... $30 for a room without shower or toilet, 3rd floor walkup, but clean and pleasant.

Thurs. Nov. 16, another day of travel, Hamburg to Lund Sweden, via Copenhagen with complications. Woman tells us the ferry to Lund at 18:00, arrives 18:40, so we phone Jean Sellem to say when we'll arrive. Turns out there are two ferries, one small and fast, the other big and slow, both leaving from the same area. We end up on the big slow one not knowing there is any other, and arrive an hour later than we told Jean. He's not there. I clue in to our predicament just in time to get

some money changed so I can make phone calls. Five minutes later, the whole office closed down. Lots more problems, but finally I get a wrong number that explains I need to dial an area code before the number to connect with Lund. Jean says get the train, he was here and waited, but we didn't arrive. We get train half an hour later and he meets us at the station.

Back at Galleri St. Petri, they are frantically folding posters, stuffing envelopes to go to post office before it's 10:00 p.m. closing. We help, and Marie rushes off at 5 to 10. She comes back and we have a supper. They go gome, we stay in the gallery.

Fri. Nov 17, Gallerie St. Petri is seven years old, run by Jean Sellem and Marie Sjoberg. They started out with one small room at the front and gradually expanded into the present five rooms with a kitchen, no bathroom, but a toilet in the basement. A series of small rooms facing the street, all joined with doors that line-up for great photographic/framing effects. Also an archive/storage room. Up until the last year it was financed by Marie's work, and now for one year, they've had support from the city to pay the rent and utilities. Also, they have a brand new arrangement with the university to pay for their mailings, local and international, as St. Petri is recognized as a center of avant garde art. While we were there, they received word from the city that their subsidy has been extended for another year, so we celebrated.

We took a drive today to Malmo, to see the big, public Kunsthall where we will do the show Sunday, and to talk with technicians, etc.

Sat. Nov. 18, our photo was in three newspapers so we expected a large turn out. We had a pretty full house for the size of the room, 20 - 25, but there was room for more. The area in which we played was very confused, and we could have given ourselves more room by removing the first row of seats. None of the rooms were very condusive to performance, all very small and square. We used the front entrance room which is slightly longer than the others. Think they should take out the wall between it and the next room but guess they want the wall space for art.

After the performance we went to Jean and Marie's for supper and an interview, which Jean taped.

Sun. Nov. 19, off in a rush to Malmo to do the show in the Kunsthall there. We set up in a hurry, then our show was announced on the loud speaking system of the gallery which is large, and packed with people. Sunday, and too cold for the zoo, was Jean's explanation of the crowds. We got a good audience, 55 - 60, most of whom stayed for the whole show with 15 - 20 getting Degrees. I like working in more public



Photo by Giuseppe Buccafusca, Milano

spaces like this, as I know these people don't know about mail-art or performance art, so it's a more "real" situation to work in. It was a nice theatre, small like the one in Oldenburg, but roomy compared to most of the galleries we've been playing in, so a treat to do the show there ... space to move about in. We did a good show and got laughs and response from an audience not already biased in our favor or predisposed to our point of view.

Mon. Nov. 20, train to Stockholm, all day from 10:22 to 4:45. It gets dark very early. Some areas with snow, most clear. Many lakes and trees, it looks a lot like B.C. Met at the train station by Sten Hanson and off to the hotel at a real joggers pace. We leave things there then off to the Electronic Music Center where we will do our show, not at Fylkingen. He had a big meeting of people scheduled at Fylkingen for the 21st, and couldn't move them, so moved our performance instead. He had initially scheduled us for the 22nd, but we have to be travelling to Oldenburg that day to get there in time for our show on the 23rd. We stopped in a cafeteria for supper which was consumed at the same pace he does everything else ... fast ... as though there were a lion stalking him and he has to keep on the move.

After supper, back to the Electronic Music Center where Sten had to deliver a lecture at 6 p.m. He showed us around this incredible facility with its huge computer in two rooms, a control room that looks like the control consol of a spaceship, and upstairs a smaller room with more electronic equipment than I can comprehend. Martin Bartlett would love this! ... synthesizers, mixers, etc. This facility originally belonged to Swedish Radio, but they got out some years ago, before the computer came. Now the government finances it, including salaries for four full-time personnel, and the center is available to any musician/composer who has the savvy to take advantage of the facilities.

Met Sten's lecture group. His lecture was to be on the Sound Festival in Toronto. We would have stayed for it, but he was giving it in Swedish, so we left after I invited them to our performance tomorrow night.

Tues. Nov. 21 back to EMS to meet Nan Hoover, up from Amsterdam to do a performance a few days after ours, and Sten. Heard and saw one of the composer's pieces played in the control room. Very futuristic spectacle as the control board lights flickered on and off with the sounds .. not much to my liking really, but visually quite a spectacle. Then on to Fylkingen, an amazing center for electronic music and avant garde art actions. When we arrived there was a group of teenage students in the big performance room, playing back some of their work. Downstairs to the offices where they have a Gestetner printing system with a device that makes stencils electronically, and a library of publications by and about the activities of the center. In one of these I read that it was started in 1933. There was also a bed where Nan was to stay.

At this point I learned that Sten had not received the letter and programs I mailed from Amsterdam, which explains the mix-up in dates, and brief note he'd put on our program. He said I'm from Chicago, and other fictitious information that he said he'd made up from what he's heard about me!

Upstairs, above the large performance room they have a control room complete with an image adjuster? controller? Forget what he called it, but anyway, a device that can program up to 50 slide projectors to change slides in any sequence and timing you choose, including fades with controlled timing. He demonstrated a simple program with five projectors to give us an idea of its capabilities.

I told him we purposely kept our show simple as most places we performed have very limited techncial possibilities. He said next time I should come there first, use the image programmer, then borrow it for a couple of weeks to take around and do shows. A nice offer, but one I'd probably not take advantage of unless they also supplied a porter. Find travelling and doing shows enough of a strain without having to carry and be responsible for such a heavy technical appendage to my art.

Back to EMC to set up the show, then out to dinner with Nan and Sten. We talked of many things, including some of Nan's artist friends, whom Sten took to task for this or that. He'd done the same thing with us the previous night, so curious, I finally asked him which artists he does like and respect. He mentioned someone of the younger group ... name not clear, think Marie Bromovich, then said Joseph Beuys, Wolf Vostell, Dick Higgins, etc. The old guard of Fluxus folk, and most established of the "avant garde". (a contradictory concept.) Bill and Nan both attacked Beuys for being a super-star, repeating himself, and Nan, for how he arrives and leaves Documenta in a chauffer-driven English cab, yet still claims to be an artist "of the people."

Earlier in the day a folklorist, Bengt al Klintberg came by EMC with an hour long cassette of a radio broadcast he did on bananas, and a transcript from a folklore book about "Banana snakes." When we got back to EMC, I started the tape playing for the assembled audience, a full house at 25 - 30, while I got changed and ready to start the show. There was a segment on the tape about me and my activities which he got from the artist magazine *NORTH* ... that I'd never heard of.

After the show we packed it up and made for the railway station for the night train at 11:10 to Copenhagen. Took a couchette, room with 6 beds, but didn't have to share it with anyone.

Wed. Nov. 22, arrive in Copenhagen at 8:21 a.m. Went up into the station to get times of trains to Hamburg, Oldenburg. At the information counter I reached for my pen to discover that I had left my purse with pen, passport, money and ID on the train. Dropped everything and RAN to the platform. The train was still there ... down the platform to the car, which I identified by a large black poodle I had noticed waiting with some people on a bench when we got off. Thank goodness they were still there, couldn't imagine how I'd identify the car otherwise. Onto the train, into the room and whewie ... purse still there in the little rack by the bed. As I was reaching for it, I feel the train begin to move. Dash back to door and jump off beofre it gets really rolling. Gasping from fatigue and adrenolin rush, I walk back upstairs to the information desk.

Bill has the train times, so we change money and get a bite to eat before our 9:15 train. It arrives in Bremen at 4:25, then we transfer to the Oldenburg train which arrives at 5:10. Klaus Groh picked us up at the train station and took us to a hotel across the street from the theater. He brought us some clippings from the papers, notices of our appearance. We spoke about the trip so fart, who we've visited, etc., then out for a short walk over to the theater and around the town a bit to see if the poster was in circulation. Not much in evidence. Klaus said he thought the big competition was coming from a TV show, Otto, which a number of his students had told him they were going to see rather than us.

November 23, setting up at Oldenburgisches Staatstheater. The sound tech was there first, so we went through sound test ... my tape of piano accompaniment to "Yes, we have no Bananas" and me singing. Next the slide and film projectors. The images are too large, so we decide to show the film and slides separately. Then problems with the slide projector, my card-mounted slides not advancing properly. We try another system, which works, so slides have to be transferred. Then there was the lighting technician who set up a flood light in the area where we would work, and a control board out front so Klaus, who was to run it, could see the show. Next came a set man to nail some plain burlap along the front of the stage which was currently covered with raggle-taggle blue denim as part of the set of their current production. All told there were five technicians, a director and one of Klaus' students running around helping us.

Started the show with an introduction to Bananology by Klaus in German. I sing "Yes We Have No Bananas", do banana salute on taps, a brief intro to the show, which Klaus translates, then on with the slides. Good response, usually before Klaus did a translation, so a majority of the audience either grasps English, or doesn't need words to relate to the images. Second tray wouldn't work, so right into the film, again, translations not needed.

Klaus' introduction to the Futurist material took at least 5 minutes, then into the show. Laughs and claps from audience, not a full house, but about 60 in a room that could accommodate 150 ... a lot of them Klaus' friends and students. There was a good demand for Degrees when the show was over, and that took about 20 minutes to do. The director of the small theatre came to get copies for Herr Poleti, the floor director and himself.

On the way out of the theater, Klaus said that the manager had liked our show a lot, and that he thought it might be an idea to do some such program once a month ... ie. art/performance rather than traditional theatre. Not sure how that would work out, as our show is very theatrical compared to most performance art.

Friday Nov. 24, train to Amsterdam where we headed straight for Other Books and So. Ulisses gave us tea and chastised Bill for rushing to the books before sitting to talk with him for a while about our travels. Too late to see our show at Stempelplaats, it came down today. Off to Aart and Ulisses place for supper, talk and eventually, bed. Aart is a great cook.

Sat. Nov. 25, we walked downtown following the tram to the post office, and to the opening of Franz Immoos show at Stempelplaats. Rain and hail. Bill with no hat as he gave his to a tram conductor who admired it, to "blow his mind." The PO was closed, so off to the opening. Like the work. Meet with Michael Gibbs and talk about his trip to the USA and Toronto, via Iceland, where some 200 attended the opening of his show.

We also met Jan van Raay, a correspondent in the Fe-Mail-Art issue, who was very nice and has an absolutely delightful 7-year-old son, Cassidy Curtis. He apparently came to meet me at the opening of our show at Stempelplaats with a decorated banana. Unfortunately I wasn't there. He's bright but not a smart-ass, open to meeting but not aggressive. Really the nicest kid I've met along the way, and I've met some good ones .. AND, a true banana fan. He told me about the decorated banana, then asked if I'd like him to stamp out my name for me. I said sure, so he went downstairs to the workshop and went to work. I joined him, having looked at all the art and spoken with everyone I knew, and did a letter to my daughter Dana while he did my name.

Upstairs again, I met Claudio Goulartt who is working now on his first mail-art piece; two rubber-stamp kits which he will mail-out, asking the recipient to do a work with it, then send the work to Stempelplaats for a group show in March. The kit to be sent on to other artists. He figured on each artist having the kit for one week. Told him I thought the timing was a little tight, that most people are inclined to let things sit around a while, but otherwise felt it would work.

Ulisses arrived and we walked back to his place. We decided to stay home and eat the rest of Aart's delicious soup rather than go out for dinner. Great, an evening of show and tell, with Ulisses bringing things out of his mail-art cupboard. Everything in alphabetical order, and in envelopes. Many fine works, lots of artists new to me. We talked about going to Raul Marroquin's for a visit, but he has no phone, and it's a long way to his place on the chance that he would be in.

Ulisses brought out books and projects, past and present, and we spoke of shows and publications, ours and others. Ulisses is closing Other Books and So, and got an artist subsidy for 3 months, and money to do a record. Aart said he'll stay at Stempelplaats only 6 months more and would Bill like to take it over? Think Bill would love to, but it only pays 500 Guilders a month. Aart got us applications for this artist studio subsidy thing, but I don't see how we'd qualify. It's for "young artists" just starting out in their career, and I think I'm a little beyond that level in both years and experience. Will see. Plan to investigate all possible sources of support for myself as an artist and try to get out of the commercial art business.

Sun. Nov. 26, off to train station to change some money, get breakfast, visit with Michael Gibbs, then to see if we could get a sauna. Turns out most saunas are closed on Sunday, and those that are open are gay, with no private rooms. So, we took a canal boat tour which was very pleasant and relaxing, WARM. A one hour ride through the many canals of the city (over 150), out into the harbor, etc. Back to Aart and Ulisses for supper and evening with Michael Gibbs and Pinina. Big discussion of Michael's new publication *Artzine,* which aims to be a review magazine of Amsterdam galleries and shows. Art and Ulisses arguing that it should cover the other 5 - 6 good galleries in Holland. Michale saying that's a good idea, but he has no distribution to those cities whereas in Amsterdam, he can deliver them on his bicycle.

Nov. 27, a friend of Aart and Ulisses came by around 1 p.m. to discuss a festival he was asked to organize. Bill and I went out to do some errands, see if we could get a sauna, etc. When we returned at 6, they were still discussing, except Aart had left 1½ hours earlier being so frustrated with the discussion which exhibited all the paralyzing symptoms of "the Dutch Sickness." This, as Ulisses and Aart later explained, is a state of intellectual constipation which causes the artist to agonize endlessly about the works he has done or is contemplating doing; the social relevance of the work, etc. etc., rather than just plunging in and doing/enjoying them.

Tues. Nov. 28, train to Paris. It took us about 1½ hours just to get out of the train station! We hadn't been able to contact Herve Fischer, so we had to deal with finding him on our own. No one in the station very helpful, not even the information person, when we finally found her. She was loath to speak English, and volunteered nothing, not even that there was a subway station at the bottom of the stairs right outside her office.

We finally arrive at Herve's address and there's Herve, his wife Roselyn, three kids and two roomers. The Ecole Sociologique is a space in the basement, big, and in need of organization. The Ecole has been entirely financed for two years by Herve's other pursuits. He puts on programs, mostly intellectural debates, when he can afford to ... maybe 6 per year. He said he thought about discontinuing it because of the expense involved, time and money drain, no recompense. Apparently money is impossible in France for anything but recognized arts ... painting, drawing, sculpture and print making. Marginal art is barely tolerated let alone financed.

Wed. Nov. 29, preparations for our performance tonight. Herve works all day organizing the basement, but won't let us help as "you work tonight." People arrive around 8:30, we start at 9:00, with good translator. Herve wants voluminous descriptions of everything in the slides so I was glad I decided to show one tray only. It takes ages. Film goes well. Good audience for the space, 25 - 30 ... intimate, and we re-arrange them for our performance. Everyone stays. Seem to greatly enjoy the performance and most get a Degree at the end, express their enjoyment. There is no discussion or debate, as is the usual practise in this establishment, but upstairs after, Herve decided that the people "got enough" out of the commentary on the slides and film, and from the performance, so a debate wasn't necessary. Roselyn confessed she usually can't stand the debates, all very academic, but she enjoyed our show.

Thurs. Nov. 30, off to see the George Pompidou Museum that people all over Europe are talking about. Spectacular exterior with all the piping on the outside, and brightly painted. 5 floors, and on the back, a clear tube with escalators ... nice for sightseeing ... but the museum itself ... have to pay to see the big Miro show. Two to three floors of library. Tried to find VILE in it, as they subscribe, but between language and not grasping the cataloguing system, couldn't find it.

The main floor is massive, with several levels ... to me the whole place was like a grand shopping mall of the arts; vast, impersonal, commercial. The main floor has TV cubicles seating about six, with various tapes showing. There were maybe 10 or 12 of these, then catalogues of films and tapes ... a whole library of music, tapes and records with listening stations ... a big book store and a large postcard store with thousands of art postcards.

Then there's one section, like an offshore drilling rig, that stood about three floors high. You walk across a metal bridge

to a platform from which we watched the beginnings of a long (2 - 3 hr.) mime drama in slow motion, with 5 performers. Down two floors from the upper platform is basement level, with museum-type displays of models of drilling rigs and all sorts of related equipment. There was also a theater for films on this level, and a petit and grande salon for which there were long lines. Escalators everywhere, one from basement level up to where we entered the platform in the first place. Mobs of people everywhere, up and down on escalators and a huge bunch gathered around the mime troupe.

Friday, Dec. 1, performance at L'Ecole National Beaux Artes in a grandiose old building that's in a sorry state of repair and cleanliness. The toilet was the most minimal sort, no seat, no paper, graffiti everywhere. Our date there was arranged through a friend of Herve, who teaches there, Matilde Ferrer. She said the directors of the school have no time/money for performance art. They asked her seriously, "Do you think it's really necessary to pay these artists?" (we didn't get paid)

About 100 students showed up and after a lengthy introduction by Herve, I showed the slides, going slowly as Herve required long descriptions and then time for translation. A few students left, but majority stayed. Film has the benefit of proceeding at a fixed rate regardless of explanations/translations.

Whistles for Bill's DADA shave piece, in which he exposes his chest with a DA shaved on it. Another long introduction by Herve, then into the Futurist material. Afterwards lots wanted degrees and we got to meet Giovanni Lista, who has written a couple of books on the Futurist movement unfortunately for us, in French.

I was surprised the students stayed for the Bananology, and wanted Degrees, as they all looked so punk and tough, I would have thought they would just scorn it. Goes to show you can't judge where people's hearts are at by their appearances.

Next stop was at the school where Herve teaches, to show the slides again and do a quick performance of *Alternation of Character* as a demonstration for a lecture that Giovanni gave on Futurism. Exhaustion setting in.

Forgot to mention our rendezvous earlier in the day with two men who run Argon Books. It's an out-of-the-way bookstore that makes it mostly by distributing artists' and other small press books to larger bookstores throughout Paris and France. With Herve translating, them off and on looking through copies of VILE, running in and out of the office, it iook an hour and a half to negotiate an order for 40 copies each of the 3 sample issues we showed them, ON CONSIGNMENT .. paying every three months. Everyone suggested them to us, Guy Schraenen, Ulisses Carrion, Michael Gibbs, and they seemed to have everyone's books, so guess they're all right. I'm not sure about consignment at that distance.

Sat. Dec. 2, train Paris to Brussels express, then a 5 minute change to a local train to Antwerp. Guy and Anna met us at the station, back to their place to spend the rest of the day and night talking and eating.

Sunday and Mon Dec. 3, 4, spent two full days working on a book project for Guy to print on his Gestetner. Bill made much better use of the medium that I did, and took much less time. He used red ink, simple Dada visuals done on a typewriter then combined them with rubber stamp visuals in blue ink. Clever effects, I went my usual tedious long way round, tracing photos from our trip, drawing them on the stencils, then typing over to create a screen pattern. A good idea but tedious work and not that effective with the small photos I used, as the areas to be dark are too small, difficult to get accurately placed letters.

On Monday Bill went into town with Guy and Anne, but there was no way I could do so AND finish my project before leaving Tuesday. I grew to hate my book as the work went on and on and on. When they were printed Monday night, I was not really pleased with my efforts. Maybe I'll like it better after I've been away from it for a while ... hope so! We did a limited, signed edition of 50, with sixteen deluxe editions, eight including a carbon from the process and eight with an original drawing. We were each to get ten copies of the general edition and one of each of the deluxes. Guy to send them to us in San Francisco after he binds them.[4]

Tues., Nov. 5, into Antwerp by car, to catch the train to Oostende, to connect with a boat to Dover leaving at 2:40 p.m. Arrived in plenty of time, bought tickets, phoned Michael Scott in Leeds to announce two possible arrival times, as we had a close connection in London ... we have 20 - 30 minutes to get from Victoria Station to Kings Cross Station. Then we sat and had coffee and went to board the ship 15 minutes before departure time, only to find the boarding gate closes half an hour before the ship leaves. No one told us this, and the signs in the station are not in English. No amount of pleading or hair-tearing would budge the customs and immigration officials. I was never closer to physically attacking anyone. What a frustration to see the ship sitting there another 15 minutes and them not letting us on!

Next ship at 5:15 p.m., arrive in Dover after 8, bus to customs, go through customs, bus to train, train to London 9:29, arriving in London 11:15 ... too late to go on to Leeds. Taxi to Pauline Smith's and happily found her home. She took us in, fed and bed us. What a saint to be so hospitable on no notice. Thanks again, Pauline.

Wed. Dec. 6, train to Leeds, met by Susan Scott who drove us to her and Michael's home on St. Helens Lane. We spend a quiet and restful afternoon, with Michael, a correspondent since my Sooke days, returning about 6 p.m. Talk, then some friends of theirs arrived for dinner and the evening; John Darling, a former member of the John Bull Group, his wife and their two children.

Thurs. Dec. 7, over to the Leed's Polytechnic at 12:30 to meet our tech assistant Tony, and check out the space for the performance. It was in the corner of a large basement broken up into sculpture studios, all very messy, cluttered, dirty. The room was all draped in black plastic for a punk rocker who's show had been put off till Friday. Space seemed sufficient. Then lunch at the Victoria Pub which was very smokey and beer-drinky. We met Jeff Nuttal *(Bomb Culture)* who was a very amnusing person indeed. We've done some mailing to each other. Also met a bunch of the staff from the Polytechnic where Jeff also works.

Back to the school to set up the room, projection equipment, etc. Ready just at 3:00, at which time we had a few people assembled as audience. Then at 3:05 they started pouring in so we waited until the stream stopped before we began ... about 55 - 60, a full house. Many punked-out types all looking tough as nails ... but as in Paris, they laughed and got off on the Bananology slides and films and flocked up for Degrees at the end. They loved Bill's Dada pieces and the Futurist performance. Jeff Nuttal came and I heard him guffawing away at things. He came up for his Degree after, and to say how he enjoyed the show. Very gratifying to get these responses, especially when I'm so exhausted from all the travelling.

Friday, Dec. 8, off to Liverpool by 2 p.m. A rainy, foggy day, so we really couldn't see much of anything, even though the drive took us across the Penines ... England's version of a mountain range, Arrived about 4:30 at the Liverpool Art Academy's Gallery and met Jill Clark, the director. Out for a light snack, then out to this fabulous Pub, the Philharmonic with the most beautiful ornate cut and frosted glass, wood panelling, mosaic floors ... a real beauty, the way they "used to make them." Back to the gallery for the show.

By 7:10 we had only a handful in the audience, but Jill said we should start as she didn't want to get a reputation for being a late starter! During the slides and film a bunch more arrived, bringing the audience up to 25 or so. Then a wierdo with cardboard head-dress and painted face came in and started making remarks as the film went on ... like "I paid 60p to see this?" etc. etc. ... and he didn't pay even 1p to get in. During Bill's Dada pieces, I heard him calling out the letters.

When I began the introduction to the Futurist material he was a real jerk, speaking out loud every time I spoke, being silent when I stopped. Bill came out of the changing room and hasseled him somewhat, taking his cigarette, taking his hat off, commenting on his hair, plunking the hat back on and pushing it over his eyes. I asked Bill

to back off, fearing a real altercation, so he went back to finish his costume change, me back into the introduction, which the jerk continued to talk over. Apparently Jill had asked Bill if he wanted the guy thrown out, to which Bill said no. If she'd have asked me, I'd have said yes.

Anyway, when Bill was ready I introduced the first piece, and the performance went along uninterrupted, until we did *States of Mind.* At that point the jerk got up, went over to a mirrored piece of sculpture and stood staring into it. Bill went off to the other side of him to make his entrance as the Wrestler, and when he made his entrance, deliberately bumped into the man who was thrown off balance and fell into the sculpture. It fell off its pedestal, knocking a larger piece off the wall as it fell. It was crashing finale, after which the jerk quietly left and we proceeded through the final three of four sintesi to the end of the show.

After it was over, the first person asking for a Degree said not to mind about Rubin ... "the jerk", that he is well known for disrupting other people's shows, and that we had managed very nicely around him. It turns out this guy is known more than locally for his unruliness, having destroyed a piece of sculpture by Carl Andre at the Tate gallery. Went to court with his face ½ black, ½ white, etc. So, even though Bill was actually responsible for knocking the guy into the sculpture, this guy will no doubt be blamed entirely for it.

The big thing Jill was worried about was that the sculpture was the work of one of the Academy members who is very much opposed to the idea of of having any performances in the gallery. The pieces are all covered by insurance, and the amazing part of it is, that for all the noise and things falling, only one of the four panes of mirror on this sculpture cracked. The huge piece that fell off the wall, with all its intricate inner workings, was completely undamaged.

And so, out to dinner. After we had finished eating, Adrien Henri, author of *Environments and Happenings,* and director of the Academy came into the restaurant. This gave Jill and Peter a chance to give him their account of the incident before the "other side" got to him. He was quite amused by it, especially knowing the reputation of Rubin. He even indulged us with another Rubin story to add to the guy's bad name.

Sat. Dec. 9, a visit with Adrien Henry for coffee and on the road by 11 am., as Susan had to be in Leeds for a rehearsal that afternoon. It was a beautiful sunny day, so this time we could see everything clearly. The mountains are not peaked, but widely rounded, wide open spaces with no trees. Fields divided by stone fences as far as the eye can see, with occasional glimpses of towns down in the valleys.

Lunch and sit around, then out to the local 2nd hand book shops where we all found gems. I got an ancient postcard album filled with dog and horse postcards all postmarked 1909, 10, 11, 13. They wanted 8 pounds for it. After counting the cards and assessing the album, I decided it was a steal, and got it. I also got an old phrenology book with hilarious illustrations and information, one on handwriting analysis, and "Le Petite Percepteur." This is a mid-1800's book of French/English words and phrases which, on closer inspection, turns out to be the most incredible find of the day; the statements in it being surreal in content and juxtaposition. We spent the evening inspecting our prize purchases and getting to know each other better, as we were leaving the next day for Sunderland.

Sun. Dec. 10, train to Sunderland with an hour stopover in Newcastle. Met at the station by Robin and Chris Crozier and back to their place for talk and tea, and later roast beef with Yorkshire pudding. Bath and early to bed.

Mon. Dec. 11, off to the Sunderland Art College at 10 a.m. for seminar meetings with two groups of students, 15 - 20 per group. Gave a talk/presentation about our activities, showed the magazines, photos and some documentation from the tour. They were not a very exciting lot; very little eye contact or questions. A few bright lights actually looked alive, asked questions. One such presented me with a banana book he'd made with pages from women's magazines bound together and cut out in shape of a banana. In the second group one guy came up and asked if I'd like to hear a banana song he and his buddy had written and recorded. Couldn't hear it too well, but they said they'd give me a copy of the lyrics that night at the disco, where we'd agreed to give our performance.

THAT was a mistake ... or at least our timing on it was. We waited until 10:30 when the pubs close, then suddenly the place was mobbed with many youths who knew nothing about our performance and who could also care less. The din was terrific and even those in the front had a hard time hearing us ... and this was with no music playing, just all this mob trying to get beer, figure our what was going on and generally being their noisy youthful selves.

The students from the art college stood in the front, some of them jeering. They had dressed especially for our appearance in very absurd and/or punk costumes and decorated the place with small cheap baby dolls, taped up with scotch tape, with bits and pieces of these dolls hanging on tape. They also hung some little plastic horns which they all got into blowing unharmoniously loud.

It was the most difficult performance we ever did simply because of the noise/crowd level and general punk attitude. Bill wanted to drop the final sintesi, but I pushed to do it as I figured they'd really like it, and they did. The floor was so sticky with spilled beer, old and new, that the paper used in the second piece to wrap Bill kept sticking to our shoes, so we would come in to the center for each following sintesi trailing a streamer of toilet paper.

I found it very difficult to actually get set up and started as there was a DJ there playing punk records full blast, and red, yellow and green light behind him rotating and blinking on and off all the time. Given my general level of fatigue, amplified by our spending 3 hours that afternoon exploring the second hand book stores in Sunderland, and the disorienting effect of the noise and lights, it's a wonder we got it together at all.

After it was over there were two live bands who, though loud, played very briefly, then records. A number of men came up to pay me compliments, which I enjoyed, especially a youngish one who had no idea where San Francisco is! Said how sexy he found me in performance ... but shy in person. Kissed my hand and asked if he could kiss my cheek! Various others coming on, but not in an obnoxious way, so I quite enjoyed the attention. Eventually back to Robin and Chris' place for a little snack, talk then bed.

The first night we were there we got to go through Robin's first shipment of stuff back from his Blue Show in Iceland, and that was a treat ... lots of fine works, many 3-D efforts. Much more variety than I had imagined, or seen in other mail-art shows. Many pieces made from pieces of old blue jeans, and things stitched.

Next day the second case arrived and we saw some of that too. Vigo sent a great hanging piece with cloth, cardboard and strings, put together in his usual, meticulous fashion.

Tues. Dec. 12, sleep late, and off to College at 2:00 for a presentation of the slides and Banana Olympic film in a nice lecture theater ... small, but it would have been perfect for our performance, but we didn't bring our props and Bill was so fatigued, he wouldn't even do his two dada pieces. When the film was over I announced the Degrees and said this is the time to get them. Nobody moved. They didn't seem to want to leave. Think maybe we said something last night about doing the Futurist performance again, and that's what they were waiting for. They didn't break until I stated flatly, "That's it, that's all there is for today." Then they broke and some left right away, but more than half stayed to get their Degrees, including the punkiest pair of the bunch who had been jeering at us last night at the disco!

Another student presented me with a banana impression made on a litho press in heavy watercolor paper. Another told me about the "brass banana" that hangs in front of the Institute of Dream and Myth in Liverpool, his home town. I'm still waiting for an image of that.

One of my most outstanding memories of English toilet paper comes from the washroom of the faculty dining room at Sunderland Art College. Stamped or printed on each sheet, the hard scratchy variety, is "Now go and wash your hands."

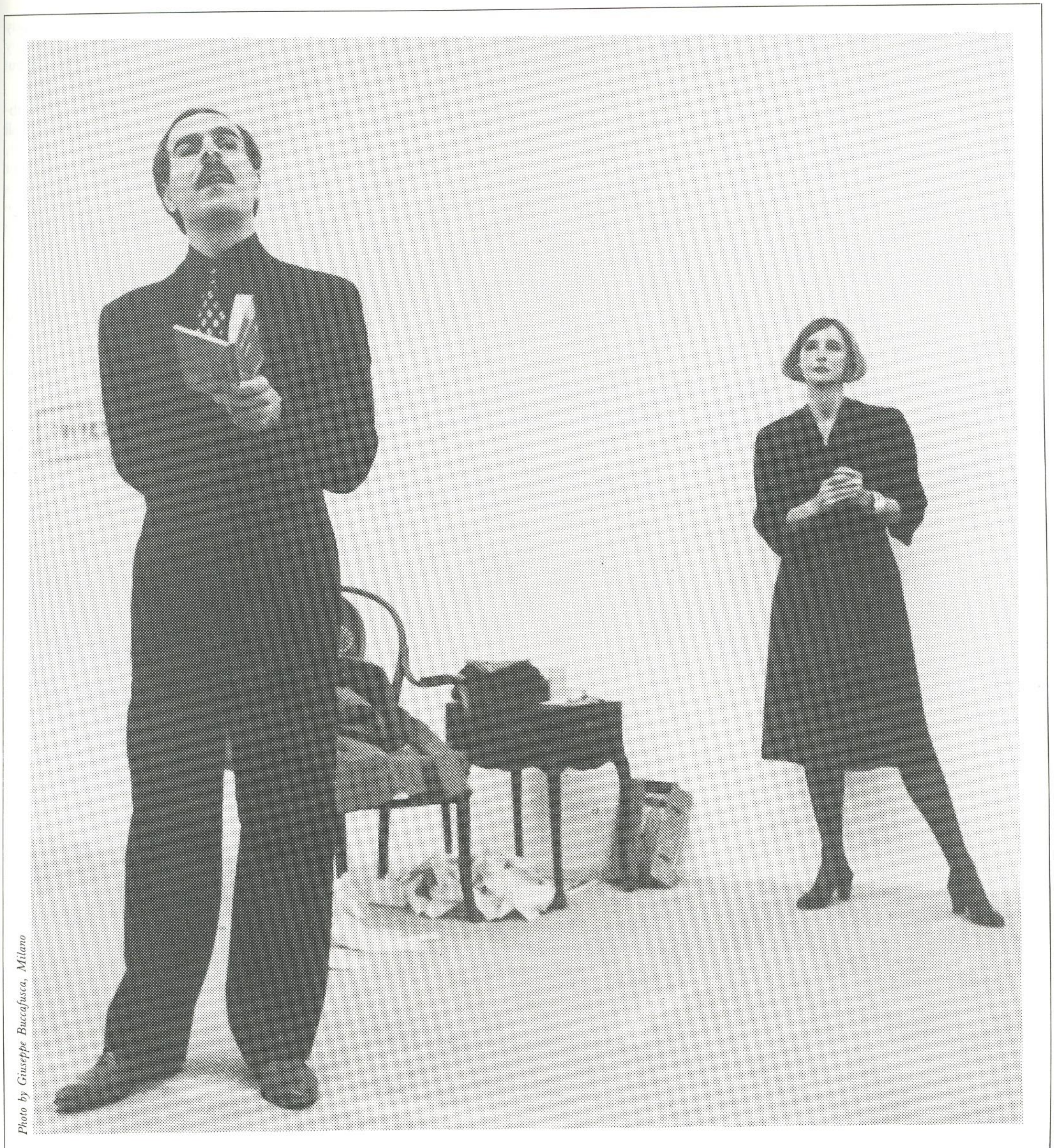


Photo by Giuseppe Buccafusca, Milano

An evening at Chris and Robin's after a great dinner of Indian curries. Robin had received the set of stamps from Claudio Goulartt in Amsterdam, so we did some works for his show using collage elements from the books we got in Leeds and Sunderland along with his stamps. Watch some British TV, Chris brought out some of her old clothes collection and we generally had a pleasant evening talking, taking it easy and getting to know each other more.

Wed. Dec. 13, train from Sunderland to London a day earlier than planned. Pauline was tired from work, but wouldn't let me go get stuff for dinner. Felt badly, overdoing our welcome. For the rest of our stay, we did our best to be away for meals, not underfoot when she got home.

Thurs Dec. 14, phone calls to everyone I wanted to see, but haven't connected with yet. Got Andrew Nicholson at the Film Coop, Tony Rickaby's wife Jackie, a woman at Brian Flak's and nothing but prerecorded messages from Laker Airways when trying to reconfirm our return flight for next Tuesday. Went to see *A Chorus Line,* playing around the corner from Pauline's apartment.

Friday Dec. 16, run about trying to find Laker Airways office. Seemed simple enough, located on Grosvenor Street, but there were complications. Turns out Grosvenor is one of those streets that

numbers up one side and down the other. The side I turned in to was going 57, 53, 49, 45, etc. so figured keep going that way and we'd get to #9. Ha ha ha ... next came to Grosvenor Square, then Upper Grosvenor which had a number 9, but no Laker offices. Get the ring-around from natives and two bobbies before we finally got one who really knew about the street and set us straight ... back in the other direction for blocks.

When we finally found it the clerk was SO nonchalant about our re-confirmation that I could have bopped him. Sort of checked a list and said OK, you didn't need to bother so soon, etc. I pointed out the impossibility of getting through by phone and the 72 hour advance notice required on the ticket. He said "Well, all that's been changed since your tickets were issued." Thanks a lot Freddy Laker.

The LAST show that night and both of us exhausted before we even got there. An audience of 15 - 20 had arrived, but sprinkled about in a largish theatre, it seemed like three. Difficult to play to such a scattered bunch. Live performance is good, with nice space to work in. During *Sound,* while I wrap Bill, Bernard Kelly and James Haliday come in. They carry on about being Swedish refugees, demanding recognition and political asylum. Very funny, gasping and carrying on, over reaction to our sounds, etc. Andrew's ladyfriend is annoyed at their disturbance and tells them to shut up. I find it hard not to laugh at them and to be "serious" about the show, with so few people, being so exhausted, it being the last show and all, but we got through it.

After us, some documentary films on Dada, with live interviews of Schwitters, Man Ray and Duchamp, and a recreation of Cabaret Voltair. Then we collect our 30 pounds and go to a party with Andrew and friends near Pauline's apartment then home to bed.

Sat. Dec. 16, slept late and stayed in all day finishing off my postcards to all we visited. In true Brit style, Pauline keeps no heat in the house, and kitchen and bathroom windows open. (She did this during our first visit there, so I didn't take it as a sign she was trying to freeze us out!) Bill out for the day. About 4:30 I took a bath and washed hair to get warm. Tea then out to Tony and Jacks for dinner. Bill to some do Bernard and James were organizing

Good to meet Tony Rickaby another old correspondent, and his wife Jack who surprised me by knowing Gary Lee Nova back on the late 50's, early 60's at an art college in the Midlands where they both studied. Jack brought out a portfolio of envelopes she had collected in a mail project she and a friend did to get people to send outrageous envelopes. Some really great things, lots of sewn things, as she is into textiles. They drove me and other woman guest Julie, to the tube station, as Jack was once mugged between home and there. So, on home, wondering if I would get stuck in the tube with trains shutting down before I got there. Everything shuts down so early here ... around midnight.

Sunday, Dec. 17, sleep late then bus riding and a visit and supper with Genesis being his most hospitable self. He gave us a copy of their new LP, DOA by their Co., Industrial Records. We visited his studio and got his stamps on my postcard series. He walked us all the way to the tube stop and didn't seem to want to say goodbye. Said he's coming to USA in spring on benefits from the record, en route to or from the Biennale of Sydney in Australia, where he and Cosey will perform.

Stopped for tea and coffee on the way home. Back at midnight. To bed ... then RRRRRRR BOOOOOM! Building shakes, we talk. Sirens. It felt like a bomb.

Mon. Dec. 18, up late, last day. Shopping for Xmas gifts for Dana, Bill, Dawn, couldn't find anything for me. Bill wanted to get out of Oxford St. because there was a bomb scare in Marks & Spencer. They completely evacuated the store and half the street in front of it was blocked off. Another street we saw was blocked off, lots of bobbies running around. When we first left Pauline's, we checked around the neighborhood and saw the damage of the bomb we heard last night. A bomb had been planted in a car, and it blew out all the windows on both sides of the street. All the newspaper headlines about IRA bombings beginning again, five in London last night, some in other cities ... a bit scarey.

Supper out then we went to see *"No Sex Please, We're British".* I thought it was the corniest, trashiest, most stupid thing I've ever seen live in a theatre, especially after seeing *Chorus Line,* but Bill thought it was great.

Off to post office after, for Bill to mail a copy of Fe-Mail Art to a women's press, had tea, arranged for a cab for the morning then home to sleep.

Tues, Dec. 19, 5:00 a.m. rolled around very soon. Got cab OK, and the 5:45 train to Gatwick. First in line to check in for our flight. Through all procedures, get baggage slips, boarding passes. Breakfast. Through immigration/passport and airport security and into holding room for flight at 9:00 a.m. ... which comes and goes with no call to board. About 9:30 they announce they are having technical problems, and there will be at least a 2 hour delay, come back/check in at 11:30. Snooze.

Use snack vouchers Laker passes out and our flight is announced for 12:30. Back through airport security, down some stairs to a door opening onto ground level. At last, a plane? No, a bus, packed with complaining, dissatisfied Laker clients. We swap stories while waiting for the driver to arrive, the bus getting more and more crowded. We finally drive off, everybody joking about how the bus will probably break down before we get to the plane, but not so.

We arrive at a DC 10 marked "Caribbean Airways". More complaining. We all thought we were going on a jumbo jet, which gives a lot more room to roam about in during a 12 hour flight and has movies to distract you, etc. And so, back to the USA for customs clearance and re-fuelling in Bangor Maine, then off again for Oakland Airport.

On the last leg of the journey I felt like a wind-up toy that had wound down, and I wasn't sure I'd make it. From the Oakland Airport we took an airporter bus to the BART station, BART to 24th and Mission Street, then a regular public transit bus from Mission up 24th to Church. From the bus stop to the house, only a few doors from the corner, I felt lead-legged and a bit delirious from want of sleep and long-term exhaustion from all the travelling and performing. But we made it.



Photo by Wulle Konsumkunst, Koln

1. Introduction by Bernard Kelly is reproduced in this book under the heading FUTURIST SOUND.

2. Under the title VEC, (Visual Entertainment Company), Rod Summers now produces and distributes audio cassetes of works by artists in the mail-art network.

3. "Cavellini is stuck on Anna Banana and ______." was a mail-art project I did in 1977. Stage 1: I had photos taken of myself in a dress of Cavellini (GAC) stickers, holding a sign, "Cavellini is stuck on Anna Banana and ______________.
Stage 2: I made copies of both the photo and sign, along with instructions to participating artists to: a) affix the enclosed Cavellini sticker on your person, b) put your name in the blank on the sign, c) take a photo of yourself with sticker and sign and d) mail the results to Cavellini.
Stage 3: I mail out copies of the photo, sign, instructions and a Cavellini stickers, and recieving artists take it from there.

4. Update: We never did receive ANY copies of these editions, and further, got no replies from the many letter I wrote Guy concerning them. Not too happy about that.

●Galerie 't Venster
van 6 oktober af
Lex Wechgelaar, objekten en
projekten. Zie artikel pagina 26
vrijdag 6 oktober, 20.30 uur
Performance van Anna Banana

LONDON FILM-MAKERS CO-OP

Cinema Club 42 GLOUCESTER AVENUE NW1 586-4806
Fri. 15th. 7.00 **Futurist Sound performance of works by Italians**
BALLA, MARINETTI et al. from 1915-25, by touring
American artists BILL GAGLIONE and ANNA BANANA.
Plus 'Dada' (30 mins), a Bill Peterson Associates
film. Dada "explained"?
Plus'Bananology': Slide programme, films, sound
poetry and songs by ANNA BAN... ...thor of the
f... ...ming Encyclopedia Ban...

ECART (6, RUE PLANTAMOUR, TÉL.32 67 94 OU 45 7
SETH TILLET, EXPSOITION JUSQU'AU 2 NOVE...
ANNA BANANA & BILL GAGLIONE LE VENDRED...
EXPOSITION JUSQU'AU 10 NOV,
IL S'AGIT D'UN GROUPE DE SAN FRANCISCO, ÉDITE...
TRÈS ACTIF DANS LA SCÈNE DU MAIL ART, ET QUI POUR...
...LEUR PROGRAMME D'EXÉCUTION D'OEUVRES DES FUTUR...
...RA COMPLÉTÉE PAR LA PROJECTION DE FILMS ET LA PRÉSENT...
...LICATIONS ...ENTS NE SERONT VISIBLES QUE DU...
...AIS UNE E... ...SERA OUVERTE JUSQU'AU ...

FYLKINGEN
Östgötagatan 33
tel 41 50 50
tisdagen den 21 november kl. 19.30

Internationaal
Cultureel
Centrum
Meir 50 - Antwerpen
Tel. 031/31 91 81 - (8
Klankpoëzie-
Diamontage

dinsdag 19 september t
door Anna en Bill Banana
(San Francisco, U.S.A.)

liverpool ACADEMY

Liverpool Academy of Arts, 34 Pilgrim Street,
Friday December 8th, 7.30pm
ANNA BANANA & BILL GAGLIONE
present a Futurist Sound Performance
An evening of Futurist sound poetry, slides,
...ms and performance from American
...and Bill Gaglione who are
...ana has

anna banana

Futuristische Tonschau, Bananische Ereignisse, Klang-Ge-
dichte, Dia-programme, Gesänge etc.

Samstag 23. September 1978, 21 Uhr im WULLE-Studio beim
BAACK'SCHEN KUNSTRAUM, Brüsseler Platz 24, 5 Köln 1.
Kontakt: WULLE-Konsumkunst Tel. 327896

Jürgen Schweinebraden
DDR - 1058 Berlin
Dunckerstraße 17
Telefon 4492858

fmk meghivó Anna Banana /San Francisco
1o62 népköztársaság u. 112. estje film, dia, performan...
1978.október 23-án, hétfőn 22 órakor

Apropos, Sentimattstrasse: *Futurist Sound* mit Bill Gaglione und Anna Banana, 29. 10., 20 Uhr.

Anna Banana & Lee Gaglione
San Francisco, Californien
USA Datum: 13. Oktober 1978
Zeit: 20.00 Uhr

ECOLE SOCIOLOGIQUE INTERRO... * Tél.
143, boulevard de Charonne, 75011 Paris. France.
Philippe-Auguste)
animée par le **collectif d'art sociologique**
association loi de 1901.
Hervé Fischer, Fred Forest, Jean-Paul T...

STUDIO GALERIE
MIKE STEINER
LUDWIGKIRCHSTRASSE 10, 1-15
883 15 99

PERFORMANCE ART FESTIVAL

– **anna banana & bill gaglione** (san fransisco): live performance «futu... sound works» en een inleiding tot een «bananology» d.m.v. dia en film

beursschouwburg brussel (belgië), 2 - 15 o...
live performances / installaties / tentoonstelling / docum...

Donnerstag, den 23. November 1978

FYLKINGEN
Ny musik och intermediakonst
Performance art
Tisdagen 21/11 kl 19.30
ANA BANA
Torsdagen 23/11 kl 19.30
Lördagen 25/11 kl 15.00
Nan Hoover
Fredagen 24/11 kl 19.30
Alison Knowles
Biljetter vid entrén
Östgötagatan 33
Telefon 41 50 50

...VEMBRE A 20H30 A L...
Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione. 7.30.
ANNA BANANA et BILL GAGLIONE
...tistes de Californie terminent leur tour d'E...
...s néo-dadaïstes (cette tendance est très vi...
...), ils présenteront à ...le leur travail ...et fe...
...apositives et films su...

AM DONNERSTAG,
DEM 12. OKTOBER 1978
UM 20 Uhr

„Anna Banana" im neuen Foyer

Ir **Oldenburg.** Ein Sondergastspiel mit dem Titel „Bananologie" gibt die Gruppe „Futurist Sound" mit den Künstlern Anna Banana und Bill Gaglione aus San Franzisko heute, Donnerstag, 20.30 Uhr, im neuen Foyer des Staatstheaters. Bei dem „Action-Theater" sind die Zuschauer zum Mitmachen aufgefordert.

WORK RECORD '71~'82

1971 Publications

Banana Rag #1, 8½ x 11", 1 pg/2 sides, 100 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, Sooke, B.C.

Banana Rag #2, 8½ x 11", 2 pg, stapled, 500 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, Sooke, B.C.

1972 Publications

Banana Rag #3, 4, 5 and 6, all 8½ x 14", 3 pg, stapled, 500 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, Sooke, B.C.

Banana Rag #7, 8½ x 14", 3 pg, stapled, 200 copies ed. and prod. Anna Banana, Vancouver, B.C.

The Weekly Breeder Vol. 2 #10, 2 pg, Vol. 3 #2, 7 pg, Vol. 4 #1, 6 pg, Vol. 3 #3, 14 pg, all 8½ x 11", stapled, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione and Tim Mancusi, San Fransico, CA

1973 Publications

Banana Rag #8, 11 x 17", 2 sides, centerfold of The Goose & Duck, newsprint tabliod, published by Coach House Press, guestimate 1-2000 copies, Anna Banana, Toronto, Ont.

Banana Rag #9, 8½ x 14", 7 pg, stapled, 200 copies, Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

Banana Rag #10, 12 postcards 4 x 7", wrap-around cover 8½ x 14", 200 copies, Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

The Weekly Breeder Vol. 3 #5, 16 pg, and Vol. 3 #6, 35 pgs, both 8½ x 11", stapled, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione and Tim Mancusi, San Fransico, CA

1974 Publications

VILE #1, 8½ x 11", 56 pg, vello-bound, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

The Weekly Breeder Vol. 3 #VII, 18 pg, 8½ x 11", stapled, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione and Tim Mancusi, San Fransico, CA

VILE #2 (called Vol. 1 #4), 8½ x 11", 48 pages stapled, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

1975 Publications

Banana Rag #11, 8½ x 14", 6 pg, stapled, 200 copies first printing, 200 copies 2nd printing, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

Dadazine #1, 5½ x 8½", 20 pg, saddle-stitched, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, San Fransico, CA

VILE #3 (called Vol. 3 #1), 8½ x 11", 66 pg, saddle-stitched, 1000 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

1976 Publications

Banana Rag #12, 2¾ x 4¼, 26 pg, saddle-stitched, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, drawings by Dana Long, San Fransico, CA

VILE #4 (called Vol. 1 #2, Vol. 2 #1, AKA No. 2/3), 8½ x 11", 100 pgs, perfect bound, 1,000 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione.

1977 Publications

Dadazine #2, 5½ x 8½", 20 pg, saddle-stitched, hand-stamped edition, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, SF, CA

VILE #5 (Vol. 3 #2), 8½ x 11", 98 pg, perfect bound, 1000 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, SF, CA

1978 Publications

Banana Rag #13, 5½ x 8½", 8 pg, do-it-yourself binding, published as part of an edition by La Mamelle in newsprint tabloid, assembled in Toronto as part of **A Literal Exchange,** guestimate 2,000 copies, Anna Banana, Toronto.

VILE #6, FE-MAIL ART, 7 x 10", 112 pg, perfect bound, 680 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, published by Anna Banana, San Fransico, CA

EPHEMERA #10, 9 x 12¾", 8 pg (2 sheets folded, printed both sides), no binding, guestimate 1,000, edited by Bill Gaglione and Anna Banana, published by Ulisses Carrion, Amsterdam.

1979 Publications

Banana Rag #14 and 15, 8½ x 14", both 1 sheet, 2 sides, 300 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, SF, CA

Dadazine #3, 7 x 8½", 10 pg, saddle-stitched, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, SF, CA

1980 Publications

VILE #7, STAMP-ART, 6 x 9", 300 copies hand-stamped by 185 artists, acco fasteners, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, SF, CA

1981 Publications

Banana Rag #16, 8½ x 11", 6 pg, stapled, 200 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana, Vancouver, B.C.

Stamp Art #1, 8½ x 11", 56 pg, stapled, 150 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, Tim Mancusi, Joel Rossman, SF, CA

1982 Publications

Stamp Art #2, 8½ x 11", 58 pg, spiral bound, 150 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, SF, CA

Stamp Art #3, 8½ x 11", 90 pg, spiral bound, 150 copies, ed. and prod. Bill Gaglione, SF, CA

1983 Publications

Banana Rag #17, 8½ x 14", 1 pg, 2 sides, 100 copies, Anna Banana, Vancouver, B.C.

VILE #8/About VILE, 8½ x 11", 106 pg, perfect bound, 1,000 copies, ed. and prod. Anna Banana.

1972 Events

Bay Area Dadaists (B.A.D.) 1st Annual Group Photo, Cable Car Barn, San Francisco, April 1, Bill Gaglione, Tim Mancusi and Charles Cicatelli.

April Fool's Day Contest, Hillside Shopping Mall, Victoria, B.C. April 1, Anna Banana.

Victoria Day Parade entry, May 24, Victoria, B.C., Anna Banana.

1973 Events

VAG (Vancouver Art Gallery) Satellite Program, art in the schools, Vancouver, March, Anna Banana.

Bay Area Dadaists 2nd Annual Group Photo, Cable Car Barn, San Francisco, April 1, Gaglione, Mancusi and Cicatelli.

Mona Banana Smile Test, Vancouver Art Gallery, Vancouver, B.C., April 1, Anna Banana.

Closing event for show at Mostly Flowers Gallery, Dec. 1, San Francisco, Anna Banana

1974 Events

3rd Annual BAD Group Portrait, Cable Car Barn, San Francisco, April 1, Cicatelli, Anna Banana, Gaglione and Mancusi

2nd prize winning entry, Columbus Day Parade, October, San Francisco, Anna Banana.

1975 Events

Banana Olympics and Music Contest/April Fool's Day event, Mar. 31, Embarcadero Plaza, San Francisco, Anna Banana.

1976 Events

3rd prize winning entry, Columbus Day Parade, Oct., SF, Anna Banana.

1977 Events

Banana Burn, July 4, Ocean Beach, SF, Anna Banana.

1978 Events

Gone Bananas Graduation Ceremony, April 1, Embarcadero Plaza, San Francisco, Anna Banana.

Entry, Bi-Centennial Parade, April, Berkeley, Anna Banana.

1979 Events

Going Bananas Photo Contest, Fun Fantasy Fair, Fort Mason, San Francisco, April 1, Anna Banana, Madelline Behrens-Brigham, Joanne Sutro and Jim Bay.

Entry, Columbus Day Parade, San Francisco, Oct., Anna Banana.

1980 Events

Stamp Your Art Out, Fun Fantasy Fair, Fort Mason, SF, April 1, Anna Banana, Steve Kirby, Bill Gaglione and Joel Rossman.

Entry, Inter-Dada 80 Parade, Ukiah, CA, May 3, Anna Banana.

Banana Olympics, Bear Creek Park/ Surrey Art Gallery, Surrey, B.C., July 13, Anna Banana.

1982 Events

10th Anniversary April Fool's Day event, Going Bananas Fashion Contest, CKVU's Vancouver Show, April 1, Anna Banana.

1975 Performances

GAS HEART by Tristan Tzara, produced by Gaglione and Rossman at 591 Gallery, SF, June 27.

A FUTURIST SINTESI by Monte Cazazza with Ron Illardo and Bill Gaglione, 591 Gallery, SF, Dec. 21.

1976 Performances

FUTURLUSTRA, Futurist Synthetic Theatre, Performance series, La Mamelle Art Center, SF, produced by Tom di Felice, Feb. 27.

ALTERNATION OF CHARACTER by Italian Futurists, performed at Intersection Theater, SF, by Anna Banana & Bill Gaglione, March 31.

VOID OF COURSE an afternoon of performances produced by Jack Waters at Project Artuad, SF, CA with Anna Banana and others, April 25.

THE ILLUSION by Hesh Rosen and the Black Rose Theatre Co. with Bill Gaglione at; La Mamelle May 14-15, Studio Eremos May 21-22, Dreamland June 20, 27, San Jose State U Jan. '77, Cat's Paw Palace Mar. 18, 19/77, Studio Eremos Feb. 19/77 and Margaret Jenkins Studio May 21/77.

SOUND POEM PERFORMANCES, organized and produced by Gaglione with Anna Banana, Tim Mancusi, Charles Cicatelli, Joel Rossman, Marian Wells and the Mendo-Area Dadaists at; the SF, International Book Fair, Fort Mason, Oct. 9, La Mamelle, SF, Oct. 29, Union Gallery San Jose U, San Jose State U, San Jose Nov. 22, Floating Art Radio, KPFA Berkeley, Dec. 23.

1977 Performances

SOUND POEM PERFORMANCE with Gaglione, Banana, Cook, Cleveland, et all, Coffee Gallery, SF, Jan. 5 and Feb. 2, Pangaete, SF, Feb. 4.

DADA Performance by Buster Cleveland and Bill Gaglione with the Mendo-Dada Group, Palace Hotel, Ukiah, CA, May 1.

SOUND POEM EVENT, Academy of Art, SF, with Gaglione, Banana and B.A.D., May 11.

NEW SOUND POEMS with the F.T. Marinetti Brigade (Gaglione, Cook, Cleveland, etc.) at La Mamelle, SF, August 6.

DUCK BREAD by Geoffery Cook and Bill Gaglione, Works Gallery, San Jose, CA, Nov. 1.

CABARET RISQUE at Dreamland Ballroom, SF, produced by Red Croupnik with Bill Gaglione, Anna Banana and many others, Nov. 4 and 5.

SOUND POEM PERFORMANCE, the Bay Area Dadaists, Academy of Art, SF, Nov. 10.

NOISE MUSIC by the Bay Area Dadaists at the West Coast International Sound Poetry Festival, La Mamelle, SF, Nov. 18, 19 and 20th.

LANGEWE ART, with Gaglione, Cook and B.A.D., Union Gallery, San Jose State U., San Jose, Nov. 21.

SOUND POETRY with Bill Gaglione, Anna Banana and the M.A.D. (Mendo Area Dadaists), The Saturday Afternoon Club, Ukiah, CA, Nov. 26.

THE WOMAN IN THE WATER, The Woman in Seven Rooms by Alan Finneran, SOON 3, with Bill Gaglione, Dreamland Ballroom, SF, CA, Dec. 9 & 10.

1978 Performances

ROSIE RADIATOR & THE PUSHRODS (tap dance co.) with Bess Bair leading, Anna Banana and others at Eureka, CA, Feb. 25, San Mateo Shopping Mall Mar. 18, Danville Shopping Mall April 14, Glen Park Community Center June 2 and The Cannery, SF, throughout May and June.

FUTURIST SOUND with Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione, European Tour at; A Space, Toronto, Aug. 12, Enterprise Pub, London Eng. Sept. 15, De Hoop Pub, Waregem Belgium Sept. 17, International Cultureel Centrum, Antwerp, Sept. 19, Agora Studio, Maastricht, Sept. 21, Baack'scher Kunstraum, Koln, Sept. 23, Other Books & So, Amsterdam, Sept. 29, Venster Gallery, Rotterdam, Oct. 6, Performance Festival, Beursshouwburg Theatre, Brussels, Oct. 7, Steiner Studio, West Berlin, Oct. 12, Jurgen Schweinenbraden Studio, East Berlin, Oct. 13, Gallery Remont, Warszawa, Oct. 16, Club Forum, Krakow, Oct. 18, Katowice Artists' Club, Katowice, Oct. 20, Young Artists' Club, Budapest, Oct. 23, Apropos, Lucerne, Oct. 29, Ecart, Geneva, Nov. 3, Dov e la Tigre, Milan, Nov. 7, Telenord TV, Brescia, Nov. 10, C.D.O., Parma, Nov. 13, Galerie St. Petri, Lund, Nov. 17, Malmo Kunsthall, Malmo, Nov. 18, Galerie Fylkingen, Stockholm, Nov. 21, Oldenburgisches Staatsheater, Oldenburg, Nov. 23, Ecole Sociologique Interrogative, Paris, Nov. 29, Ecole Nationale Beaux Artes, Paris, Dec. 1, Leeds Polytechnic, Leeds, Dec. 7, Liverpool Academy of Art, Liverpool, Dec. 8, Sunderland Art College, Sunderland, Dec. 11 & 12, London Film Co-op, London, Dec. 15, La Mamelle, San Francisco, Dec. 29.

1979 Performances

FUTURIST SOUND, Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione at Intersection Theater, San Francisco, Jan. 26, 27 & 28. An expanded program of Futurist works under same title at the Living Artist Performance Festival, Robson Square Media Centre, Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 3.

1980 Performances

FUTURIST SOUND with Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione at; San Francisco State University, SF, Feb. 14, San Jose State U, San Jose, Mar. 4, Inter-Dada 80 Festival, Palace Hotel Ukiah, CA, May 2, San Diego State U, San Diego, May 6, U of CA at Irvine, May 7, U of CA, at Long Beach, May 7, LA, Dada Festival at the Jett Cafe, Los Angeles, May 8.

TOWARD THE FUTURE, a program of 20 Futurist sintesi performed by Anna Banana and Bill Gaglione on tour in Canada at; Open Space, Victoria, Oct. 10, Emily Carr College of Art, Vancouver, Oct. 15, Norman McKenzie Art Gallery, U of Regina, Oct. 23, Arthur Street Gallery, Winnipeg, Oct. 30, Music Gallery, Toronto, Nov. 6, Artspace, Peterborough, Nov. 10, Cababa Room, Spadina Hotel, Toronto, Nov. 11, Forest City Gallery, London, Nov. 13, Kingston Art Association Gallery, Kingston, Nov. 18, University of Ottawa/SAW Gallery, Ottawa, Nov. 20, Vehicule, Montreal, Nov. 29, La Chambre Blanche, Quebec, Dec. 2, Great George Street Gallery, Charlottetown, Dec. 5, Eye Level Gallery, Halifax, Dec. 10 and La Galerie d'Art de Matane, Inc., Matane, P.Q., Dec. 15.

1981 Performances

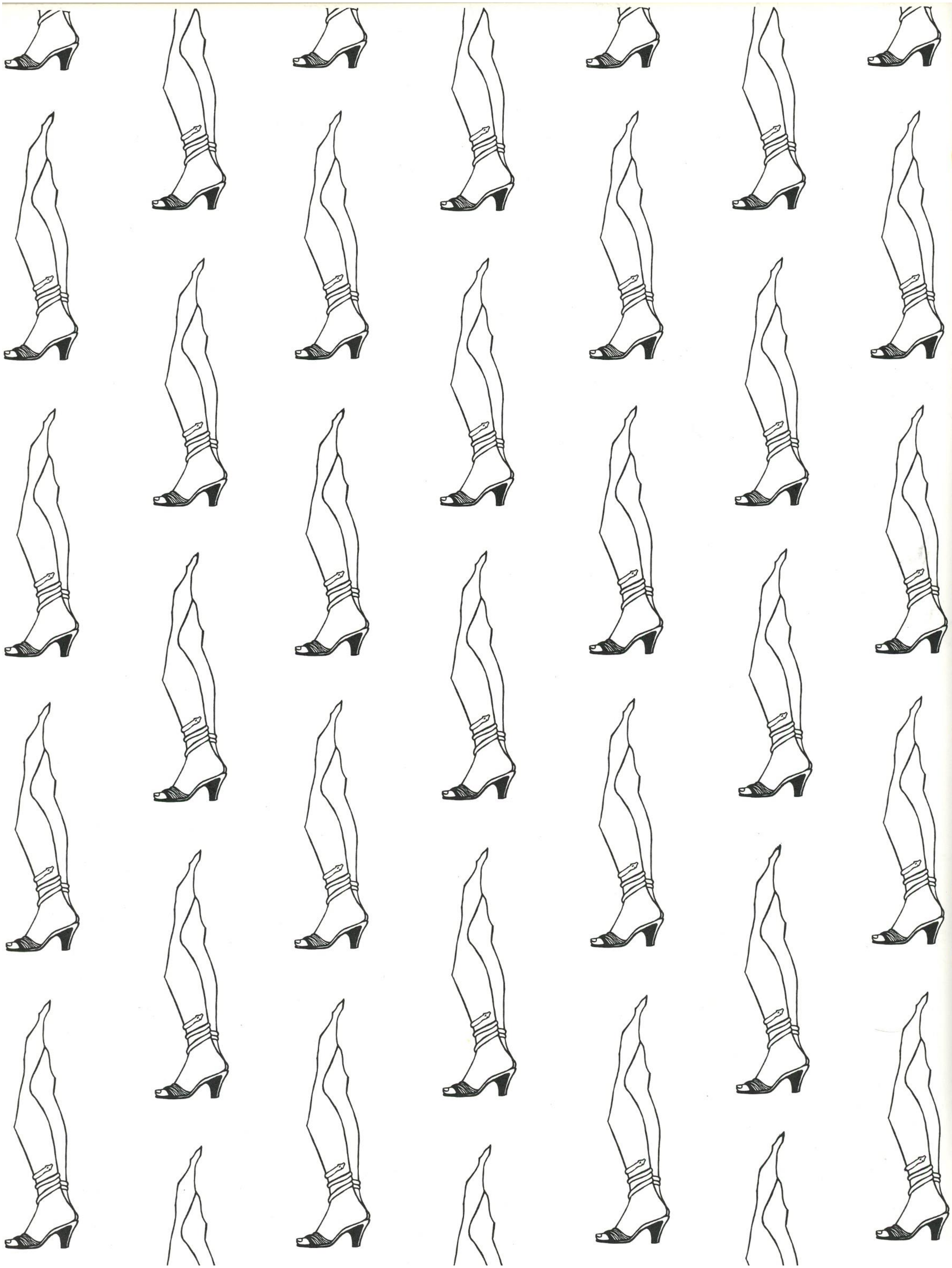
TOWARDS THE FUTURE, same program and players at Tool and Die, San Francisco, Feb. 27 & 28.

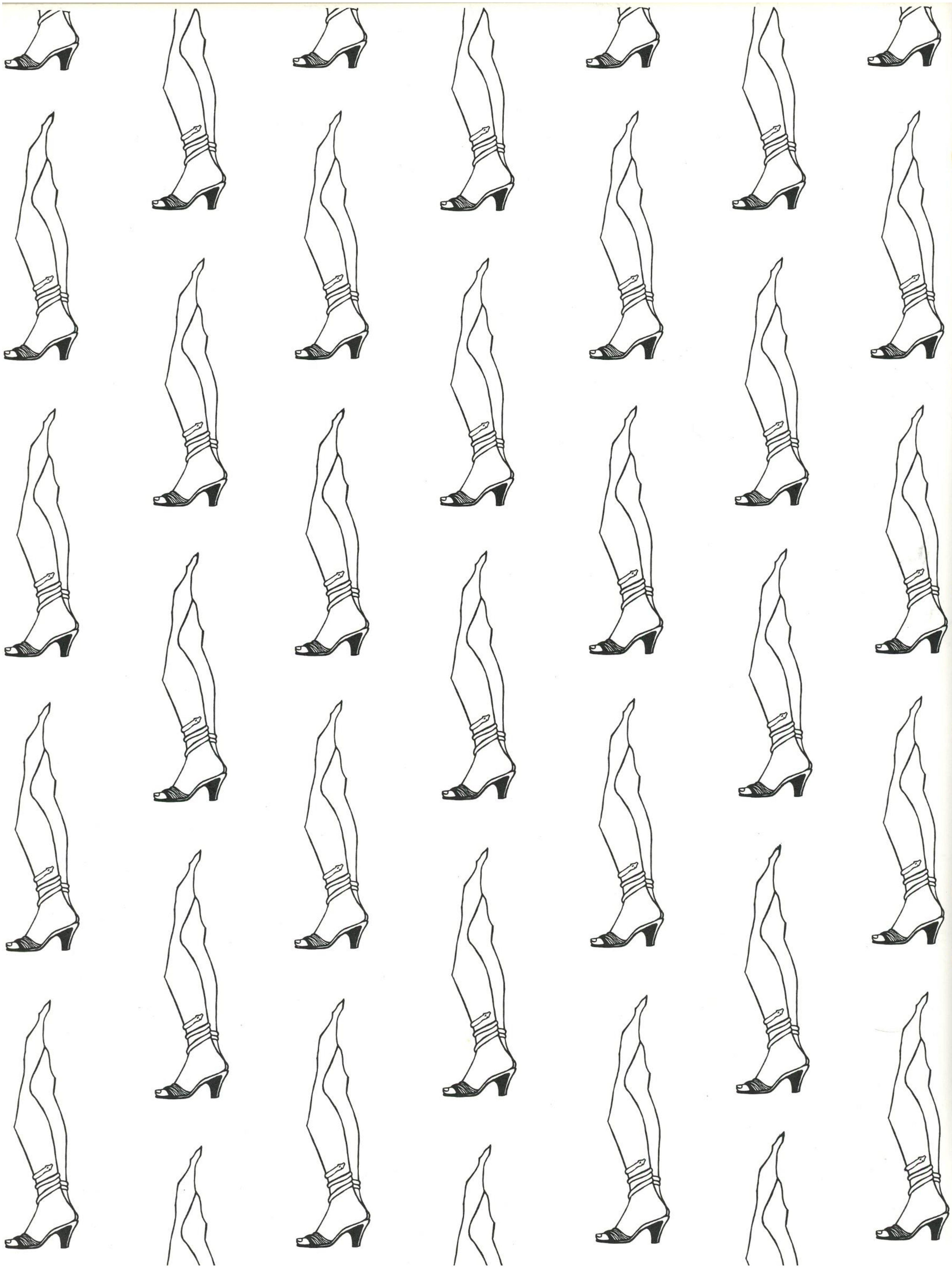
1982 Performances

WHY BANANA? a solo performance by Anna Banana at; Western Front, Vancouver, Sept. 24, Off Center Center, Calgary, Oct. 4, Latitude 53 @ Edmonton Public Art Gallery, Oct. 13, AKA Gallery @ Mendle Gallery, Saskatoon, Oct. 16, Music Gallery, Toronto, Oct. 21, Fanshawe College, London, Oct. 26, University of Windsor, Windsor, Oct. 28, Kingston Art Association, Kingston, Nov. 4, Concordia University, Montreal, Nov. 9, SAW Gallery, Ottawa, Nov. 12, The Loft Space, Winston-Salem, NC, Nov. 15, University of So. Carolina, Columbia, Nov. 22, Modern Realism @ Dallas Public Library Theatre, Dallas, TX., Nov. 27, Union Gallery, University of San Jose, San Jose, Dec. 6.

Dadaland/Gaglione and Buster Cleveland in *Burn Chicago* at La Mamelle, San Francsisco, 1979. Photo by Nicola Vanzetti.








SALE
VILE